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PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

From a painting by Frans Hals, in the Metropolitan Museum.

Little Talks on Pictures, by Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke. *Page 484.*

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Everybody's Magazine

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The Ne'er-do-well

By

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE SPOILERS," "THE SILVER HORDE," "GOING SOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Editor's Note *With the publication of Rex Beach's first novel, "The Spoilers," in* EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE *five years ago, a young author leaped into prominence, and Alaska was vitalized and made real to American readers. Now, after five years of uninterrupted success in that field of fiction, Mr. Beach has turned to the tropics, and again* EVERYBODY'S *presents his fresh and powerful work. "The Ne'er-Do-Well," a fine story, full of plot, adventure, and romance, moves rapidly from New York to Panama. The conquest of the Isthmus by the canal, the gigantic engineering task, the counterplots of jealous politics—these run through the story. In its gripping pages it does for the Caribbean what "The Spoilers" did for Bering Sea—makes us sense the truth about what is going on at an American outpost. And in the advance of the story we shall see the development of one young American from the reckless idler, who gives the novel its title, at the beginning, into a man of the sort to do things for us, north and south.*

CHAPTER ONE—*Victory*

IT was a crisp November night. The artificial brilliance of Broadway was rivaled by a glorious moonlit sky. The first autumn frost was in the air, and on the side streets long rows of taxicabs were standing, their motors blanketed, their chauffeurs threshing their arms to rout the cold. A few well-bundled cabbies, perched upon old-style hansoms, were barking at the stream of hurrying pedestrians. Against a background of lesser lights, myriad points of electric signs flashed into ever-changing shapes, winking like huge, distorted eyes; fanciful designs of liquid fire ran up and down the walls or blazed forth in lurid colors. From the city's canyons came an incessant clanging roar, as if a great river of brass and steel were grinding its way toward the sea.

Crowds began to issue from the theatres, and the lines of waiting vehicles broke up, filling the streets with the whir of machinery and the clatter of hoofs. A horde of shrill-voiced urchins pierced the confusion, waving their papers and screaming the football

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scores at the tops of their lusty lungs, while above it all rose the hoarse tones of carriage callers, the commands of traffic officers, and the clang of street-car gongs.

In the lobby of one of the playhouses a woman paused to adjust her wraps, and, hearing the cries of the newsboys, petulantly exclaimed:

"I'm absolutely sick of football. That performance during the third act was enough to disgust one."

Her escort smiled. "Oh, you take it too seriously," he said. "Those boys don't mean anything. That was merely Youth—irrepressible Youth, on a tear. You wouldn't spoil the fun."

"It may have been Youth," returned his companion, "but it sounded more like the end of the world. It was a little too much!"

A bevy of shop girls came bustling forth from a gallery exit.

"Rah, rah, rah!" they mimicked, whereupon the cry was answered by a hundred throats as the doors belched forth the sons of Eli. Out they came, tumbling, pushing, jostling; rushing men off their feet, trampling women's dresses, greeting scowls and smiles with grins of insolent good humor. In their buttonholes they wore chrysanthemums and ribbons, in their hands were decorated walking sticks and flags, ragged and tattered as if from long use in a heavy gale. Dignified old gentlemen dived among them in pursuit of top hats; hysterical matrons hustled daughters into carriages and slammed the doors.

"Wuxtry! Wuxtry!" shrilled the newsboys. "Full account of the big game!"

A youth with a ridiculous little hat and heliotrope socks dashed into the street, where, facing the crowd, he led a battle song of his university. Policemen set their shoulders to the mob, but, though they met with no open resistance, they might as well have tried to dislodge a thicket of saplings. Tonight New York belonged to Yale and her friends, and she proposed to use it.

Out through the crowd came a score of deep-chested young men moving together as if to resist an attack, whereupon a mighty roar went up. The cheer-leader increased his antics, and the barking yell changed to a measured chant, to the time of which the army marched down the street until the twenty athletes dodged in through the revolving doors of a café, leaving Broadway rocking with the tumult.

All the city was football mad, it seemed, for no sooner had the newcomers entered the restaurant than the diners rose to wave napkins or to cheer. Men stepped upon chairs and craned for a better sight of them; women raised their voices in eager questioning. A gentleman in evening dress pointed out the leader of the squad to his companions, explaining:

"That is Anthony—the big chap. He's Darwin K. Anthony's son. You've heard about the Anthony bill at Albany?"

"Yes, and I saw this fellow play football four years ago. Say! That was a game."

"He's a worthless sort of chap, isn't he?" remarked one of the women, when the squad had disappeared up the stairs.

"Just a rich man's son, that's all. But he certainly could play football."

"Didn't I read that he had been sent to jail recently?"

"No doubt. He was given thirty days."

"What! in *prison?*" questioned another, in a shocked voice.

"Only for speeding. It was his third offense, and his father let him take his medicine."

"How cruel!"

"Old man Anthony doesn't care for this sort of thing. He's right, too. All this young fellow is good for is to spend money."

Up in the banquet hall, however, it was evident that Kirk Anthony was more highly esteemed by his mates than by the public at large. He was their hero, in fact, and in a way he deserved it. For three years before his graduation he had been the heart and sinew of Yale's team, and for the four years following he had coached the Blue, preferring the life of an athletic trainer to the career his father had offered him. And he had done his chosen work well. Only three weeks prior to the hard gruel of the Princeton game, the eleven had received a blow that had left its supporters dazed and despairing. There had been a scandal, of which the public had heard little and the students scarcely more, resulting in the expulsion of the five best players of the team. The crisis might have daunted the most resourceful of men—yet Anthony had proved equal to it. For twenty-one days he had labored like a real general, spending his nights alone with diagrams and little dummies on a miniature gridiron, his days in careful coaching. He had taken a huge, ungainly Nova Scotian lad named Ringold for

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center; he had placed a square-jawed, tow-headed boy from Duluth in the line; he had selected a high-strung, unseasoned chap, who for two years had been eating his heart out on the side-lines, and made him into a quarterback.

Then he had driven them all with the cruelty of a Cossack captain; and when at last the dusk of this November Day had settled, new football history had been made. Yale had seen a strange team, playing under her own beloved colors, snatch victory from defeat, and not one of all the thirty thousand onlookers but knew to whom the credit belonged. It had been a tremendous spectacle, and when the final whistle blew for the multitude to come roaring down across the field, the cohorts of Old Eli had paid homage to Kirk Anthony, the grim-faced, weary coach to whom they knew the honor belonged.

Of course this fervid enthusiasm and hero-worship was all very immature, very foolish, as the general public acknowledged after it had taken time to cool off. Yet there was something appealing about it, after all. At any rate, the press deemed the public sufficiently interested in the subject to warrant giving it considerable prominence, and the name of Darwin K. Anthony's son was published far and wide.

Naturally, the newspapers gave the young man's story as well as a history of the game. They told of his disagreement with his father; of the Anthony anti-football bill which the old man in his rage had driven through the legislature and up to the Governor himself. Some of them even printed a rehash of the railroad man's famous magazine attack on the modern college, in which he all but cited his own son as an example of the havoc wrought by present-day university methods. The elder Anthony's wealth and position made it good copy. The yellow journals liked it immensely, and, strangely enough, notwithstanding the positiveness with which the newspapers spoke, the facts agreed essentially with their statements. Darwin K. Anthony and his son had quarreled, they were estranged; the young man did prefer idleness to industry. Exactly as the published narratives related, he toiled not at all, he spun nothing but excuses, he arrayed himself in sartorial glory, and drove a yellow racing car beyond the speed limit.

It was all true, only incomplete. Kirk Anthony's father had even better reasons for his disapproval of the young man's behavior than appeared. The fact was that Kirk's associates were of a sort to worry any observant parent, and, moreover, he had acquired a renown in that part of New York lying immediately west of Broadway and north of Twenty-sixth Street which, in his father's opinion, added not at all to the luster of the family name. In particular, Anthony, Sr., was prejudiced against a certain Higgins, who, of course, was his son's boon companion, aid, and abetter. This young gentleman was a lean, horse-faced senior, whose unbroken solemnity of manner had more than once led strangers to mistake him for a divinity student, though closer acquaintance proved him wholly unmoral and rattle-brained. Mr. Higgins possessed a distorted sense of humor and a crooked outlook upon life; while, so far as had been discovered, he owned but two ambitions: one to whip a policeman, the other to write a musical comedy. Neither seemed likely of realization. As for the first, he was narrow-chested and gangling, while a brief, disastrous experience on the college paper had furnished a sad commentary upon the second.

Not to exaggerate, Darwin K. Anthony, the father, saw in the person of Adelbert Higgins a budding criminal of rare precocity, and a menace to his son; while to the object of his solicitude the aforesaid criminal was nothing more than an entertaining companion, whose bizarre disregard of all established rules of right and wrong matched well with his own careless temper. Higgins, moreover, was an ardent follower of athletics, revolving like a satellite about the football stars, and attaching himself especially to Kirk, who was too good-natured to find fault with an honest admirer.

It was Higgins this evening who, after the "cripples" had deserted and the supper party had dwindled to perhaps a dozen, proposed to make a night of it. It was always Higgins who proposed to make a night of it, and now, as usual, his words were greeted with enthusiasm.

Having obtained the floor, he gazed owlishly over the flushed faces around the table and said:

"I wish to announce that, in our little journey to the underworld, we will visit some places of rare interest and educational value. First we will go to the House of Seven Turnings."

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ANTHONY HAD DISCOVERED MUSICAL TALENT IN THE BARTENDER AND WAS SEATED AT A BATTERED PIANO, LABORIOUSLY EXPERIMENTING WITH THE ACCOMPANIMENT TO AN IRISH BALLAD.

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"No poetry, Hig," some one cried. "What is it?"

"It is merely a rendezvous of pickpockets and thieves, accessible only to a chosen few. I feel sure you will enjoy yourselves there, for the bartender has the secret of a remarkable gin fizz, sweeter than a maiden's smile, more intoxicating than a kiss."

"Piffle!"

"It is a place where the student of sociology can obtain a world of valuable information."

"How do we get in?"

"Leave that to old Dr. Higgins," Anthony laughed. "To get out is the difficulty."

"Oh, I guess we'll get out," said the bulky Ringold, upon whose shoulders the assaults of Princeton had so recently burst.

"After we have concluded our investigations at the House of Seven Turnings," continued the ceremonious Higgins, "we will go to the Palace of Ebony, where a full negro orchestra——"

"The police closed that a week ago."

"But it has reopened on a scale larger and grander than ever."

"Let's take in the Austrian Village," offered Ringold.

"Patiently! Patiently, Behemoth! We'll take 'em all in. However, I wish to request one favor. If by any chance I should become embroiled with a minion of the law, please, oh please, let me finish him."

"Remember the last time," cautioned Anthony. "You've never come home a winner."

"Enough! Away with painful memories. All in favor——"

"*Aye!*" yelled the diners, whereupon a stampede ensued that caused the waiters in the main dining-room below to cease piling chairs upon the tables and hastily weight their napkins with salt cellars.

But the crowd was not combative. They poured out upon the street in the best possible humor, and even at the House of Seven Turnings, as Higgins had dubbed the "hide away" on Thirty-second Street, they made no disturbance. On the contrary, it was altogether too quiet for most of them, and they soon sought another scene. But there were deserters en route to the Palace of Ebony, and when in turn the joys of a full negro orchestra had palled and a course was set for the Austrian Village, the number of investigators had dwindled to a choice half dozen.

These, however, were kindred spirits, veterans of many a midnight escapade, composing a flying squadron of exactly the right proportions for the utmost efficiency and mobility combined.

The hour was now past a respectable bedtime and the Tenderloin had awakened. The roar of commerce had dwindled away, and the comparative silence was broken only by the clang of an infrequent trolley. The streets were empty of vehicles, except for a few cabs that followed the little group persistently. As yet there was no need of them. The crowd was made up, for the most part, of healthy, full-blooded boys, fresh from weeks of training, strong of body, and with stomachs like galvanized iron. They showed scant evidence of intoxication. As for the weakest member of the party, it had long been known that one drink made Higgins drunk, and all further libations merely served to maintain him *in statu quo*. Exhaustive experiments had proved that he was able to retain consciousness and the power of locomotion until the first streak of dawn appeared, after which he usually became a burden. For the present he was amply able to take care of himself, and now, although his speech was slightly thick, his demeanor was as didactic and severe as ever, and, save for the vagrant workings of his mind, he might have passed for a curate. As a whole, the crowd was in fine fettle.

The Austrian Village is a saloon, dance-hall, and all-night restaurant, flourishing brazenly within a stone's throw of Broadway, and it is counted one of the sights of the city. Upon entering, one may pass through a saloon where white-aproned waiters load trays and wrangle over checks, then into a ballroom filled with the flotsam and jetsam of midnight Manhattan. Above and around this room runs a white-and-gold balcony, partitioned below into boxes containing tables and separated from the waxed floor by a railing. Inside the enclosure men in street clothes and smartly gowned girls with enormous hats revolve nightly to the strains of an orchestra which nearly succeeds in drowning their voices. From the tables come laughter and snatches of song; waiters dash hither and yon. It is all very animated and gay on the surface, and none but the closely observant would note the weariness beneath the women's smiles, the laughter notes that occcasionally jar, or perceive that

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the tailored gowns are imitations, the ermines mainly rabbit skins.

But the eyes of youth are not analytical, and seen through a rosy haze the sight was inspiriting. The college men selected a table, and, shouldering the occupants aside without ceremony, seated themselves and pounded for a waiter.

Padden, the proprietor, came toward them, and, after greeting Anthony and Higgins by a shake of his left hand, ducked his round gray head in acknowledgment of an introduction to the others.

"Excuse my right," said he, displaying a swollen hand crisscrossed with surgeon's plaster. "A fellow got noisy last night."

"D'jou hit him?" queried Higgins, gazing with interest at the proprietor's knuckles.

"Yes. I swung for his jaw and went high. Teeth," Mr. Padden said vaguely. He turned a shrewd eye upon Anthony. "I heard about the game to-day. That was all right."

Kirk grinned boyishly. "I didn't have much to do with it; these are the fellows."

"Don't believe him," interrupted Ringold.

"Sure! he's too modest," Higgins chimed in. "Fine fellow an' all that, understand, but he's got two faults—he's modest and he's lazy. He's caused a lot of uneasiness to his father and me. Father's a fine man. too." He nodded his long, narrow head solemnly.

"We know who did the trick for us," added Anderson, the straw-haired half back.

"Glad you dropped in," Mr. Padden assured them. "Anything you boys want and can't get, let me know."

When he had gone Higgins averred: "There's a fine man—peaceful, refined—got a lovely character, too. Let's be gentlemen while we're in his place."

Ringold rose. "I'm going to dance, fellows," he announced, and his companions followed him, with the exception of the cadaverous Higgins, who maintained that dancing was a pastime for the frivolous and weak.

When they returned to their table they found a stranger was seated with him, who rose as Higgins made him known.

"Boys, meet my old friend, Mr. Jefferson Locke, of St. Louis. He's all right."

The college men treated this new recruit with a hilarious cordiality to which he responded with the air of one quite accustomed to such reunions.

"I was at the game this afternoon," he explained, when the greetings were over, "and recognized you chaps when you came in. I'm a football fan myself."

"You look as if you might have played," said Anthony, sizing up the broad frame of the Missourian with the critical eye of a coach.

"Yes. I used to play."

"Where?"

Mr. Locke avoided answer by calling loudly for a waiter, but when the orders had been taken Kirk repeated:

"Where did you play, Mr. Locke?"

"Left tackle."

"What university?"

"Oh, one of the Southern colleges. It was a fresh-water school—you wouldn't know the name." He changed the subject quickly by adding:

"I just got into town this morning and I'm sailing to-morrow. I couldn't catch a boat to-day, so I'm having a little blow-out on my own account. When I recognized you all, I just butted in. New York is a lonesome place for a stranger. Hope you don't mind my joining you."

"Not at all!" he was assured.

When he came to pay the waiter, he displayed a roll of yellow-backed bills that caused Anthony to caution him:

"If I were you I'd put that in my shoe. I know this place."

Locke only laughed. "There's more where this came from. However, that's one reason I'd like to stick around with you fellows. I have an idea I've been followed, and I don't care to be tapped on the head. If you will let me trail along, I'll foot the bills. That's a fair proposition."

"It certainly sounds engaging," cried Higgins joyously. "The sight of that money awakens a feeling of loyalty in our breasts. I speak for all when I say we will guard you like a lily as long as your money lasts, Mr. Locke."

"As long as we last," Ringold amended.

"It's a bargain," Locke agreed. "Hereafter I foot the bills. You're my guests for the evening, understand. If you'll agree to keep me company until my ship sails, I'll do the entertaining."

"Oh, come now," Anthony struck in. "The fellows are just fooling. You're more than welcome to stay with us if you like, but we can't let you put up for it."

"Why not? We'll make a night of it.

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"THIS ISN'T A HOTEL," SAID THE DOCTOR. "THIS IS A SHIP."

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I'll show you how we spend money in St. Louis. I'm too nervous to go to bed."

Anthony protested, insisting that the other should regard himself as the guest of the crowd; but as Locke proved obdurate, the question was allowed to drop until later, when Kirk found himself promoted by tacit consent to the position of host for the whole company. This was a little more than he had bargained for, but the sense of having triumphed in a contest of good-fellowship consoled him. Meanwhile, the stranger, despite his avowedly festive spirit, showed a certain reserve.

When the music again struck up, he declined to dance, preferring to remain with Higgins in their inconspicuous corner.

"There's a fine fellow," the latter remarked, following his best friend's figure with his eyes, when he and Locke were once more alone. "Sweet nature."

"Anthony? Yes, he looks it."

"He's got just two faults, I always say: he's too modest by far and he's lazy—won't work."

"He doesn't have to work. His old man has plenty of coin, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and he'll keep it, too. Heartless old wretch. Mr.—— What's your name, again?"

"Locke."

"Mr. Locke." The Yale man stared mournfully at his companion. "D'you know what that unnatural parent did?"

"No."

"He let his only son and heir go to jail."

Mr. Jefferson Locke of St. Louis started; his wandering, watchful eyes flew back to the speaker.

"What? Jail!"

"That's what I remarked. He allowed his own flesh and blood to languish in a loathsome cell."

"What for? What did they get him for?" queried the other quickly.

"Speeding."

"Oh!" Locke let himself back in his chair.

"Yes sir, he's a branded felon."

"Nonsense. That's nothing."

"But we love him just the same, criminal though he is," said Higgins, showing a disposition to weep. "If he were not such a strong, patient soul, it might have ruined his whole life."

Mr. Locke grunted.

"'S'true! You've no idea the disgrace it is to go to jail."

The Missourian stirred uneasily. "Say, it gets on my nerves to sit still," said he. "Let's move around."

"Patiently! Patiently! Somebody's sure to start something before long."

"Well, I don't care to get mixed up in a row."

Higgins laid a long, white hand upon the speaker's arm. "Then stay with us, Mr.—Locke. If you incline to peace, be one of us. We're a flock of sucking doves."

The dancers came crowding up to the table at the moment, and Ringold suggested loudly: "Say, fellows, let's eat again."

His proposal met with eager response.

"Where shall we go?" asked Anderson.

"I just fixed it up with Padden for a private room upstairs," Anthony said. "All the cafés are closed now, and this is the best place in town for chicken creole, anyhow."

Accordingly he led the way, and the rest filed out after him; but, as they left the ballroom, a medium-sized man who had recently entered from the street caught a glimpse of them, craned his neck for a better view, then idled along behind.

CHAPTER II

THE TRAIL DIVIDES

Inspired by his recent rivalry with Mr. Jefferson Locke, Anthony played the part of host more lavishly than even the present occasion required. He ordered elaborately, called for seven quarts of his favorite vintage, and it was not long before corks were popping and dishes rattling quite as if the young men were really hungry. Mr. Locke, however, insisted that his friends should partake of a kind of drink previously unheard of, and with this in view had a confidential chat with the waiter, to whom he unostentatiously handed a five-dollar retainer. No one witnessed this unusual generosity except Higgins, who commended it fondly; but his remarks went unheeded in the general clamor.

The meal was at its noisiest when the man whom Locke had so generously tipped spoke to him quietly. Whatever his words, they affected the listener strongly. Locke's face whitened, then grew muddy and yellow, his hands trembled, his lips went dry. He half arose from his chair; then cast a swift look about the room. His companions were too well occupied, however, to notice this

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byplay even when the waiter continued, in a low tone:

"He slipped me a ten-spot, so I thought it must be something worth while."

"He—he's alone, you say?"

"Seems to be. What shall I do, sir?"

Locke took something from his pocket and thrust it into the fellow's hand, while the look in his eyes changed to one of desperation.

"Step outside and wait. Don't let him come up. I'll call you in a minute."

Ringold was recounting his version of the first touchdown—how he had been forced inch by inch across the goal line to the tune of thirty thousand yelling throats—and his companions were hanging upon his words, when their new friend interrupted in such a tone that Anthony inquired in surprise:

"What's wrong, old man? Are you sick?"

Locke shook his head. "I told you fellows I'd been followed this evening. Remember? Well, there's a man downstairs who has given the waiter ten dollars to let him have his coat and apron so he can come in here."

"What for?"

"Who is he?"

The six Yale men stared at the speaker with a sudden new interest.

"I'm not sure. I—think it's part of a plan to rob me." He let his gaze roam from one face to another. "You see—I just came into a big piece of coin, and I've got it with me. I'm—I'm alone in New York, understand? They've followed me from St. Louis. Now I want you boys to help me dodge this——"

Kirk Anthony rose suddenly, all traces of intoxication gone; he moved as lightly upon his feet as a dancer.

"You say he's below?"

Locke nodded. It was plain that he was quite unnerved.

Ringold rose in turn and lurched ponderously toward the door, but Kirk stepped in front of him with a sharp word:

"Wait! I'll manage this."

"Lemme go," expostulated the center rush. "Locke's a good fellow and this man wants to trim him."

"No, no! sit down." Ringold obeyed. "If he wants to join us, we'll have him come up."

"What?" cried Locke, leaping nervously to his feet. "Don't do that. I want to get out of here."

"Not a bit like it." Kirk's eyes were sparkling. "We'll give this fellow the third degree and find out who his pals are."

"Grand idea!" Higgins seconded with enthusiasm. "Grand!"

"Hold on! I can't do that. I've got to sail at ten o'clock. I don't dare get into trouble, don't you understand? It's important." Locke seemed in an extraordinary panic.

"Oh, we'll see that you catch your boat all right," Kirk assured him; and then before the other could interfere he rang for the waiter.

"Give that chap your coat and apron," he ordered, when the attendant answered, "and when I ring next send him up. Pass the word to Padden and the others not to notice any little disturbance. I'll answer for results."

"I'm going to get out," cried the man from St. Louis. "He mustn't see me."

"He'll see you sure if you leave now. You'll have to pass him. Stick here. We'll have some fun."

The white-faced man sank back into his chair, while Anthony directed sharply:

"Now, gentlemen, be seated. Here, Locke, your back to the door—your face looks like a chalk-mine. There! Now don't be so nervous—we'll cure this fellow's ambition as a gin-slinger. I'll change names with you for a minute. Now, Ringold, go ahead with your story." Then, as the giant took up his tale again: "Listen to him, fellows; look pleasant, please. Remember you're not sitting up with a corpse. A little more ginger, Ringie. Good!" He pushed the button twice, and a moment later the door opened quietly to admit a medium-sized man in white coat and apron.

Had the college men been a little less exhilarated, they might have suspected that Locke's story of having been dogged from St. Louis was a trifle exaggerated; for, instead of singling him out at first glance, the newcomer paused at a respectful distance inside the door and allowed his eyes to shift uncertainly from one to another as if in doubt as to which was his quarry. Anthony did not dream that it was his own resemblance to the Missourian that led to this confusion, but in fact, while he and Locke were totally unlike when closely compared, they were of a similar size and coloring, and the same general description would have fitted both.

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Having allowed the intruder a moment in which to take in the room, Kirk leaned back in his chair and nodded for him to approach.

"Cigars!" he ordered. "Bring a box of Carolinas."

"Yes, sir. Are you Mr. Locke, sir?" inquired the new waiter.

"Yes," said Kirk.

"Telephone message for you, Mr. Locke," the waiter muttered.

"What's that?" Anthony queried, loud enough for the others to hear.

"Somebody calling you by 'phone. They're holding the wire outside. I'll show you the booth."

"Oh, will you?" Kirk Anthony's hands suddenly shot out and seized the masquerader by the throat. The man uttered a startled gasp, but simultaneously the iron grip of Marty Ringold fell upon his arms and doubled them behind him, while Kirk gibed:

"You'll get me outside and into a telephone booth, eh? My dear sir, that is old stuff."

The rest of the party were on their feet instantly, watching the struggle and crowding forward with angry exclamations. Ringold, with the man's two wrists locked securely in his own huge paw, was growling:

"Smooth way to do up a fellow, I call it."

"All the way from St. Louis for a telephone call, eh?" Anthony sank his thumbs into the stranger's throat, then, as the man's face grew black and his contortions diminished, added: "We're going to make a good waiter out of you."

Jefferson Locke broke in excitedly: "Choke him good. Choke him! That's right. Put him out for keeps. For God's sake, don't let him go!"

But it was not Kirk's idea to strangle his victim beyond a certain point. He relaxed his grip after a moment and, nodding to Ringold to do likewise, took the fellow's wrists himself, then swung him about until he faced the others. The man's lungs filled with fresh air, he began to struggle once more, and when his voice had returned he gasped:

"I'll get you for this. You'll do a trick—" He mumbled a name that did not sound at all like Jefferson Locke, whereupon the Missourian made a rush at him that required the full strength of Anthony's free hand to thwart.

"Here, stand back. I've got him."

"I'll kill him!" chattered the other.

"Let me go," the stranger gasped. "I'll take you all in. I'm an officer."

"It's a lie!" shouted Locke. "He's a thief."

"I tell you I'm—an officer; I arrest this——"

The words were cut off abruptly by a loud exclamation from Higgins and a crash of glass. Kirk Anthony's face was drenched, his eyes filled with a stinging liquid; he felt his prisoner sink limply back into his arms and beheld Higgins struggling in the grasp of big Marty Ringold, the foil-covered neck of a wine bottle in his fingers.

The foolish fellow had been hovering uncertainly round the edges of the crowd, longing to help his friends and crazily anxious to win glory by some deed of valor. At the first opening he had darted wildly into the fray, not realizing that the enemy was already helpless in the hands of his captors.

"I've got him!" he cried joyously. "He's out!"

"Higgins!" Anthony exclaimed sharply. "What the devil—" Then the dead weight in his arms, the lolling head and sagging jaw of the stranger, sobered him like a deluge of ice water.

"You've done it this time," he muttered.

"Good God!" Locke cried. "Let's get away! He's hurt!"

"Here, you!" Anthony shot a command at him that checked him halfway across the room. "Ringold, take the door and don't let anybody in or out." To Higgins he exclaimed, "You idiot, didn't you see I had his hands?"

"No. Had to get him," returned Higgins with vinous dignity. "Wanted to rob my old friend Mr.— What's-his-name?"

"We've got to leave quick before we get in bad," Locke reiterated nervously, but Anthony retorted:

"We're in bad now. I want Padden." He stepped to the door and signaled a passing waiter. A moment later the proprietor knocked, and Ringold admitted him.

"What's the——" Padden started at sight of the motionless figure on the floor, and, kneeling beside it, made a quick examination, while Anthony explained the circumstances leading up to the assault.

"Thief, eh? I see."

"Is he badly hurt?" queried Locke, bending a pale face upon them.

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"Huh! I guess he's due for the hospital," the owner of the Austrian Village announced. "He had his nerve, trying to turn a trick in my place. I thought I knew all the dips, but he's a stranger." With nimble fingers he ran through the fellow's pockets, then continued:

"I'm glad you got him, but you'd better get together and rehearse before the police—" He stopped abruptly once more, then looked up curiously.

"What is it?" questioned the man from Missouri.

Padden pointed silently to the lapel of the fellow's vest, which he had turned back. A nickeled badge was pinned upon it. "He's no thief; he's a plain-clothes man!"

"Wha'd I tell you!" Higgins exulted. "I can smell 'em!"

The crowd looked nonplussed, with the exception of Jefferson Locke, who became calmer than at any time since the waiter had first whispered into his ear.

"We didn't know who he was," he began hurriedly. "You must square it for us, Padden. I don't care what it costs." He extended a bulky roll of bank notes toward the gray-haired man. "These boys can't stand this sort of thing, and neither can I. I've got to sail at ten o'clock this morning."

"Looks to me like you've croaked him," said the proprietor, ignoring the proffered money.

"It's worth a thousand dollars to me not to miss my boat."

"Wait a minute." Padden emptied the unconscious man's pockets, among other things, of some telegrams and a legally folded paper. The latter he opened and scanned swiftly, then turned his little eyes upon Locke without a word, whereupon that gentleman, with equal silence, took from his inside pocket a wallet, and selected a bill the denomination of which he displayed to the proprietor before folding it inside the bundle he held.

"Here! It may cost you something."

Padden nodded and accepted the money, saying:

"Oh, I guess I can fix it. I know the right doctor." He regained his feet, then warned the onlookers: "But you'll have to keep your traps closed, understand?"

"Will he croak?" asked Ringold fearfully, his back still against the door.

"Not a chance. But if he does, he'll never know who hit him. You see, we picked him up in the alley and brought him in." Padden winked meaningly. "It happens right along in this part of town. Do you get me? I'll keep these," he indicated the badge and papers in his hand. "Now go out as if nothing had come off. Drop in again the next time you're in town. I'll take care of the supper checks."

As the partly sobered visitors struggled into their overcoats, Padden drew Locke aside, and, nodding toward Higgins, who was still talkative, said:

"If you want to catch that ten o'clock boat, you'd better stick close to your friend; I know him."

"Thanks." Locke glanced at the prostrate figure, then inquired in a low tone: "On the level, will he make it?"

"Hard to tell. This doctor is a rummy. Just the same, if I was you I'd change my sailing—he might come to."

"You chaps have done me a big favor tonight," said Locke, a little later, when he and his companions were safely out of the Austrian Village, "and I won't forget it, either. Now let's finish the evening the way we began it."

Anderson, Rankin, and Burroughs, to conceal their nervousness, pleaded bodily fatigue, while Anthony also declared that he had enjoyed himself sufficiently for one night and intended to go home and to bed. "That episode rather got on my nerves," he acknowledged.

"Mine, too," assented Locke. "That's why you mustn't leave me. I just won't let you. Remember, you agreed to see me off."

"'S'right, fellows," Higgins joined in. "We agreed to put him aboard and we must do it. Don't break up the party, Kirk."

"I don't want to go home," Ringold muttered. "I'm getting sober again."

"It's a breach of hospitality to go home sober," Higgins insisted. "Besides, after my bloody 'ncounter with that limb of the law, I need a stimulant. You must look after me."

"I shall tuck you in your little bed," Kirk told him. "You are pickled." But Higgins would hear to nothing of the sort, protesting that he was in honor bound to conduct his old friend Locke to the steamer, and Anthony feared that without his protection some harm might befall his irresponsible and impulsive companion. Candor requires it to be said that he did hesitate, arguing long with the limp-legged

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Higgins; but Locke was insistent, the others grew impatient of the delay, and in the end he allowed himself to be persuaded.

It is often through just such sudden, inconsequent decisions, influenced perhaps by the merest trifles, that a man's life is made great or small; just such narrow forkings of the trail may divert him into strange adventurings, or into worlds undreamed of. Kirk Anthony, twenty-six years old, with a heritage at hand, and with an average capacity for good or evil, chose the turning that led him swiftly from the world he knew into an alien land.

Numbed as they were by the excesses of the evening, it did not take the young men long to lose all clear and vivid remembrance of this recent experience; for the time had come when nature was offering her last resistance, and their brains were badly awhirl. Of all the four, Jefferson Locke was the only one who retained his wits to the fullest—a circumstance that would have proved him the owner of a remarkably steady head had it not been for the fact that he had cunningly substituted water for gin each time it came his turn to drink. It was a commentary upon the state of his companions that they did not notice the limpid clearness of his beverage.

Dawn found them in an East Side basement drinking place frequented by the lowest classes. Ringold was slumbering peacefully, half overflowing the wet surface of a table; Anthony had discovered musical talent in the bartender and was seated at a battered piano, laboriously experimenting with the accompaniment to an Irish ballad; Higgins and Locke were talking earnestly. It was the slackest, blackest hour in an all-night dive; the nocturnal habitués had slunk away, and the day's trade had not yet begun. Higgins, drawn and haggard beneath his drunken flush, was babbling incessantly; Locke, as usual, sat facing the entrance, his eyes watchful, his countenance alert. In spite of the fact that he had constantly plied his companion with liquor in the hope of stilling his tongue, Higgins seemed incapable of silence, and kept breaking forth into loud, garbled recitals of the scene at Padden's which caused the Missourian to shiver with apprehension. To a sober eye it would have been patent that Locke was laboring under some strong excitement; for every door that opened caused him to start, every stranger that entered made him quake. He consulted his watch repeatedly, he flushed and paled and fidgeted, then lost himself in frowning meditation.

"Grandes' fellow I ever met," Higgins was saying for the hundredth time. "Got two faults, tha's all; he's modesht an' he's lazy—he won't work."

"Anthony?"

"Yes."

Locke stirred himself, and, leaning forward, said:

"You and he are good friends, eh?"

"Best ever."

"Would you like to play a joke on him?"

"Joke? Can't be done. He's wises' guy ever. I've tried it an' always get the wors' of it. Yes, sir, he's wise guy. Jus' got two faults: he won't work an'——"

"Look here! Why don't you make him work?"

"Huh?" Higgins turned a pair of bleared, unfocusable eyes upon the speaker.

"Why don't somebody make him work?"

The lean-faced youth laughed moistly.

"Tha's good joke."

"I mean it."

"Got too much money. 'S old man puts up reg'lar."

"Listen! It's a shame for a fine fellow like him to go to the dogs." Higgins nodded heavily in agreement. "Why don't you send him away where he'll have to rustle? That's the joke I meant."

"Huh?" Again the listener's mind failed to follow, and Locke repeated his words, concluding: "It would make a new man of him."

"Oh, he wouldn't work. Too lazy."

"He'd have to if he were broke."

"But he *ain't* broke. Didn't I tell you 's old man puts up reg'lar! Fine man, too, Misser Anthony; owns railroads."

"I'll tell you how we can work it. I've got a ticket for Central America in my pocket. The boat sails at ten. Let's send him down there."

"Wha' for?"

Locke kept his temper with an effort. "To make a man of him. We'll go through his clothes and when he lands he'll be broke. He'll *have* to work. Don't you see?"

"No." Anthony's friend did not see. "He don't want to go to Central America," he argued; "he's got a new autom'bile."

"But suppose we got him soused, went through his pockets, and then put him aboard the boat. He'd be at sea by the

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time he woke up; he couldn't get back; he'd have to work; don't you see? He'd be broke when he landed and have to rustle money to get back with. I think it's an awful funny idea."

The undeniable humor of such a situation finally dawned upon Higgins's mind, and he burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hey there! Shut up!" Anthony called from the piano. "Listen here; I've found the lost chord." He bore down with his huge hands upon the yellow keyboard, bringing forth a metallic crash that blended fearfully with the bartender's voice. "It's a great discovery."

"I'll get him full if you'll help manage him," Locke went on. "And here's the ticket." He tapped his pocket.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Bought it yesterday. It's first class and better, and he'll fit my description. We're about the same size."

"Ain't you goin'?"

"No. I've changed my mind. I may jump over to Paris. Come, are you on?"

Higgins giggled. "Darn' funny idea, if you can get him full."

"Wait." Locke rose and went to the bar, where he called loudly for the singer; then, when the bartender had deserted the piano, he spoke to Anthony: "Keep it up, old man, you're doing fine."

For some moments he talked earnestly to the man behind the bar; but his back was to Higgins, Anthony was occupied, and Ringold still slumbered; hence no one observed the transfer of another of those yellow bills of which he seemed to have an unlimited store.

Strangely enough, Mr. Jefferson Locke's plan worked without a hitch. Within ten minutes after Kirk Anthony had taken the drink handed him, he declared himself sleepy, and rose from the piano only to seek a chair, into which he flung himself heavily.

"It's all right," Locke told his drunken companion. "I've got a taxi waiting. We'll leave Ringold where he is."

Twenty-four hours later Adelbert Higgins, of Yale, undertook to recall what had happened to him after he left Muller's place on East Fourteenth Street; but his memory was tricky. He recollected a vaguely humorous discussion of some sort with a stranger, the details of which were almost entirely missing. He remembered that dawn had broken when he came out of the saloon, but beyond that he could not go with any degree of certainty. There was a hazy memory of an interminable ride in a closed vehicle of some sort, a dizzy panorama of moving buildings, bleak, wind-swept trees, frosty meadows, and land-locked lakes backed by what were either distant mountain ranges or apartment houses. This last, however, was all very blurred and indistinct.

As to who was with him on the ride, or what took place thereafter, he had no memory and no opportunity of learning, owing to certain unexpected and alarming occurrences which made it imperative for him to terminate his connection with Yale College, as big Marty Ringold had done earlier in the day, and begin to pack his belongings. Partly out of deference to the frantic appeals of his widowed mother, partly owing to the telephoned advice of Mr. Michael Padden, of Sixth Avenue, he booked passage to Japan and the Orient by the next steamer out of Vancouver. He left New York that afternoon by the Twentieth Century Limited, taking with him only one suit case and a determination to see the world.

CHAPTER III

A GAP

STRICTLY speaking, Kirk Anthony did not awake to a realization of his surroundings, but became conscious of them through a long process of dull, dreamy speculation. He never knew the precise moment when his eyes opened and sleep left him, but at cost of considerable mental effort he finally brought himself to the conviction that hours had passed and another day had arrived. More than once after long, white nights in New York City, he had awakened amid strange surroundings and had been forced to wait upon his lagging memory; but this time his mind refused to work, even after he knew himself to be fully roused. So he closed his eyes with the admonition:

"Now, begin all over again, Kirk. When you left Padden's place, you went to Maxim's and listened to the fat quartette, then to the place where the waiter held out a dollar. After the trouble at that point, you tried to get into Tony's rathskeller and couldn't, so you started for the East Side. Ringold was very drunk. Good! Everything is

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clear so far. Next you were playing a piano with yellow teeth while somebody sang something about a 'Little Brown Cot.' After that—Lord, you must have been drunk! Well, let's run through it again."

But his efforts were vain; he could recall nothing beyond the piano, so fell to wondering what hotel this could be.

"Some East Side joint," he decided, "and a cheap one, too, from the size of this stall." He noted another brass bed close at hand and reasoned that Ringold or Higgins must have risen early, leaving him to finish his sleep. That was considerate, of course, but—— Good heavens, it must be late! And he was due to motor back to New Haven at noon! He raised himself suddenly, and was half out of bed when he fell back, with a cry, as if an unseen hand had smitten him. He clapped both palms to his head, realizing that he was very sick indeed. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever felt before. His head was splitting, he felt a frightful nausea, the whole room was rocking and reeling as if to pitch him out of bed. It was terrible; so he arose blindly and felt his way toward the telephone. Failing to find it, he pushed a button instead, then tumbled back to bed, reviling the luck that had brought him to such a miserable place. He closed his eyes tightly and calmed his stomach by an effort of will. At last he heard the door open and a voice inquire:

"Did you ring, sir?"

"An hour ago. Haven't you more than one bell-hop in this place?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"And I'm sick, mighty sick. I'm going to die."

"I think not, sir; the others are sick, too."

"That's good; I was afraid they'd dressed and gone." It was some consolation to know that Ringold and Higgins had not escaped their share of suffering. "How is Hig—the bony fellow?"

"Do you mean the gentleman in 32?"

"How should I know his number? That's not Hig's description, however—even you could tell that he is no gentle— Oh, Lord!"

"Can I get you something, sir—a little champagne, perhaps, to settle your stomach?"

"*No, no!* Get me a taxicab. I want to go uptown."

"Rather a long drive, isn't it?" snickered the bell-boy.

"Never mind the comedy." Anthony opened his eyes. "Hello! Are you the clerk?" Instead of the bell-hop he had expected, he beheld a man in white jacket and black trousers.

"No, sir, I'm the steward."

The invalid shook his head faintly. "Funny place I've got into. What's the name of it?"

"This! Oh! The *Santa Cruz*."

"Never heard of it. Why didn't they give me a good room? This is fierce."

"Suite A is considered very good, sir. It is one of the best on the line."

"Line?" Kirk grunted. "So this is some dead-line dump. Well, I'm going to get out—understand? Hand me my trousers and I'll slip you a quarter."

The steward did as desired, but a blind search showed the pockets to be empty.

"Give me the coat and vest." But here again Kirk found nothing, and was forced to apologize. "Sorry, old man, but I must have left it at the office. Now be a good fellow and hustle up that taxi. I'm getting sicker every minute."

"Perhaps you had better have the doctor?"

"Is there a good one handy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here in the hotel?"

The steward seemed undecided whether to treat the occupant of Suite A as a humorist or a lunatic, but finally he observed, "This isn't a hotel, sir."

"That's what I thought—more like a roadhouse."

"This is a ship."

"A—*what?*" Anthony raised himself and stared at the white-clad figure over the foot of his little brass bed.

"This is a ship, sir."

"You get out of here!" yelled the infuriated young man. He cast his eyes about for some missile to hurl at this insolent menial, and, spying a heavy glass pitcher upon a stand beside him, reached for it; whereat the steward retreated hastily to the door.

"I beg pardon, sir. I will send the doctor at once."

"Must think I'm still drunk," mumbled Anthony dazedly, as he once more laid his head upon his pillow with a groan.

When his dizziness had diminished sufficiently to permit him to open his eyes, he scanned his surroundings more carefully; but his vision was unreliable. His head, too, continued to feel as if his skull were being

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forcibly spread apart by some fiendish instrument concealed within it. His mouth was parched, his stomach violently rebellious. In spite of these distractions, he began to note certain unfamiliar features about this place. The wall-paper, for instance, which at first glance he had taken for the work of some cheap decorator, turned out to be tapestry, as he proved by extending a shaky hand. The low ceiling, the little windows with wooden blinds, the furniture itself were all out of keeping with hotel usages. He discovered by rolling his head that there was a mahogany dresser over by the door and a padded couch covered with chintz. There were folding brass clothes-hooks on the wall, moreover, and an electric fan, while a narrow door gave him a glimpse of a tiny, white-enameled bathroom.

He took in these details laboriously, deciding finally that he was too intoxicated to see aright, for, while the place was quite unlike an ordinary hotel room, neither did it resemble any steamship stateroom he had ever seen; it was more like a lady's boudoir. To be sure, he felt a sickening surge and roll now and then, but at other times the whole room made a complete revolution which was manifestly contrary to the law of gravitation and therefore not to be trusted as evidence. There were plenty of reasons, moreover, why this could not be a ship. The mere supposition was absurd. No, this must be a room in some uptown club, or perhaps a bachelor hotel. Kirk had many friends with quarters decorated to suit their own peculiar fancies, and he decided that in all probability one of these had met him on the street and taken him home for safe keeping. He had barely settled this in his mind when the door opened for a second time and a man in uniform entered.

"The steward said you wanted me," he began.

"No, I want a doctor."

"I am the doctor."

"I thought you were the elevator man. I'm sick—awful sick——"

"Can you vomit?"

"Certainly! Anybody can do that."

The stranger pulled up a stool, seated himself beside the bed, then felt of Anthony's cheek.

"You have a fever."

"That explains everything." Kirk sighed thankfully and closed his eyes once more, for the doctor had begun to revolve slowly with the bed as an axis. "How are the other boys coming on?"

"Everybody is laid out. It's a bad night."

"Night? It must be nearly daylight by this time."

"Oh, no! It is not midnight yet."

"Not midnight? Why, I didn't turn in until—" Anthony raised himself suddenly. "Good Lord, have I slept all day!"

"You certainly have."

"Whose room is this?"

"Your room, of course. Here, take one of these capsules; it will settle your stomach."

"Better give me something to settle my bill, if I've been here that long. I'm broke again."

"You're not fully awake yet," said the doctor. "People have funny ideas when they're sick."

"Well, I know I'm broke, anyhow! That's no idea; it's a condition. I went through my clothes just now and I'm all in. I must get back to the Astor, too, for I had arranged to motor up to New Haven at noon."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor quietly.

"The boys will think I'm lost. I never did such a thing before."

"Where do you think you are?" inquired the physician.

"I don't know. It's a nice little hotel, but——"

"This isn't a hotel. This is a ship."

Anthony was silent for a moment. Then he sighed feebly and said:

"Doctor, you shouldn't make fun of a man at the point of death. It isn't professional."

"Fact," said the doctor, abstractedly gazing at his watch, while he held Anthony's wrist between his fingers. "We are one hundred and fifty miles out of New York. The first officer told me you were considerably intoxicated when you came aboard, but," he continued brusquely, rising and closing his watch with a snap, "you will remember it all in a little while, Mr. Locke."

"What did you call me?"

"Locke. You haven't forgotten your name, too?"

"Wait."

Again Anthony pressed his throbbing temples with both hot hands and strove to collect his whirling wits. At last he began to speak, measuring his words with care.

"Now, I *know* you are wrong, Doctor,

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and I'll tell you why. You see, my name isn't Locke, it's Anthony. Locke went away on a ship, but *I* stayed in New York, understand? Well, he's the fellow you're talking to and I'm asleep somewhere down around the Bowery. I'm not here at all. *I* didn't want to go anywhere on a ship; I couldn't go; I didn't have the price. That supper was a hundred and seventy."

"Nevertheless, this is a ship," the physician patiently explained, "and you're on it and I'm talking to you. What is more, you have not exchanged identities with your friend Anthony, for your ticket reads 'Jefferson Locke.' You'll be all right if you will just go to sleep and give that capsule a chance to operate."

"Ask Higgins or Ringold who I am."

"There's no one aboard by either of those names."

"Say!" Anthony raised himself excitedly on one arm, but was forced to lie down again without delay. "If this is a ship, I must have come aboard. How did I do it? When? Where?"

"You came on with two men, or rather between two men, about eight-thirty this morning. They put you in here, gave your ticket to the purser, and went ashore. The slim fellow was crying, and one of the deck-hands had to help him down the gangway."

"That was Higgins all right. Now, Doctor, granting, just for the sake of argument, that this is a ship and that I am Jefferson Locke, when is your next stop?"

"One week."

"What?" Kirk's eyes opened wide with horror. "I can't stay here a week."

"You will have to."

"But I tell you I *can't*, I just can't. I bought a new car the other day and it's standing in front of the New York Theatre. Yes, and I have two rooms and a bath at the Astor, at fifteen dollars a day."

The physician smiled heartlessly. "You must have been drinking pretty heavily, but I guess you will remember everything by and by."

"I can't understand it," groaned the bewildered invalid. "What ship is this—if it is really a ship?"

"The *Santa Cruz*. Belongs to the United Fruit Company. This is one of the bridal suites; it is 11:30 P.M., November 21st. We are bound for Colon."

"Where is that?"

"Panama."

"Panama is in Central America or Mexico or somewhere, isn't it?"

"It is. Now, do you remember anything more?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, then, go to sleep. You'll be all right in the morning, Mr. Locke."

"Anthony."

"Very well, Mr. Anthony, if you prefer. Is there anything more you would like to ask me?"

"No."

"Of course, there may have been some mistake," the medical man observed doubtfully as he opened the door. "Maybe you intended to take some other ship."

"No mistake at all," the sick man assured him. "I'm beginning to remember now. You see, I lost my hat and decided I'd run down to Panama and get another. Good night."

"Good night. That capsule will make you sleep."

When the officer had gone, Kirk mumbled to himself: "If it turns out that I *am* in New York, after all, when I wake up I'll lick that doctor." Then he turned over and fell asleep.

The Next Instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the November Number.

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IT

AN EXPOSITION OF THE SOVEREIGN POLITICAL POWER OF ORGANIZED BUSINESS

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF
"THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," "THE STRUGGLE FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT," "UPBUILDERS."

II. WALL STREET ON WALL STREET

Editor's Note:—Thanks to the frankness of willing subjects who do not grasp the significance of their own allegiance, Mr. Steffens in this article shows us the throne and the monarch at closer range. He characterizes Wall Street and its ruling spirit out of the mouths of Wall Street men. He leaves it to representative figures in the Street to affirm and prove the virtual omnipotence of Mr. Morgan, and variously to testify their own utter subordination to the leader. By their contradictions of each other and of themselves, Mr. Steffens permits these highly representative financiers to show their restricted outlook and their narrow view of man's obligations and opportunities. And their high reason for loyal support of the sovereign seems to be that it pays to be loyal.

"YES," said one of the so-called Standard Oil crowd, "it is true, in a sense. By a consensus of opinion among us, Mr. Morgan has assumed what might be termed the leadership down here. No, there was no meeting to arrange the matter; there is no arrangement, really. It is simply an understanding, a sort of tacit understanding which developed naturally out of Mr. Morgan's services during the panic of 1907. It may be abrogated at any moment by any one. Yes, without notice."

True

Since the Standard Oil group is the largest and, next to Morgan, the most powerful interest in the "tacit understanding" which makes Mr. Morgan supreme in Wall Street, this statement may be taken as an official confirmation of the rumor to that effect as true; unimportant, but true.

"It doesn't mean," I suggested, "that the organization of financial power is coming to a head, does it?"

"Nonsense," he said.

"Nor that competition, which is being suppressed, today is to be suppressed above?"

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"What!"

"It's simply an unimportant, private arrangement for the passing convenience of the parties concerned?"

"That's all."

"And of no significance to the public at large?"

"None whatsoever."

Fashionable

The head of a firm of private bankers who are not "in it" also confirmed the rumor; and the insignificance thereof. He was cautious; everybody is in Wall Street. He spoke reluctantly, hesitatingly, and, of course, anonymously. It's bad form in finance to speak in public. And it isn't wise to demand the use of a name. Wall Street men speak more truthfully when their identity is to be concealed. Assured that I would protect him from identification, the private banker spoke for publication:

"Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. have—well, they have rather taken the lead, so to speak—in a business way—of late. They are—the fashion. Somebody always is, you know. Somebody always gets the new business, the pick of it. First it's one, then it's another. This house, our firm here, we had it— But never mind about that. At present, the house of Morgan is all the rage, the fashion; the passing fashion. For fashions change in finance as in women's hats and in other things."

True; unimportant; temporary. This is the strictly business view of a promoting banker who sees in Morgan's position, not organic power, but a competing firm temporarily leading in the private business of floating new issues of stocks and bonds.

"It doesn't concern the public in any way?" I asked.

"I don't see how it can," the banker said.

A third witness, a second insider, said: "True? Oh, yes, it's true enough. Since the death of Messrs. Harriman and Rogers, Mr. Morgan has stood alone as the recognized head of affairs in 'the Street.' He will hold his position, no doubt, till a rival arises. It's an accident, a mere coincidence."

True; unimportant; temporary; an accident; and local.

"It doesn't affect Chicago or Boston, Buffalo or Los Angeles?" I asked.

"Los Angeles!" he exclaimed. "How can it affect Los Angeles? Or any other place?"

J. PIERPONT MORGAN, JR., OF THE FIRM OF J. P. MORGAN & CO.

National

During the panic year of 1907 I crossed the continent two or three times, and I heard everywhere the uncomprehending complaints of business men that they couldn't get their "own money" out of their local banks. Political inefficiency was my subject then, but these periodic break-downs of the financial organization of our boasted business system have always interested me, so I called on local bankers in all the cities where I halted. They couldn't explain; they also were uncomprehending. They simply passed up the blame. They said that they couldn't get "their" own money out of the New York banks.

"Wall Street has it," they wailed.

In New York the bankers denied the charge. I don't understand why they did so; it was true, and it was soon shown to be true. At the height of the blind staggers of these blind leaders of the blind, we all saw Mr. Morgan send word to the Stock Exchange that the speculators might borrow money. And we were invited to admire Mr. Morgan as the savior of his country, the whole country. I don't understand why we should admire the

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act. It was proclaimed unofficially that the money loaned to the stockbrokers was of Morgan's own and John D. Rockefeller's millions. It wasn't. Their money was going into the purchase, at panic prices, of stocks to be held for the rise. And it wasn't the country bankers' depositors' money, either. Their money was very largely where the country bankers had had it put: in previous loans on stock exchange collateral.

Photography by Brown Brothers, New York

HENRY P. DAVISON, OF THE FIRM OF J. P. MORGAN & CO.

To be very precise, it wasn't money at all that Mr. Morgan loaned and it wasn't Morgan that loaned it; it was the combined credit of the Associated Clearing House banks put out by Morgan for all of them against clearing-house certificates. But back of this credit was the credit (and the money) of the people of Los Angeles and Buffalo, Chicago, Boston, and New York; in brief, the deposits of the whole country. So that all these places were represented by Mr. Morgan, and they were and they are directly affected by the policy which his act of relief typified—the regular policy of New York in a panic of throwing the country's good credit after its bad money into the stock market. And why not? The stock market is the hottest part of the fire. But, having poured it in there and checked the flames, why deny it? And having denied it, why admire it? But above all, why not see that, financially, Los Angeles is as close to New York as Harlem is; and that Wall Street deals with the money of the country; that it is the national market place, and that the head man there is the head of the financial system of Spokane, and Sacramento, Omaha, and the United States?

But no. Morgan is regarded by New York and by Sacramento, and by Morgan himself, apparently, as a Wall Street phenomenon; and Wall Street is the local financial district of the city of New York. It has connections, of course, with the country and with Europe, but there is no vital connection between Morgan and these connections. My insider said so; most Wall Street men think so.

New

And there is nothing new in Mr. Morgan's preëminence. A great operator, who is "playing in at present," summed up this view pretty well. He altered it under suggestion, but only for a moment.

"Morgan's on top down here to-day all right," he said cheerily. "His health is as important as the condition of the crops; his temper as the weather. And that's being important all right. Oh, he's 'it.' No doubt about that. But competition is fierce down here, and endless. Men come and men go; banks rise and decline; railroads absorb railroads, and then are themselves absorbed. It's all Morgan now. It's been all Morgan before. And before him it was Jay Gould and Vanderbilt; another time it was Harriman, Rogers, and William Rockefeller; and Morgan. It is Morgan now. It may be Morgan again some time; after somebody else has come and gone."

"It has been Jay Gould and Vanderbilt before," I said, "but never one of them alone. And it has been Morgan, and Harriman, and Rogers, and Rockefeller. But when before was it ever Morgan or any one of them alone?"

He was surprised, and he took a moment to recall the past. Then he agreed. He contradicted himself to agree.

"I guess that's right, too," he said. "Come to think of it, I don't remember a

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time when one man was supreme and unchallenged."

So it's not only true; it's new. And it *is* new. There never before was a period in Wall Street when there were not two or three or more men contending for and dividing supreme power. There is opposition to Morgan now; he has to use force to maintain his position; he is a conqueror, not an established king. But he has no longer any opponents worthy of his steel.

"He will have," said the operator brightly. "There's some man, some young fellow coming along; perhaps it is some one we all know. He will dethrone Morgan."

"Of course. J. P. Morgan is mortal, and will pass, but, as you say," I argued, "some one will dethrone him. And whoever dethrones him will take his throne. In other words, there is a throne and the throne will stand."

But my operator did not see any throne. He used the word, but he didn't see the thing. He saw Julius Cæsar, not Cæsarism. He saw the Caesars, the czars, and the kaisers. And he pinned his faith to Brutus & Co.

"The young fellow that succeeds Morgan," he said, "will have his Rogerses to fight and his Harrimans."

True and very interesting, this, to the young fellow, and to the Harrimans and Rogerses. It makes some difference to them whether the next man is Smith or Jones, Hawley or Frick, or J. P. Morgan the second; but not to us. The point that pricks us outsiders is that *some* one can and that probably some *one* will always be the single head of the American business system. But Wall Street doesn't believe that.

"SO THERE ARE MUTINOUS MEMBERS——"

The Succession

Thomas F. Ryan expressed this unbelief. Last June, when the strategist of the Metropolitan (New York) Street Railway Company went abroad to look after his Congo possessions in Africa, he gave out a statement which the newspapers printed. It was a sort of

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obeisance by this business boss, who was back of the bosses of both Tammany Hall and the Republican machine in New York, to his boss, Morgan. He regretted that he would not see Mr. Morgan during the summer, but he apologized (in a formal, dictated statement—mark, which he handed voluntarily to the press).

"I am compelled to leave," he said, "before he [Mr. Morgan] can arrive . . . I do not fail to recognize the unique position he holds in the business situation, not only of this country, but of the world."

Having referred thus to Morgan's throne, he went on to speak of the succession.

"There are people," he said, "who are asking who is to be the successor of Mr. Morgan. In my opinion, there will be none. There has been only one Morgan," he said—truly, I think. But then I think he began to err. "There cannot be a second," he said. He recognized the concentration of financial power, but he thought that a group of what were called the younger princes of finance would succeed to and be able to wield that power.

"I firmly believe," he said, "that such men as Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., and Henry P. Davison, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Otto H. Kahn and Mortimer L. Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; John B. Dennis, of Blair & Co.; George F. Baker, Jr., of the First National, and James Stillman, Jr., of the National City Bank, may be relied upon to take care of the great banking and financial interests which lie at the foundation of American business."

Photograph by Edwin Levick, New York

— —OF THE CREW OF THE CORSAIR?"

And my Standard Oil man agreed with Ryan. He also saw "only one Morgan." And since Morgan's preëminence was an accident, he argued that it might never occur again. But he could be brought to see it differently—for a moment.

Profitable

"Doesn't it pay?" I asked. "Doesn't this tacit understanding facilitate business?

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Doesn't it make money for all of you? Doesn't it save you money? Isn't it profitable to cease fighting and work together under one head?'

"Is it profitable!" he echoed. "Well, I should say it was. Fighting in Wall Street is as silly, dangerous, and uneconomic as competition in any other line of business. Pay? I guess it does pay!"

"Then," I demanded, "why won't the arrangement endure? We may see the fighting resumed, again and again, but in the long run the wise, safe, profitable thing survives; doesn't it?"

That interested him. "I suppose it does," he said, and, while he thought it over, I presented another consideration that would weigh with him.

"A small business does best under one head, doesn't it?" I asked. "And a big business develops naturally one master-mind? Why should not all business do better under a chief executive?"

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OTTO H. KAHN, OF THE FIRM OF KUHN, LOEB & CO.

"Do you know, I believe there's something in what you say," he said thoughtfully, and he hung long upon the subject. It seemed to fascinate him, this idea of one man at the head of all business, all completely organized in one combination. "And why not?" he exclaimed, and again, "Why not?"

Business men abhor an unfamiliar generalization. You can get them to apperceive a natural law and, if you drive them into a corner, they will accept a logical conclusion; but not for long. Gamblers all, they prefer to see miracles, and their favorite theory is the theory of chance. *Fortuna non deo*, is their motto. And they distrust not only God and nature; they distrust also their own minds; as this man illustrated. After he had speculated for awhile on the possibilities, he returned to the impossibilities.

"Even if it were sensible and profitable," he said, "even so, you couldn't stop the fighting down here. It was the death of Harriman and Rogers that made Morgan possible, and it won't be long before—well, before competition will be renewed."

This is the way business men used to talk about small combinations. "They can't last," they said. And yet the small combinations have not only lasted; they have increased both in size and in number. John D. Rockefeller himself once said that the small independent, who had direct charge of his business and a present personal interest, had a natural advantage over big rivals, like Standard Oil. But Standard Oil grows bigger and bigger. Business men are breaking—or, perhaps, they are only repealing—the "natural laws" of the old-fashioned political economy we all learned at school. The government of business has enacted artificial advantages (rebates, money-rates, etc.), which counterbalance natural advantages. The chief hindrance to the merger of the mergers is the competition among the mergers themselves, and that looks very big to them.

Innocent

"You must remember," said a very astute broker, "that the parties to this arrangement are abnormally selfish men, extraordinarily able and miserably suspicious. They are as personal as women and as reckless as boys. They fight at the drop of the hat. Incapable of self-control, they are fearfully tempted; the advantage of a breach of contract is often a fortune. I don't see how there can ever be a perfect union among them. And think," he

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said, "of the gentlemen's agreements they have made and broken; solemn oaths of honor, all broken, all of them."

Not all. It is true that private agreements contrary to law have been pretty commonly broken in the past. And we still see Business lobbying at legislatures and at the White House for leave to enforce by legal contracts their pools and combinations in restraint of competition. Business men don't altogether trust one another yet. But they are learning to. The anti-trust agitation, legislation, and prosecution which "hurt business" so much, and the occasional decisions against them, like that in the Northern Securities case, are gradually compelling business men to rely upon honor, so to speak. And the cessation of rate wars, the advance of freight and passenger rates "in concert," and the recent investigations into milk, eggs, and produce pools formed to raise prices, all go to show that business men are learning that they must keep inviolate those private agreements especially which cannot be enforced in the courts. The "tacit understanding" which puts Morgan in command in Wall Street is but one of many signs that the gentlemen's agreement is becoming possible, even among business men.

JAMES STILLMAN, JR., OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK.

"At any rate," I argued with my broker, "here they are together. Here you have your chronic contract-breakers keeping what is virtually a gentlemen's agreement."

Personal

"No," he said. "It's a gentleman's agreement. They have found a gentleman at last. Morgan, and Morgan alone, makes this possible. That man has been for years the dominating personality down here. He is a gentleman. He is trusted and he deserves to be. He keeps his word and he keeps liars to their word. He is square and he can square his circle. That's all. He's selfish; his egotism is fierce, but he can be unselfish. He makes his raids like the rest of them. But when 'J. P.' is going forth on one of his piratical cruises he gives notice; he calls off all agreements and, running up the black flag of the *Corsair*, he sails. And when he sails no man can say that Morgan promised to stay in port."

"No man down here," I amended. "The public—"

"Oh," the broker laughed cynically, "the public is our prey. It's honor among—among financiers that I am talking about."

"A primitive virtue," I muttered.

Romance

"Primitive, yes, and rare, but we are elemental men," this broker said, who himself is highly civilized. "This is a savage place and we are the last of the Mohicans. Soldiers are drilled to kill in regiments; thieves steal in partnership with the police; Indians are tamed under government blankets on reservations; and the old-fashioned bandits and pirates are all either hanged or trained to sing in chorus at the opera. We bankers and brokers are the only heroes left for the dime novelist and it's a reproach upon your profession that we don't find our Fenimore Cooper. For here—here is romance, as I understand it; here is the wild individualist living beyond the pale, free above all law, the only human force that is not yet harnessed to the dull machinery of civilized society."

It is wonderful to hear these men talk about

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themselves. They'd resent what they say, if I said it, and I don't say it. Remember that, please. I'm letting them speak first, and they not only contradict one another; they contradict themselves. This man, for example, who set out to prove that the personality of Morgan was "the whole thing," went on to speak of the machinery Morgan used; and, having denied them all morality, proceeded next to show the rude virtues which may be rudimentary of a coming morality among his kind of men.

The Corsair

"Wall Street never could have got together under Harriman or Rogers," he said. "These men never drew an unselfish breath. Oh, they did kindly little things, but they never took a public view of a large public question. Morgan could; he has done it; he will do it again. The rest of us play for ourselves or for our crowd all the time. Is there a panic? Good. We go short, drive prices down, spread the alarm, help the panic along. Of course. That's our business, and our business is all we can see. We can't grasp an interest bigger than a pool, and neither could Harriman or Rogers; and neither can William Rockefeller.

"Morgan can, and that's why he dominates. He may start a break. He has raised hell, and he has done it for a petty, particular, personal purpose, too. But when the break becomes a panic and the thing has gone so far that he and everybody else seems to be going to smash, then 'J. P.' can rise above himself and his bank and his crowd. He can act for the common good."

"The common financial good," I corrected.

"Certainly, the good of Wall Street; the common interest of the financial world. But that's all the world to him. Personal, passionate, domineering, brutal, he lives in a world of his own, but he cares for his world. He may abuse it himself; loving the game, he may let others abuse it, but he won't permit it to be used up. That's his distinction among his peers. He sees that we must not kill the geese that lay the golden eggs. Not much to see? No, but very few of us see that; very few; and whenever he and the rest of us have nearly killed the birds; when we have wrecked railroads, put the banks on the run, and carried a panic to the verge of universal disaster, Morgan calls a halt. And we halt. He honestly, ably, magnificently applies all his moral power and all his brute force to the tender task of nursing the geese back to life, and we—well, we carry bandages and wait upon the nurse. For when he does that, we all know that he will not then "do" anything or anybody else. We know it, you understand. We have faith in him then. There is no other man known to us who might not, at the last moment, cut the gizzard out of the gander and cook and eat the whole flock. But if Morgan says he won't, he won't. So we follow him. We do what he says. He makes us. He is harsh, and it hurts. During the last panic, we got it straight down here that Morgan took two trust company presidents and, in the privacy of his famous library of rare books, knocked their heads together. Physically, you understand."

"That's denied," I objected.

"Oh, yes, it's denied," he said. "Sure. Everything is denied down here. I got it from a man who saw it, but what's the difference? Figuratively, it is true. And that's worse. I think no liar will deny that figuratively he takes bank presidents and railroad presidents and kicks them as he wouldn't dare to kick an office boy. And they let him. We all do. Why? Because he's fair; fierce, and a brute, but square. And that's why he can rule when he wants to; and that's why I think nobody else ever can."

Thus he agreed with Ryan.

"It's a personal power, then, that Morgan wields," I summed up, "not an organized machine that he dominates."

"Correct," he answered.

"And when he passes, no one can fill his place?"

"None but a personality as great as his."

A Gentleman

I recalled the historical fact that during the panic of 1893, when I was a Wall Street reporter, the man who combined the bank reserves and did what Morgan did in 1907, was Mr. Frederick D. Tappen, the president of the Gallatin National Bank, and a very gentle gentleman. He had moral prestige; he was known to be fair; and he had courage.

"What are bank reserves for?" he asked, when his colleagues proposed to keep inviolate the reserves required by law, and Tappen paid them out. He was brave as a lion, but there wasn't a brutal hair in his head.

"Mr. Tappen's personality may have counted," I observed, "but he did the work;

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and he did it because, as president of the New York Clearing House Association, he was the official head of the machinery fitted to do it. And the machinery existed. It still exists. Morgan used it. It will be there for the next man to use."

"That's different," the broker said. "Mr. Tappen acted officially and only for the banks and only during the height of the panic. After the emergencies he became again simply the president of his bank. Mr. Morgan united everybody and everything, and he kept his power."

"You contradict yourself," I said; "you declare all Morgan's power to be personal, and yet you recognize the existence of machinery. And you said he was all for himself except in emergencies, and now you say he retains power."

"I'll clear that up for you," he answered. "Morgan is like the captain of a ship. He is in command all the time, but he isn't on deck all the time. He stays in his cabin attending to his own affairs and lets his mates run the ship till a storm is brewing. Then he goes up on the bridge, and he stays there till the wind is still and the sea calm."

"So his power is constant," I repeated, "though he exercises it only in emergencies."

"Right," he said; "but that constant power is not organized; it is loose."

So I challenged the figure of the ship and offered as a substitute the loose Western idea of the Money Power. The broker stuck by the ship.

"The trouble with the Western superstition of a Money Power is," he said, "that it connotes a malevolent intelligence and a complete organization sensitive from top to bottom. And that's all wrong. The ship is right. There's the crew, disciplined and organized. But there are far more passengers than crew and there's much more freight than the ship-owners own. The captain commands all, but the passengers hear no orders; they see the captain only as a 'nice man' at dinner, rest, or play. They don't feel that they are under his control. They think they can do as they please. And so there are officers who hate and sailors who grumble at him; some of the ship's company might like to mutiny, and they would if they dared. They don't dare, but they may, some day."

"So there are mutinous members of the crew of the *Corsair?*"

"Many," he said, "and there are lots of seasick passengers who'd like to be ashore. In other words," he concluded, "the Western notion of one, united, intelligent monster called the Money Power is a myth."

Unintelligent

And that's true. The theory of a consciously purposeful Money Power is as far from the fact as the radical's theory of a class-conscious capitalism. But no farther. Upper-class consciousness is unconscious, but it is becoming conscious. And so with the wickedness of our bad, big business men; that is not deliberate. It is only just becoming so. The leaders of Wall Street are human beings; very human; of the most thoughtless sort. They call themselves "practical" and, as they use the term, it means "instinctive." And that's what they are: instinctive. They know not what they do, and the charge of intelligence that is laid so often against them by social philosophers is a flattering libel. Morgan did not conceive the United States Steel Company as a complete thing; not at first. It wasn't an intellectual creation. He backed into it to get out of a hole. And neither did Morgan ever plan to become the "Uncrowned King of Finance," as ex-United States Senator Spooner called him. He probably despises all such "tributes" as bids for business (as they often are), and if some one should tell him that he was seated on a throne, he would grasp the arms of his office chair, and snort.

I don't allege that Morgan comprehends the nature of his power; nor do I suspect business men generally of forethought and design. How can I when I used to hear the leaders among them, who were forming trusts and forcing monopolies, saying, and believing all the while, that competition was the life of trade? They don't do as they think; they don't even think what they do. They go to church, but they worship Mammon; they undermine the law which is the foundation of all they build; they corrupt the state which they need in their business; they employ little children and so exhaust them that they are poor producers when they grow up; and they cut wages all they can and so reduce the buying power of the workers who, as consumers, are the market. They don't all want the money they make; they don't all care for the things they buy; and they don't appreciate the power they possess and bestow.

When I have suggested to the "practical" heads of the instinctive groups back of Mor-

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gan, that they are setting up a sovereign power and establishing a personal sovereign, they think of their secret schemes to do up Mr. Morgan and they laugh in their sleeves at me. And that's why I think the ship is not a good figure of speech for Wall Street. The captain of a ship knows that he commands the stokers he never sees; the sailors understand that the boatswain who whistles them to work represents the "old man"; and even the ignorant immigrants in the steerage can tell you who their master is till they are landed at Ellis Island. Then they think it's President Taft or, more likely, as you hear them say, "Mr. Rósenfeldt."

"Not In It"

The Money Power is a big, blind, footless, thoughtless thing, but it exists. The System, which it denies, is being thrown up, like a reef, by tiny, innocent polypi that have no more notion of wrecking a ship than they have of the beauty of coral. The prophetic Populists who foresaw the Money Power were right, but they had a clearer vision of it from the prairies 'way back in the early nineties than Wall Street has to-day. Only a small part of "the Street" is only just beginning to see a small part of it, and that's all there is to see—with the naked eye—so far. The Money Power is, as the broker said, neither intelligent, united, nor complete. There are large, mutinous interests left out of the "tacit understanding."

None of the Jewish banking houses is "in it." Some financial critics include Kuhn, Loeb & Co., as Ryan did, and they show Jacob H. Schiff and other Jewish names in great directorates, but the Jews and the big insiders confirm my conclusion, and explain it. The Christians (so to speak) say the omission of the Jews is deliberate and personal; that Morgan has a race or religious prejudice against the Jews. The Jews themselves set aside this explanation in a very Christian spirit. One of the leaders among them attributed it to "an unfortunate experience Mr. Morgan had with a certain Jewish house" and the rest put it down to "accident." Whatever the true explanation is, the "independence" of the Jewish interest is important. It is one more proof of the unintelligent innocence of the wickedness of the "money monster." No man who intended to put himself at the head of a perfect monopoly of money power would lock out the Jews. They are powerful financially, both here and abroad; and they are good fighters. Slow to enter into a quarrel, once in they make it a war; they join hands all around the earth and, since they have sense, which other, younger peoples seem not yet to have developed, of their children's children unto the third and fourth generation, a financial war with the Jews might mean a divided Money Power for generations to come.

Little Business

And there's another large, general interest that is outside. It is that which may be called the commercial banking interest. A poor characterization, this. Many centralized banks do a commercial business; many commercial banks do a large stock business. But there's a line somewhere near the line I am drawing which is sore from friction. The president of a national bank in Wall Street, which was generally admitted to confine its business to commercial loans, indicated the division, and he did it in terms which will interest "the little business men" of the whole country. We were talking, as all Wall Street was at the time, of a fresh acquisition by J. P. Morgan & Co. of a whole group of New York depositories.

"This move by Morgan," said the banker, "is but one of many similar steps taken by him and by the other leading speculative and promoting bankers to get hold of the depositories of the money of the nation. It is an evil, but it is but one of several evils. American banking is not on a sound basis. It is run on money, not on credits, as abroad; and too much of our money goes into speculation, too little into commerce. Stock-gambling and promotion get it, and industry—legitimate business suffers. Merchants and manufacturers cannot have the accommodations they should have, neither here in New York nor elsewhere in the country. They have to compete for money with the speculator, and the speculator pays well. We hear the kicking all the time, and you must get it as you travel about. Now, making allowance for exaggeration, ignorance, and the unworthiness of some disgruntled borrowers, there still remains a real grievance back of their complaints, a grievance which is growing. The trouble is due partly to natural causes which cannot be altered. It is due partly to technical defects in our banking laws, customs, and practices, which Senator Aldrich and his monetary commission have been hearing all

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about both from us and from bankers abroad. These can be changed, and they would be if some one besides Aldrich had learned what he has learned, some one who represented the business instead of the speculative interests of this country. But the trouble is due in very large part to the ever-increasing control by Morgan, Standard Oil & Co.—by the very interests Aldrich and the Senate represent—of the financial machinery which collects the free capital of the nation and, drawing it from local enterprise and general, going business, brings it to New York and puts it into stock gambling, the combinations that are exploiting old business, and the promotion of new business—to finance."

A Broad View

Here we have our first glimpse from a New Yorker of the United States. The point of view is that of a banker, and it is banks that he sees. But it is the machinery of the national banking system that he puts in his foreground, and, back of that, and beyond the Hudson River, his view contemplates the settled industry of the nation. Morgan appears, and Wall Street, but they are in a new perspective. Morgan is merely the head of those interests which control not only the Senate and the political organization which collects the votes of the people, but of the financial organization which collects our money. And as for Wall Street, that is only the center of both these systems.

True, then, this concentration of financial power is important. It is vitally important. This banker regards it as a menace to business. It isn't complete, but it is organic and growing, and his hope against the complete mastery by it of all business lies in his sense of a conflict of interests between little and big business, between commerce and finance.

"The Jewish bankers may be taken in," he said. "All the big private bankers may. Their interest finally is with that of the controlling group, for they, too, are speculators and promoters. And they all control strings of banks and trust companies. But the interest of the depositors and customers of country banks and of all commercial banks is in deadly conflict with that of 'high finance'."

The Jonahs

"But the little business men don't see that," I protested, and I recalled how in most cities and states business men act politically as a class, backing the "big" business leaders who subsidize political bosses and oppose all real reforms that "go too far." "They put their class, not only above their human interest; they put it above their business interest," I said.

The banker laughed. "The average American business man is a Jonah," he said. "He can't see the whale till he's in its belly, and even then he stays by till the whale throws him up. He does in business what you say he does in politics: He follows the big man around, watching him swallow the other little fellows, till the big fellow is ready to eat him up, too. But he'll learn. A few more panics and a few more trusts and a few more consolidations of trusts, and he will see."

"But," I objected again, "the big fellows themselves don't see it. Everybody down here says they don't and I'm beginning to believe them. It looks to me as if the whole of the population of the United States would be put on salary, or wages, before we have noticed what is happening."

He is on salary himself, this banker, but he laughed at that view of it. And he was astonished when I asked him if he believed that J. P. Morgan had taken over his latest group of depositories as a part of a thought-out plan to control money and credit. He was sure of it. I wasn't.

I had just been inquiring into this matter, and my information had put a different face on it. It was the face of Henry P. Davison. This young man had recently been taken in as a partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., and it was he that planned this move, and executed it. His conception was for a little different combination, but he had the deal well under way when he joined the house of Morgan. Indeed, his new job interrupted his plan. He dropped it till he had made himself comfortable there. Then he must have used Morgan's information (about Ryan) and the firm's prestige, counsel, and other resources; and he consummated the deal in Morgan's name and interest. But it was his deal, not Morgan's; and surely this young man had no thought of "corralling American credit."

"No Bankers in America"

"That's all poppycock," said the head of a big bank that is "in on" the "tacit understanding." "In the first place, these big men, as you call them, are not big. They are not after power. They are after money. I

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used to entertain that power-theory. I used to excuse a lot of the things they did because of it. But they are just like the rest of us. They want money, and that's all they want; money, and more money; and they are mean about money. And that's what's the matter with your country bankers and their depositors. They want money, and more money. And that's why so much of their money goes into Wall Street. They want it to go there. They used to deposit with us without instructions. So long as we paid a reasonable interest, they were satisfied not to know what we did with their money. But of late they have been sending their money here with instructions to lend it out on stocks. It's a bad practice and it should be stopped, but it shows who's to blame for the amount of country money that is on the market. They are; the country bankers themselves. There is no manipulation about it. Two good business reasons account for the whole thing. One is that the country banks get a higher rate of interest in the stock market than in business at home; the second is that stocks are the safest collateral and the quickest to realize on in an emergency. And country-bank money is all call money."

"Country banks couldn't call their call money during the panic," I objected.

"Oh, that was a panic," he answered. "Everybody called his money then and everybody knows that everybody can't get all his money all at once. Natural causes——"

"But," I protested, "the point made by these commercial bankers is that artificial causes operate, too, and bankers generally are complaining of the control of our depositories by big borrowers; not bankers, but borrowers. And these bankers——"

"Bankers!" he exclaimed. "Commercial bankers and bankers? What are you talking about? What is a commercial banker? What is a banker? Where did you find any bankers? Not in New York. There are no bankers in New York. There are no bankers in any other American city. There are no bankers in America."

Business men protest at journalistic exaggeration and inaccuracies, but overstatement is a common practice among them. Indeed, my experience has suggested to me that one trouble with us reporters is that we accept too readily and we print too correctly the "wild news" given out by men of business. This banker went on to explain that bankers typically did not understand banking; they knew nothing of the theory of money or of the best practices of finance; and that seems to be true. So he was simply overstating something he truly believed. But suppose I had gone off and printed my interview with him under the heading: "No Bankers in America!" He would have contradicted it, no doubt. He contradicted it before I left him. We talked on about other things till he had forgotten his outburst. Then, as I rose to go, I asked him quietly for references to other bankers "who understood and could help me to understand money, banking, and business." And he named three! After saying there was none, he gave me two in New York and one in Chicago; who, with himself, make four bankers in America.

His exaggeration is useful here, however, as showing how raw the divisions are among the "moneyed interests" that are supposed by outsiders to be living peaceably together like a great, comfortable, conspiring, happy family. It helps to make plain the fact that the situation in the money market is like that in oil or steel, tobacco, the railroads, and labor. We are only at the beginning of the period of organization, combination, and coöperation. The Money Power is leading in the process, but it is itself only partly organized. There are scabs left, many of them; and there is competition. Indeed, one of the strangest phenomena in the whole grand spectacle of change is that it is the intense competition among these highly individualized individuals for individualism that is bringing on the organization of business which is suppressing individualism. And they have gone far, these selfish individualists; they have established a commanding control of credit which is growing slowly, but steadily; blindly, but certainly, toward a money monopoly.

How far have they gone? How big is their Ring now? How much business is under one control? Just how powerful is the Money Power? Or, to sum up: It is true that J. P. Morgan is the personal representative of an organic, national business system. How strong is it?

The Next Instalment of "IT"—"The Power of a Money Power"—will appear in the November Number.

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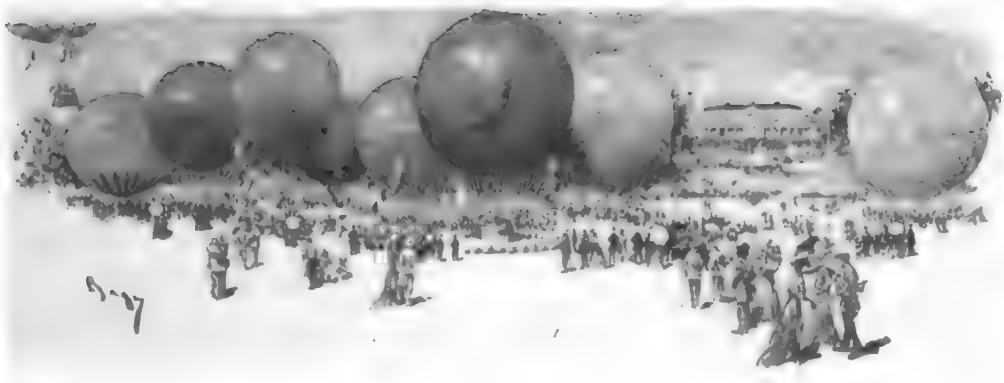

A *Balloon* FOX-HUNT

By

ALBERT WHITE VORSE

AUTHOR OF "LAUGHTER OF THE SPHINX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

"*HERR je!* The little Lotte!" exclaimed her aunt. "*Herr je!*—And alone!"

I descried the little Lotte, and, notwithstanding her aunt's dismay, derived my usual satisfaction from the contemplation of her. She was one of those German girls that you see in Frankfort-on-the-Main who seem to be trimmed with gold—golden hair and eyebrows and lashes, and golden eyes as well, deep eyes of dark, molten gold with sparks in them. They set off very well a rose and white face; and even in Frankfort hers was one of the rosiest and whitest.

So I took my pleasure in looking at the Fräulein von Hohenlauer—who was, however, not alone. That word had been only the good aunt's expression of her unchaperoned state. The rays of the afternoon sun, slanting across the lake in the beautiful Palmengarten, not only glorified her hair but also picked out, against the green lawn, the white flannels and hatless black pate of my lengthy young fellow air crank from Denver.

"Alone!" repeated the good aunt, with wringing of the hands. "And with your compatriot! And here in the Palmengarten, where every one comes! *Ach*, if the brother saw her! Or her cousin the Freiherr!"

"It is usual in America," I pointed out. With my age and experience of foreign peoples I ought to have known better.

"That is it!" exclaimed the Gräfin. "It is you Americans who come here with your free manners and put thoughts into the heads of our German girls! It was not so when I was young! We learned house economics, the cooking, the children, the church! Now the girls talk of freedom, all. And what kind of freedom! Löttchen must risk her life in a balloon, and the brother does not see how she has become *amerikanisch!*"

I had been able to regard with equanimity the Americanization of Löttchen. She was one of those impulsive, free-hearted German maidens who have made the freedom of the American girl an excuse for breaking through their own endless conventionalities. Some of these new maidens smash Madam Grundy with a conscientiousness that makes even the most untrammeled Americans catch their breath. But I had no fear for Fräulein von Hohenlauer. She was no theorist—only a healthy-minded girl, with her thoughts full of balloons.

She and Brainard were sauntering from

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their tennis in apparently unconscious comradeship, and I liked it. But her aunt groped deeper. She peered at them through a lorgnette of tortoise shell.

"They are talking *earnestly*," she observed. "It is shuddering! We did not talk *earnestly* to young men for all the Palmengarten to see—and alone! *Ach*, they come! They will pass before us. When they see us, I shall know by Lotte's face what they have been saying."

The good aunt closed her lorgnette, sat back in her iron chair, behind the little round iron table, and with sudden complacency waited to surprise a love passage.

Fräulein von Hohenlauer was speaking English; Brace's German, I know, was shy. This was the earnest conversation:

"But it is a beautiful game, the *Fuchsjagd*—I do not know what the *Fuchs* is in English. It is an ani*mal*. And this is to be the great *Fuchsjagd*, the climax of our *Ila*. Twenty-seven balloons from all our aëro clubs"—and here she came into view and broke off. Her aunt had risen to her feet and was brandishing the lorgnette.

If she had hoped for a blush of shame over the white of Lotte's brow, she must have been disappointed. Fräulein von Hohenlauer was not embarrassed.

"The Aunt Griselda!" she announced. "And here in the Palmengarten with Meester Vite"—my name is White—"and alone! What would my father say?"

It disconcerted the good aunt a bit, I thought, but she was surprisingly game.

"Meester Vite and I are old enough to be anywhere together," she gave back. "And you are here when the father must be awaiting you to pour his coffee."

This time the little Lotte did blush rosy all over the white. She dug an energetic hand into her belt and drew forth a watch.

"*Ach!*" she cried. "Already half past four! Come, Aunt! Good evening, Herr Brace and Herr Vite!" and with a still more energetic hand she pulled her aunt along the path out of our sight.

Brace stood, with his air of careless certainty, looking after them. I had come rather to like him, partly because he was long and lean and alert, and in talk was healthy and breezy and young—I find an attraction in decent boys—and partly because he was almost as hard and fast a maniac about flying as I was, and am. He had come to Frankfort, as I had, with credentials from the Aëro Club of America, to examine the first great exposition of the industries that are fostered by even the beginnings of flight by men. I had been examining them since the opening of the *Ila*—the German pet name for the *Internationale Luftschiff fahrt Ausstellung*—whereas he had turned up only a fortnight before our meeting in the Palmengarten. We had both been made free of Frankfort. The hospitality of the Frankforters is at its least a powerful emotion, and it was enhanced during the exposition of 1909 to the point of enthusiasm. So first I, and within the fortnight Brace, had been made welcome, as delegates from the club which represents in America the International Federation, to the house of Colonel von Hohenlauer, who was a member of the reception committee.

In the fortnight Brace had more often taken advantage of his invitations to the house in the Bockenheimer Landstrasse than I had ventured to do in four months. I never turned up for *Kaffeeklatsch* but he was there, making talk with the colonel and his daughter, or her aunt the countess, or some one of the many young officers who were jangling their spurs around the little Lotte. The little Lotte, in spite of her advanced views concerning the freedom of German maidens, was not, I judged, held to be too much Americanized for the prospective wife of a German military man. That Brace's black coat had been closer associated with her white afternoon clothes than all the green-and-gilt and blue-and-gilt uniforms, I had not realized until that moment when their walk in the Palmengarten seemed to bring them together.

If I had been a matchmaker, though—I remember thinking—I couldn't have wished better for her. Brace was clean to look at, he was well off, and his manners were admirable. His father had been minister or something to Morocco, and he had in his youth learned calm politeness from the Moors.

He watched the little Lotte out of sight before he gave me his serene smile. "Do you mind telling me what a *Fuchsjagd* is?" he asked.

"No wonder you don't know," I smiled back. "We don't have it yet in America—for balloons. We haven't enough balloons in one place for a good meet. But you have played hare and hounds?"

"Oh," realized Brace.

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"It's that for balloons. They call it here a fox-hunt. The fox is a balloon marked by a red girdle. It starts first, and after an allowance of ten minutes the other balloons go up at minute intervals. The game is that by and by the fox lands, and the hound that comes to earth nearest it wins a cup. Hasn't the colonel shown off his cups yet? He has won three this summer. I hadn't thought that you would get off so easily."

Brace lighted a cigarette. "I have sometimes fancied," he said, "that the colonel doesn't rate me high as an aëronaut."

Observing his movements as he cast the match gently away, I could divine that perhaps the colonel didn't. Brace is one of those languid men who seem to do everything slowly but really work as fast as their fussier fellow-beings, because they never make useless motions. Brace, for example, did not fumble for his matches nor his cigarettes. He put two slow hands into his pockets, drew out his supplies, struck a match once, puffed the cigarette once, and dropped the match. I had often seen the colonel search pocket after pocket for matches, meanwhile pausing in his talk about the air to mutter things about the god Thor and his weather. He was a choleric old chap, the colonel, and respected open manifestations of energy like his own. I could see how he might have passed over Brace as a dilettante; and nothing made the red veins in the old gentleman's nose stand out so fiercely as the thought of a dilettante.

He was one of the most uninterrupted enthusiasts about the air that I have ever come across—and almost every one who has any interest in the subject is a crank, as I am. The colonel kept himself wound up, as it were, to some thousands of horse power. I think that at times when he breathed he calculated the force of his air draught, and, allowing for the speed and direction of the prevailing breeze, and the errata due to the formation and elevation of his nose and chin, determined the direction and velocity of the fall of a piece of paper of given area and weight that might happen to be caught in the aërial whirlpool set up by his temporary pulmonary disturbance of the atmospheric status. At all events, he talked like that, and about nothing else except the air. That he measured men and women by what they could do in it is the theme of this narrative.

The person whom he rated the highest, whose opinions he quoted regularly and reverently, was his nephew—not because the young man was head of the family and Freiherr von Reisenberg and Graf von Adlerstein, but because he was a lieutenant in the Imperial and Royal Balloon Corps of the German Empire.

I had become almost satiated with doses of the lieutenant in the course of four months, but I was destined to take a fresh dilution of him on the afternoon following the meeting in the Palmengarten—not this time from the colonel, but from his sister. The Gräfin with her lorgnette waved me away from cakes and coffee to a chair, assumed the right-hand seat upon the sacred Teutonic sofa, and began at once.

"Your young friend," she pointed out, with another wave of her lorgnette toward Brace, "is, of course, a stranger to Germany, and does not know our customs. I am appealing to you in order that you may spare his feelings. Our little Lotte may be free in her manners—we deplore it; but she is too much of a well-brought-up German maiden to marry— Ah," she went on, with a recrudescence of what must have been her youthful charm, "ah, you are a man of the world, not an American. You will see that our girls cannot marry Americans. We must marry in our own class—our girls. I do not speak of our men; it is sometimes necessary, in order to keep up our titles, that they marry your rich and"—she brought it out with a polite effort—"charming young women. But to save your countryman pain, will you not explain to him that our Lotte is to marry her cousin, the Freiherr ——" she went on with conversational emphasis—"von Reisenberg *und* Graf von Adlerstein, who is a lieutenant in the Imperial and Royal Balloon Corps of the Empire. They are not affianced," she added conscientiously, "but it has been always understood. He is coming to-morrow," she concluded. "You shall see him."

Well, I have seen too many different countries to bristle about the attitude of elderly German countesses toward Americans.

The Freiherr arrived for *Kaffeeklatsch* next day, and the colonel kissed him hard on both cheeks and presented us to him. Personally, I found the manner of the lieutenant of the Imperial and Royal Balloon Corps of the German Empire a little inflated. He had the effect of having con-

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descended to come from Berlin, with his balloon, partly because it was his duty as an officer to help in educating the populace in air matters, and partly, I gathered from his attitude toward Lotte, because he was supposed to be going to marry her and ought sometimes to visit her in the interim.

He was not rude; he was only intolerably, condescendingly polite. His manner toward Brace and me was the kind of manner that is deemed considerate in addressing servants. Not that we cared for that; in fact I, being disinterested, didn't much mind his patronizing even Fraulein von Hohenlauer; but she did and Brace did. She was late for *Kaffeeklatsch:* she arrived after her cousin had come; she entered, all aglow and dishevelled as usual, and swept across the room to him, with her hand out put. The lieutenant stretched up his neck above his collar; he had the air of wondering, as I have seen a walrus and a millionaire from Pittsburg and an Italian duke wonder, who it was that had invaded his presence. When he recognized her, he bent over her fingers and kissed them with a courtesy that chilled all the heartiness out of her greeting.

"THEY ARE TALKING *ERNESTLY*," OBSERVED THE AUNT. "IT IS SHUDDERING! ONE DID NOT TALK *ERNESTLY* TO YOUNG MEN FOR ALL THE PALMENGARTEN TO SEE AND ALONE!"

"The little Lotte!" he acknowledged her, and looked her over slowly from head to foot. "You have been playing," he insinuated.

The little Lotte drew her hand away from his with more abruptness than the well-brought-up German maiden commonly lets herself show, and tried to arrange her hair.

"I have been to the hangars, to see that the father's thermos bottles shall be sent out to be made ready for the day after to-morrow," she retorted.

He twisted carefully the ends of his blonde mustache and looked her over again, slowly and with regard to details.

"You have grown to be very pretty, little Lotte," he vouchsafed her. "So you are interested in balloons. So! I shall then have the pleasure of your aid the day after to-morrow. You perhaps read the stadiometer, and perhaps—" he lifted his eyebrows and stroked his mustache again with his right hand, while his left hand rested upon the hilt of his sword—"perhaps we may together win the prize."

I had taken my chair close by, and heard and saw it.

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Also I saw the little Lotte's golden eyes turn black.

"I go day after to-morrow with the father," she gave back.

But he was undisturbed. "So!" he drawled. "Another time then; various other times!" and he turned to the colonel.

Fräulein von Hohenlauer sat energetically down in the chair by my side and flapped her fan. I do not know whether she meant deliberately to take me into her confidence or whether she was exploding to herself, with me as a harmless, elderly, American audience. At any rate she exploded.

"I don't like our German young men!" she announced. I was surprised into watching her face. Her eyes glanced about the room and came to rest. I followed their direction. Brace was giving a cup of coffee to a pretty cousin of Fräulein von Hohenlauer's; he smiled and said something that made the cousin laugh.

Fräulein von Hohenlauer turned and looked me straight in the eyes, with the forthright gaze that is developed by the etiquette of drinking toasts in Germany.

"Make it that he a balloon buys," she demanded.

I didn't pretend to misunderstand her, though I hadn't thought that things had gone so far.

"Could he get one?" I asked. "You mean for the fox-hunt?"

"There is one in *Ila*," she pointed out.

There was. It was hanging, blown up with air from a fan, by a wire from the roof, as an exhibit in the vast *Festhalle*. It had a capacity of only nine hundred meters, but it was the best thing that the Universal Balloon-Stuff Company could do in the way of fabric. I remembered it.

"My father likes men who know about balloons," she suggested.

"*Gnädiges Fräulein!*" said I, "I don't want to be involved in this. I'm too old!"

"Go and tell him to buy the balloon," she commanded, as an American girl might have commanded, and I arose and went.

I went; and when I had drawn Brace aside and with my own foolish, elderly, diplomatic carefulness asked him whether he didn't think that he might buy a balloon, and whether, if he were really serious in his attentions toward Fräulein von Hohenlauer, he mightn't, in view of her father's obvious predilection in favor of men who operated balloons, do well to enter the *Fuchsjagd*, he smiled calmly down at me.

"Certainly," he answered. "I bought the bag this morning."

I was surprised into a kind of unpremeditated speech which I deplore. "Good for you, young man!" I remember that I exclaimed. "Now go straight over and impart that information to Fräulein von Hohenlauer."

He went, and, in view of what came to pass, I surmise that during the next day they imparted a great deal of information to each other. I didn't see Brace, but in the afternoon I arrived first to *Kaffeeklatsch* and surprised Lotte making waltz steps in the middle of the great room, with her hands clasped against her chin, and humming radiantly—if you can hum radiantly—"*leg' deinen Wang an meinem Wang.*" When she saw me she cried:

"*Ach*, the good Herr Vite!" and ran to the piano and jerked a rose out of some flowers and came and inserted it into my buttonhole and patted it down.

She was a happy little girl that day, and I think that she wanted to tell me all about it; but the colonel came in, and she put a mysterious finger to her lip. The colonel was full of surprising energy.

"That is a foreseeing young man, your countryman, the Herr Brace," he said. "He has brought the little balloon from *Ila*, and is entered from your club in our fox-hunt. I have demonstrated to him that he must take no one with him—that human weight cannot be thrown over from a balloon; he must take only sand. And he has perceived the wisdom of it at once."

Brace has since told me, with a certain shamefacedness that I liked in him, that he had never meant to take any one with him. In spite of his youth in the Orient, he is not tricky; and I infer that he particularly hadn't liked to deceive the man who he had the confidence not to doubt would be his father-in-law. But it must have been by that bit of strategy that he first took his hold upon the old gentleman's heart. The colonel had found him open to advice and liked him for it.

At any rate, when we assembled for the great meet, the final fox-hunt of the season, in which the whole German Empire was interested—as it is interested in flight to an extent that we in America don't even dream of—Brace had no one with him. His balloon was not far from ours, in the hubbub

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of the twenty-seven big, exasperating soap bubbles. He was to go up after the Frenchmen. The committee had arranged, being hospitable Frankforters, to send all their guests up first—of course, there is an advantage in a fox-hunt of this kind to him who starts nearest the fox. So the five French soap bubbles, with their pink silk envelopes, were grouped next to the colonel's *Frankfurt*, and behind them were the yellow *ballonstoff* ranks of the Germans.

It's a wonderful sight—a great balloon meet. I suppose that we shall get used to them in time, and they will lose their wonder. But it has not happened to me yet. At Frankfort during four months there had been more ascensions of balloons than ever before in one place in a corresponding time, and I had seen all of them. Yet the aspect of that *ballonplatz*, with the twenty-seven vast globes swaying hither and thither in the wind, bumping lightly against one another, starting elastically apart, moving steadily through the crowds as they were hauled into their stations by men below, was to me as fresh a spectacle of majesty as if I had never seen an air craft.

The *Frankfurt*, being the fox, had, of course, been inflated first; and we were waiting—the colonel had paid our club the compliment of including me in his crew for this event—for the last of the German clubs to be made ready. Fräulein von Hohenlauer, who was going too, was inside the car, changing the stowage of charts. She knew how to arrange a car, and the colonel was as proud of her neatness with it as every German is proud of the housewifely accomplishments of his women folk. He had just told Brace that he would go over and give him some last criticisms as to ballast, when the Freiherr strolled up. He shook hands and took off his hat to all of us, then turned his eyeglasses toward the car and made his first mistake. He admonished the colonel as follows:

"You are taking up enough ballast for a distance run," he laughed. "Is not this only a fox-hunt?"

Now the colonel was taking this fox-hunt seriously. It was to be a trying-out of balloonists. He had talked to me about it.

"It is going to be no game," he said. "It shall be educational. It is international. We will show these"—what was in his mind was "Frenchmen," but what he said was—"other people that we are serious-minded in these things. We wish to learn. We do not do this for mere sport. It is a science—ballooning." And I inferred that he was going to give them a run for their silver cup. To have a German take the matter lightly—and his pet German, who should marry his daughter, at that—was a bit of a staggerer. But he still had respect for the opinions of the lieutenant of the Imperial and Royal Balloon Corps.

"We have light weight," he pointed out to the Freiherr. "It is true that I weigh seventy-eight kilos, but my American friend weighs only sixty, and Lotte is only fifty-one."

The lieutenant was not without his intuitions, and he changed the topic and, in all good faith, poor chap, made his second mistake. He brought his eyeglasses to bear on the French who were next us. Among them were several women, and they were wearing balloon costumes. He looked them over and stroked his mustache.

"*Ach*, these Frenchwomen!" he said. "How are they *frech!*" And I had to turn away from the colonel; he had been blowing off steam to me about his daughter's clothes; he didn't like such things, he expostulated, but Lotte was a good girl; and just as I turned back the clothes appeared. She rested a foot upon the edge of the car and vaulted to the ground. She was clothed in a white jersey, and a gray cloth skirt above her knees, and her particularly dainty legs were set off with tanned shoes and gray puttees. She must have heard the Freiherr's criticism, for she stood before him and laughed in his face.

"Am I not a pretty boy?" she asked, and at once called Käthchen, her maid, and had herself enveloped in a cloak which came to her feet.

"Let us go to see your balloon, Adolf," she suggested.

The Freiherr had been looking her up and down with an expression that made me want to kick him.

"*Ach*, but what a charming boy!" he said, and then I noticed Brace; I couldn't help it; he made a quick step that happened to carry him before me, and I saw his face and caught him by the arm. Training in Oriental patience hadn't made him proof against that.

"Careful, young man; you can't fight him!" I whispered. I meant, of course, that a duel between him and a member of

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the family that he hoped to marry into would spoil his hopes, and he had poise enough to realize it; he stopped short and growled inarticulate things to himself.

I don't think that the colonel understood all his thought, nor mine. Insolence in the attitude of men to women is not a sign of bad breeding in Germany, as it is with us. What the old gentleman had undoubtedly culled out of Brace's demonstration was a defense of his daughter's costume, and he liked it, for, although he had bewailed the dress to me, he wasn't going to have the little Lotte's taste criticised by any one else—lieutenant in the Balloon Corps or not. I had some pleasure in his utter change of ground.

"Why should Lotte not dress as other women do for an ascension?" he grumbled. He had taken my arm as we marched through the queer forest of balloons over to the Freiherr's, and he continued to grumble until we reached the *Berlin*. Then he had what he considered good grounds for an outburst.

The Freiherr's balloon was named the *Berlin;* she was a huge thing—2,000 cubic meters; her old

AND SUDDENLY THERE ROSE BEHIND US, ABOVE OUR NEW HORIZON, FOUR OTHER GLOBES.

weathered brown envelope was scarred with new yellow patches from fifty more or less injurious descents; she looked as though she had been put together out of a rag-bag. But it was not her aspect of an old stager that set the colonel off; what moved him was an anchor hanging to the edge of the car.

Now in ballooning there are international disputes, and among them is the expediency of using the anchor. The Germans have mainly refused it; in America, commonly, we carry it. In Berlin a few ultra-modern aëronauts are taking it along, and the Freiherr was ultra-modern. The colonel was not. He stalked up to it and looked at it, and got redder in the face, and forgot that the Freiherr was a lieutenant in the Balloon Corps.

"What kind of a child's toy is this?" he demanded.

The lieutenant, for once, lost somewhat of his imperturbability. He was perhaps self-conscious.

"*Mein Gott!*" he explained. "It can be useful in an emergency. One can always cast it out—like sand."

"*Ja-a-a!*" retorted the colonel. "The weight of two bags of sand at once—and

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shoot up a hundred meters—and perhaps kill some one beneath!"

He scrutinized quickly the car of the *Berlin*.

"You have not enough sand bags," he announced. "Come, Herr Brace, we will go to see your balloon!"

We went abruptly. The Freiherr didn't come with us. Judging from the subsequent neighborhood to us of his landing, I surmise that he and his crew—he was taking three brother officers—were busying themselves about ballast.

The colonel looked over Brace's little balloon with care while we waited for his comment.

"Good!" he announced at last. "The camera—perhaps it is good, but it is so much weight."

Here, however, came the director of the exposition.

"Ready, Herr Colonel?" he asked in his high-pitched, military voice; and the colonel obeyed at once.

Fräulein von Hohenlauer cast off her cloak to her maid, and we got into the car, swayed for a moment, and cast off sand in bulk until we were balanced and were off.

It was then that I began to appreciate the colonel as a balloonist. I had taken him for granted as a theorist in ballooning, for he was always talking in terms of aëronautics; but for a nice application of theory I should rather have selected the lieutenant as an exponent. I should have been wrong.

The colonel scooped out just enough sand to make us free of the great dirigible hangars—our guide rope trailed over the shed that protected the *Parseval*—and, once out of danger, he took another observation of the tiny pilot balloons that had preceded us.

"*Ja-a!*" he remarked. "I thought it; the wind is to the Taunus! Good! We will go to the Taunus."

He sifted out sand until we were on a level with the lowest of the pilot balloons, and we began to travel slowly over the plain that surrounds Frankfort toward the long range of hills that enclose the plain on the northwest.

"We will give them experience," said the colonel. And we did.

It was one of those days of cloud and sunshine when you need ballast—when a balloon goes up and down like a shuttlecock; at one moment shooting to the skies, with the inflation of hydrogen under the sunlight, and the next moment dropping a thousand feet a minute in the shadow of a cloud. But what with a handful of sand at one moment and a scoopful at another, the colonel held us in our current toward the Taunus. Behind us we saw the other balloons come up one by one—great, tranquil globes against the sky, golden in the sunlight. The colonel surveyed them through his glass.

"Yes, it is as I thought," he said. "The Frenchmen go high to observe us. We will make them go higher, and they will see what it is not to have enough ballast on a *Fuchsjagd*."

He sprinkled out a bag of sand, and we swept up to a thousand meters—and there we found a cross current to the westward. I had then my second appreciation of the colonel. He must have watched the little pilot balloons that had soared into this cross current. I hadn't. We looked behind. The field rose with us, rose to our level, and drifted with us over the plain, which was spread out like a map below. The colonel was scrutinizing his own map and looking over the edge of the car to the hills toward the northeast, and from moment to moment directing me as to the quantity of sand to be set free. As I have said, it was a restless day, and we used much sand. Fräulein von Hohenlauer was reading the instruments.

"Königstein!" muttered the colonel after half an hour. "I think that it is—now!" and he gave a little jerk to the valve cord, and down we went.

He pulled us up with a bag or two at our first level. We had regained the more northerly current toward the hills. We were not going directly toward Königstein, however. Our course, if we should follow it, would bring us into the hills a full mile to the eastward of the town. I ventured to suggest this to the colonel, but the old gentleman for answer turned his grim smile to the hounds.

"We shall rise again," he explained. "Then it will be seen how much sand they have. Some of them will fail now—the weak in sand. The stronger we shall throw off the next time that we rise. It is a question of sand."

I could see very well that it was. Most of the field dropped with us, of course, and a lot of them very soon afterward came to earth. I don't know how many; they were

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done; they had spilled their sand to get to our second level and keep it, and they needed more in the lower current, which was cool. Some of them remained in the westerly current, thinking, I suppose, that we should rise again, and were presently too far to leeward ever to regain our track. And so, in one way and another, we lost them.

Now, I have said that the field rose and fell with us, and so we thought that it had done, all of it; we had not counted—we had been too much occupied with other things. Every one knows how much easier it is to see a balloon against the sky than against the earth. And suddenly there rose behind us (when you drop, in a balloon, you know it mainly because other things seem to rise), above our new horizon, four other globes. They had remained below, and we hadn't noticed them.

Fräulein von Hohenlauer was first to see them—the wise young person must have taken note of the absence of Brace's balloon from the field and have divined what he was doing. There he was, half as large as any of the other three, and with them in our current, so far as we could judge, but far to windward. That is to say that if they had enough sand, they could at any time rise to the cross current that had carried us to the westward, use it as long as we had, and, so far as the wind was concerned, come down again in alignment with us.

The colonel scrutinized them through his glasses.

"It is your compatriot," he announced, "and our cousin—good! . . . There is a Frenchman . . . I think the Vicomte de Lavigerie—his balloon had a redder patch . . . and there is a German . . . I do not know him."

He screwed together his glasses. "There are some wise virgins," he commented. "Löttchen, the chart!"

We were by this time above the hills that rise somewhat abruptly from the plain, and the old gentleman scanned alternately for some moments the pasteboard map in his hand and the living map below. He looked up to the bag above us. The sun had lowered, and no longer gave us mid-afternoon heat—even in the intervals between the clouds, which were thickening—not enough to keep the balloon quite round. It tapered away, lean, to the appendix, which hung thin and wrinkled. The wind had freshened; the black circle of our shadow, below at the right, was passing rapidly, with queer little changes of shape, when we looked at it through the glass—across hills and forests and fields.

The colonel looked at it through the glass. "I think ten meters," he gauged our speed. "If we are to land at the castle we must be quick." And he emptied two bags of sand.

The peaks behind the Feldberg began to appear—that is the way of it when you rise in a balloon among hills; the nearest summits do not seem to go down, but from behind them other summits poke themselves up. They came up rapidly and leveled out as we rose, and for a moment, when we came into the westerly current, moved eastward. The colonel stood with one hand on the valve rope and the other holding his glass.

There was to the northwest of us a village in a valley, bounded again to the west by a collection of structures that seemed to be walls and a tower, and beyond that lay a wide area of green—evidently a field. I was taking note of it when my ears, which are sensitive, buzzed out to me that we were falling fast, and presently I could tell it by sight. The colonel had pulled the valve. The mountains collapsed behind the Feldberg, which presently shot up above us. Details of the land below began to come out—houses were not flat red or green spots; they had dimension, elevation, with white walls; trees separated themselves from the mass of green, and became little toy trees, made in Germany, for a child's German village. And presently we were in the northerly current again, and lowering swiftly through a valley with the ruined castle rapidly raising itself into the sky at our right, and a forest-clad hill looming higher and higher before us.

I have never seen a defter bit of balloon-craft than that of the colonel's. Brace's was more dramatic; it was a desperate and lucky *tour de force* in an emergency. But the colonel's landing was calculated with a nicety that most of us haven't as yet acquired. Using two winds—one, say, of ten miles velocity (that to the west), the other (to the north) of at least twenty-five miles—he had brought us from ten miles away to the best landing place in the Taunus, at the very end of a long field perhaps half a mile wide, between hills. And he had done it without what, to my mind, could be deemed a fault. The colonel was more critical. The rip cord didn't tear its whole length at first,

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and, instead of leaving us on the field, the half-filled balloon dragged us up a slope and across a road to the foot of the pine forest that covered the mountain. Against the trees the balloon flattened out, and we crawled, somewhat bumped together, from the car. We looked each other over to make sure that no one was maimed, and in our relief Fräulein von Hohenlauer and I laughed.

"We were in a heap together," she remembered; but the colonel took it more seriously.

"*Potztausend!*" he growled. "I meant to stop down there!"

"Down there" was a hundred meters away, below the road. He surveyed with longing his chosen spot for landing, and then he looked about, and, being a clear-minded old gentleman, perceived his advantage.

"*Aber!*" he exclaimed, "they will see us less easily here. It is a good nook for a fox-hole! Not so bad, not so bad! Those hounds will hardly perceive us at all; they will have seen that we have descended, but they will have to find us by judgment. Now must we observe from our fox-hole whether they are to come to earth near us at all . . . *Ach!*" he shouted, "they are there! They do not make us wait long! Good! Good! . . . It is your compatriot . . . And now Adolf!" He waited to say more "and nows," but they were not required. I do not know what became of the Vicomte and the other German. Only two hounds, a little one and a big one, leaped a thousand meters into the sky, rising fast, and, as they reached the westerly current, drifted across toward the mouth of the valley.

"Good, good!" the colonel kept muttering. He had set them a hard task; he had eliminated the Frenchmen; his work was well done. And now, being a perfectly good sportsman, he was eager that the two hounds that had showed sagacity should make a good running. "Good," he repeated. "Not too far in that current . . . Now! Now must you come down . . . *A-a-ach, gut!*" he finished, and rubbed his hands.

Both balloons were falling fast. The Freiherr started first; Brace, who was higher, followed. And when they reached the lower level they darted near together—for the valley was a funnel that collected wind—and swept toward us so swiftly that through our glasses we could see with each new second some new detail. The valley was about three miles long, and the whole incident of their landing took up less than ten minutes.

Some one in the Freiherr's crew was fumbling with the anchor, and presently it dropped and dangled at the end of its rope, and the balloon came steadily down. Neither of them could have seen us, but evidently the Freiherr, who knew the ground, had his good German theory of us landed in the valley, and meant to descend there, too. Fräulein von Hohenlauer, however, had an additional suggestion.

"*Ja-a!*" she breathed. "Adolf does not like trees."

That was no implication that her cousin lacked courage. Everyone who goes up in a balloon has his own preferences as to the character of his resting place. I don't mind a good, soft tree myself—and, I may as well put in here, neither did Brace, for he had taken his pilot's license from North Adams, among men who are used to trees—rather prefer them. But the Freiherr, I infer, didn't like the effect of stiff branches upon his already much-patched envelope.

What Brace meant to do we didn't, I think, try to make out; he was throwing out ballast, easing his descent, at a couple of hundred feet; the Freiherr was evidently landing at once, and naturally that took up our attention. What his anchor was to grip, in that valley of grass, I didn't guess, until, of a sudden, I remarked some kind of a manufactory with outlying sheds roofed over with tiles. His anchor caught them. It gripped the first roof, and turned it over, and the balloon swayed down almost horizontal; then of course it bobbed up, and dragged the anchor and what was left of the roof along to the next roof, and that went, too; by this time the course of the Freiherr's balloon was checked; he was ready to pull his rip cord, and his craft collapsed and went down—a safe landing.

That we at home, who rely on our anchors, do not use them so freely (of course, I suppose, the Freiherr magnificently paid for the damage) I didn't at the time think. My point of view was: "He's down; can Brace do better?"

Lotte's must have been: "Can't he do better?"

The colonel expressed his: "Your countryman will go too far," he announced.

Brace had passed the landing place of the Freiherr, and was still a hundred feet above the earth, and coming fast toward us.

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"POUF! POUF!!" BLEW OFF THE COLONEL, PONDEROUSLY COMING TO A HALT. "WHAT IS THIS? LOTTE!" HE CALLED.

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"He may see us, but he is too high; he cannot land so near us as Adolf," remarked the colonel, and at that moment Brace evidently did see us, for he pulled his rip cord.

He pulled his rip cord going at twenty-five miles an hour, a hundred feet above the earth. His balloon gave up its little ghost in an instant; it lengthened up into the image of the finger of a damp glove; the car below pulled it short down and crashed into the treetops, not fifty meters from us.

I have seen a good many landings of balloons that looked dangerous and were not—one sees them and marvels that so few deaths come of them. It's the elastic strength of the woven-willow baskets that saves us. Good woven willow, Brace's saved him; and not in all my adventures with balloons have I seen a landing that appeared so perilous and was—considering the emotional effect of it—so safe. I think that all of us expected to find his excoriated corpse laid out under a tree. He made noise enough in the fir branches to announce death.

But he didn't die. We ran toward his landing place—Löttchen, who was the youngest, easily outstripped us. While we were still pounding on, she was standing at the end of a drag rope that dangled amid the trunks of the trees, and waiting for Brace to finish his hand-below-hand descent. He let himself go ten feet or so above the earth, just as we came; and the girl ran to him and crushed herself against him, with her arms around his neck.

I, who had my inkling of how their emotions were working, could hardly have been as much astonished as the colonel must have been. Being younger and not so weighty, I pulled up first, and had the spectacle of him ponderously coming to a halt a couple of paces beyond me and puffing out a reddened cheek.

"Pouf! Pouf!!" he blew off. "What then is this? Lotte!" he called, and, when she paid no attention, "Lotte!" he shouted, "Lotte!"

She heard him: suddenly she wriggled away from Brace, and came running over to her father; I can see her now—with her arms wide, and her eyes big and shining, and her golden hair, by no means as neat as that of a German *mädchen* ought to be—running the few steps to him. I think that she fled to him instinctively for protection against himself. If she did, she chose the right refuge. The piteous sight of her was too much for the good old chap; he folded her in his arms and muttered gutturals over her, and they wept together in honest German emotion, until presently the colonel had to reach into his pocket for a handkerchief in order to blow his nose. When he had blown it, he looked about, still holding the sobbing Lotte close with his left arm. He looked at Brace, who stood waiting—not a mean sight, the boy, with his head lifted, and his eyes blazing, and his cheek bleeding from a scratch. And from him he looked down to the golden hair of his daughter, and then abruptly he turned to survey the valley where the Freiherr's crew were already busy like insects about the balloon.

He may have remembered the intolerable anchor—I don't know. At any rate, he turned quickly back to Lotte and whispered something into her ear; and to answer him she pushed herself back and looked into his face. I heard what she proclaimed to him—so did Brace, for he made a step toward her. The colonel looked into her eyes for a moment, and then he gazed over to the eyes of Brace. The Germans like to look each other straight in the eyes, and evidently Brace stood it, for after a moment the colonel thrust out his hand, and his old gray mustache bristled up and he smiled.

"That was a brave landing—my son," he consented.

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Making A New American Boy Through *Woodcraft*

By

M'CREADY SYKES

NOWADAYS we label our most progressive movements with a contradictory word of retrogression. We have come to realize that "back to the land" means a step forward; that "back to the simple life" expresses a wish to advance; that "back to practical education" means only to adapt the tangled theories of the schools to the life of the child as an embryo citizen.

Lined up with these "back to" movements forward, and in kinship with them, is another, devised for boys, and eagerly seized upon by boys. Its phrase is "back to the woods," not only for health, pleasure, and adventure, but, beyond these, for fellowship and ethics, for the loyalty to comrades and to the high ideals that may be found there. You may hear it mentioned variously as the Boy Scouts, or the Seton Indians, according to the angle of approach. Whatever name is used, you may be sure that it is no mere theorist's scheme for giving boys unwelcome ethics in sugar-coated pills called "playing Indian." It is a practical, sane, appealing movement that wins boys to a realization of the spirit of fair play in all their relations to their fellows. It catches them young, and gives them the sense of citizenship and the square deal in time to count for good through all their lives.

It is a big movement. We seem to have taken it from our English brothers, but what really happened was that our English brothers took it in the first instance from us. They expanded and developed it into a great national institution; and then it crossed the water again, and seems to be expanding and developing into a great national institution here. And at the head of the organization is the man who started the thing many years ago in a small way, carrying it along until the English got hold of the idea and upon it built their own big organization.

That man is Ernest Thompson Seton, probably our best-known naturalist and student of outdoor life. Everybody knows Mr. Seton's wild animals, and has seen his wonderful pictures, and perhaps heard him spin those marvelous yarns of his. We all know Lobo the Wolf, and few parts of America have been left untouched by the hand of the wizard whose mission has been the interpretation of the whole outdoor world. It is a good many years now since Mr. Seton began his organization of the Seton Indians.

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THE LANDING-PLACE OF THE INDIAN CAMP AT SETON'S COUNTRY PLACE. HERE IS A SPLENDID STRETCH OF WOODS ALMOST AS NATURE LEFT IT.

Photograph by J. I. Lyons.

These were groups of boys all over the country, drawn together by one of the strongest instincts of the American boy—the love of outdoor life. There are now more than one hundred and fifty thousand of them, scattered all through the States. They have their camp-fires and their councils and their big powwows; but the biggest powwow of all is the encampment that is held two or three times a year at the great central meeting-place. This is Wyndygoul, the name Mr. Seton has given to his country place at Cos Cob, Connecticut. Here is a splendid stretch of woods almost as nature left it, with a lake and hills and natural camping grounds, and the very council rock that the Indians used hundreds of years ago. And here, in truth, is the birthplace of the whole Boy Scout movement.

If you were to happen there during one of the encampments of the Seton Indians, you would travel over the pleasant, winding New England roads, and, after dodging innumerable automobiles on the old Boston Post Road, you would come by a byway suddenly on a big, sequestered stretch of woods reminding you of an Englishman's country-seat. As you go along the white drive through a forest of pines, pheasants run across the road, a glimpse of a brook shows you all kinds of ducks and waterfowl, squirrels chatter among the trees, and you seem many leagues from the honking automobiles. Presently you come on an Indian tepee, with its tribal totem alongside; and if you happen to be with the Great Chief himself, a chorus of "How! How!" greets you, and the young Indians emerge from their tents and the woods round about.

One doesn't have to be a pessimist to realize that in our national life we have as grown men exactly the same trouble we had as boys—*that we are all of us playing the game to win*, and that winning simply means overcoming somebody else. The essence of sport is really something very different—to overcome difficulties of time and space and all kinds of physical obstacles. Nature her-

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PRESENTLY YOU COME ON A TENT; AND IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE WITH THE GREAT CHIEF HIMSELF, A CHORUS OF "HOW! HOW!" GREETS YOU.

Photograph by F. F. Evans.

self puts plenty of difficulties in our way. The man who first discovered that, with a sail closehauled and a rudder jammed hard against the opposing water, he could sail almost into the wind must have had one of the big primordial thrills that come sometimes into the hearts of men; he was advanced by vast ethnic intervals beyond the man that had simply sailed his boat faster than another man. For every winner of a race there must be a loser; and when we shout ourselves hoarse at a Yale-Princeton football game it is not so much because our team is nobly acquitting itself or doing the thing that is hard as because it is beating the other team. So most of us become "bleacher athletes," sitting by and watching the fight; and what counts is not the game itself, but the score.

I wonder how much this is responsible for the kind of game we play when we are no longer boys, in after life, when the whole point of the game seems to be to beat some one else. Suppose all of Harriman's transcendent genius had been expended in building up the best railroad system that could be made, in vanquishing time and space, and demonstrating what could be accomplished by the indomitable will and purpose and untiring effort of the strong man. Mightn't the net result have been something finer and better than Harriman ever attained, and mightn't he have gone from earth with some finer memory to take with him of the world he had lived in than the thought that he had met Stuyvesant Fish and fought him and beaten him? "*Must* a game be played for the sake of pelf?" as Browning once asked. Can't our boys find something else to inspire them than the hope of beating another boy? If a boy can ride his horse over the fences, and swim across the lake, and run swiftly, and hit the mark, and feel his pulse beat strong and true, and his nerves and muscles under sure control, does it make him any more the master of the world about him that he can beat some other boy?

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THERE WAS A FIRE-BUILDING CONTEST, IN WHICH SEVEN BOYS WERE EACH PROVIDED WITH A LOG OF WOOD, A QUART OF WATER, AND ONE MATCH.

Photograph by F. F. Evans.

Is it reaching the standard, or beating some one to it, that really counts?

It was after walking and talking with Seton, and mingling with those keen-eyed "Indian" boys of his, that I found myself asking these questions. "Black Wolf" the boys call him, dark of hair and sure of foot and keen of eye; a man that can trace the way of the eagle in the air and of the serpent upon the rock, who knows the call of a hundred birds and the tracks of fourfooted creatures and all the magic and mystery of the woods. Seton is master of the arts and crafts that delight the soul of a boy, of the things that for all ages have stirred the hearts of men in whose veins the blood runs red and full; and I knew that there I should find no mushy altruism nor thin-blooded closet philosophy. He is a man very much alive, and he was among real, live boys who, like the Spartan youth, learn to ride and shoot and speak the truth.

"Must a game be played for the sake of pelf?" It all came back to Browning's eternal question, which somehow out there in the woods, among fifty typical American boys, seemed to set forth so vividly the great question that lies so close to the life and struggle and ideals of the American people.

Must every achievement imply a human defeat?

What answer would you make, you American people? Now that you put it plainly before yourselves, what do you think about it?

Black Wolf didn't answer me all at once. But he asked me to come to the big Council Fire on Friday night, where the boys would wear in their Indian war-bonnets the feathers they had won, and where new insignia and decorations would be conferred. He told me of some of the things for which they award decofations. The achievement of an honor is called a *coup*, adopting a term that the American Indians picked up from the French and made their own; a very high and signal honor is called a *grand coup*.

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A TILTING CONTEST. ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE OF ATHLETICS THE BOYS FIND A LONG LIST OF HONORS TO BE STRIVEN FOR.

Photograph by F. F. Perry.

First and foremost, a boy achieves a *coup* for saving a human life at the risk of his own; it is a *coup* or a *grand coup*, at the discretion of the Council.

The athletic *coups* are graded according to the ages of the boys; thus, it is a *coup* for a boy between ten and fourteen to run a hundred yards in 14½ seconds; for a lad between fourteen and eighteen to run the distance in 12⅔ seconds, or for a boy over eighteen to run it in 10¼. The long-distance events are open only to those over twenty-one, among whom it is a *coup* to walk ten miles in an hour and three-quarters, or 100 miles in thirty hours, or to swim five miles in four hours, or ten miles in any time. All the way down the line of athletics there are honors and distinctions to be gained; so that in running, jumping, kicking a football, rowing, and every form of bodily strength and skill, the boys find a long list of honors to be striven for.

It is a *coup* to have sailed any two-man craft for thirty successive days—twelve hours a day at the wheel—the other man not a professional sailor;

To have made a continuous canoe trip of five hundred miles, sleeping out every night;

To travel alone on foot one hundred miles, carrying one's own outfit, sleeping out every night;

To enter the Arctic Circle;

To cross the Equator by sea or rail; on foot, a *grand coup;*

For a boy under eighteen to have climbed Ben Nevis, or Ben Lomond, Vesuvius, Mt. Washington, etc.;

For one over eighteen to have climbed Mont Blanc, or Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Hood, Popocatepetl, etc.;

To come to camp through strange woods from a point one mile off, and return in thirty minutes;

To catch ten horses or cattle in corral, with ten throws of the lasso;

To pack a horse with not less than one

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IT IS A *coup* FOR A SETON INDIAN TO HAVE MADE A CONTINUOUS CANOE TRIP OF FIVE HUNDRED MILES, SLEEPING OUT-OF-DOORS EVERY NIGHT.

hundred pounds of stuff, with diamond hitch, to hold during eight hours of travel;

To guess the height of ten trees or other high things, and the weight of ten stones or other things ranging from one ounce to one hundred pounds, within ten per cent. of average error;

To know and name fifteen star groups;

To take the latitude from the stars at night with a cart wheel, or some homemade instrument, ten times from different points, within one degree of average error;

To know the semaphore code and signal, as well as receive a message a quarter of a mile off, at the rate of two words a minute;

To know and draw unmistakable pictures of the tracks of twenty-five of our common wild quadrupeds;

To recognize fifty wild birds by note.

These are only a few things, taken at random from the list of honors. You will see that *they are hard things to do*—not to be accomplished by wishing or by a brief spurt, but calling, most of them, for coördination in high degree of nerve, muscle, and brain. They are all things worth doing, and things that any boy—or a man, for that matter—may be proud to do.

But what impresses you most of all is this—that to win his feather the boy does not have to beat some other boy; what he does is to reach a standard, to overcome natural handicaps of time and space and fatigue. Here, in very truth, is a human victory carrying with it no implication of a human defeat. A boy who can swim across the lake and back earns his feather none the less if there be fifty boys who can swim the same distance. As a matter of fact, there is no likelihood that fifty boys in camp can do it; for, as a rule, these things, as you may easily guess from the partial list I have given you, are hard things to do. But what counts is reaching the standard—not passing your competitor.

As Seton puts it in his book: "*In our non-competitive tests the enemies are not 'the other fellows,' but time and space, the forces of nature.*"

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THE WARRIOR KINGBIRD WAS THAT NIGHT MADE A SAGAMORE; AND BY THE LIGHT OF THE COUNCIL FIRE, SETON, THE BLACK WOLF, SET FORTH HIS DEEDS OF PROWESS.

Photograph by F. F. Evans.

When they meet about the Council Fire, these young Indians wear a war-bonnet—a kind of headdress or cap in which are spaces for a row of feathers. Twenty-four feathers complete the circle, and he who has achieved the full twenty-four thereupon becomes a Sagamore, entitled forever thenceforth to sit in the Council of the nation. The *grand coup* is denoted by a bit of horsehair in the top of the feather, and twenty-four of these make him who has earned them a Grand Sagamore. If one who has filled the circle achieves twenty-four feathers more, filling the tailpiece and earning forty-eight feathers in all, he becomes a Sachem; the winner of forty-eight *grand coups* is a Grand Sachem. That these honors call for high effort and hard work further appears from the fact that in all the years of these boys' encampments there have been but five Sagamores. No one has yet attained the dignity of Grand Sagamore or of Sachem or Grand Sachem.

No one, I suppose, except the veriest fanatic, imagines that either among boys with good red blood in their veins or among normally constituted men we could go very far without a healthy spirit of emulation. Every man wishes to be distinguished among his fellows. So with the Seton Indians; manifestly the warrior with twenty feathers in his cap has in a certain sense overcome the boy with only ten. But that is a rational and healthy emulation, and gives full play and scope to the normal instinct. That is the kind of emulation which distinguishes civilized men from the brutes. That is the kind of emulation which is stimulated by the Carnegie medals for heroism and by the Nobel prize; and somehow Seton and those young Indians of his seem to have discovered a way of stimulating and rewarding achievement far indeed advanced beyond us when we sit on the grand stand and cheer our own team—for its success that comes to it in direct proportion as it licks the other team. What a splendid thing it was when our fleet won

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A HOLLOW TREE COVERED WITH BARK FOR THE BIRDS TO NEST IN. ONE OF THE SETON INDIAN VOWS IS: TO PROTECT THE SONGBIRDS; NOT TO INJURE OR FRIGHTEN SONGBIRDS, NOR TO DISTURB THEIR NESTS OR EGGS.

Photograph by F. L. Evans.

its deathless victory at Santiago; but what a petty and sordid aspect came over it all when it degenerated into a rivalry between Sampson and Schley!

To the Sagamore, with his twenty-four feathers, it is given, as I have said, to sit in the Council of the nation; and the investiture of the new Sagamore was one of the chief events set for the great evening of the Council Fire. I had seen much of the boys in their tepees and camps, and they joyfully welcomed me among them at their great powwow on Friday night. On the big council rock were painted in rude Indian fashion the signs of the Four Winds: the White Rabbit for the North Wind, the Rising Sun, the Wild Duck, and the Grizzly Bear. You who have wandered over the world in search of picturesque pageants might well make at camping time this journey to Cos Cob; for at night around the Council Fire, in a splendid natural amphitheatre amid the great, dark pines, you will realize to some extent that strange Indian instinct for color, the perpetual contrast of the soft, neutral tones with the barbaric reds and blues. Mr. Seton himself, the beloved Black Wolf of the Council, infuses the whole gathering with much of his own great spirit of the forest; and, accompanied by the dull beating of the tom-toms, or an occasional blaze from the Council Fire lighting up the sky, he spun for us there weird tales of the camp and trail, ghost stories, and the annals of his four-footed friends.

The Sagamore Silver Fox and his warriors danced about the fire in Indian fashion that recalled old days down in New Mexico, when I used to hear from the Pueblo Indians the stories of their fathers. It was a night of witchery, of magic, with an occasional wild bird's cry coming out of the dark about us, mingling strangely with the howling of the wolf in Seton's yarn.

The boys were for the most part from small cities within a radius of a hundred miles, but they were versed in woodcraft in

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a way that would put many of my Rocky Mountain friends to shame. There was a fire-building contest, in which seven boys were each provided with a log of wood, a quart of water, and one match. It was a friendly and amusing contest, to determine in what time one might from these materials build and light a fire and bring the water to a boil. Try this once or twice, and you will spoil half an hour before you know it. John Pryor, in sight of us all, built a roaring fire, made an inclined support for his can of water, and brought the water to a boil—all in a trifle under eight minutes by the watch. This was indeed a mighty achievement, and later, in the Council, Mr. Seton brought John Pryor before the multitude and thus invested him:

"This night has John Pryor beaten all known records in the swift making of fires. Let his deed be forever remembered in the Council, and let him henceforth have a new name and by this name and none other let him be known among the tribes. And that you may all know that this is so, on this piece of birch-bark are written all the names and nicknames by which he has ever been known among his fellows. This bark, and all those names and nicknames, do I now cast into the Council Fire before your eyes, so that they may be consumed and forever forgotten; and now, John Pryor, I call and name you Magic Fire-builder, and as Fire-builder shall you be henceforth known, and none shall hereafter call you by any other name."

"How! How!" came in dull chorus from the assembled warriors, and John Pryor's name was made.

The warrior Kingbird, having won his twenty-four feathers, was that night made a Sagamore; and before the assembled tribes, by the light of the Council Fire, Seton, the Black Wolf, set forth Kingbird's deeds of prowess that had made him one of the Five. With picturesque ceremony he invested him with the robe and headdress of the Sagamore, and there before the Council the new Sagamore took again the vows of the Seton Indians. These are the vows:

Not to rebel.

Not to kindle a wild fire; nor to leave a fire in camp without some one to watch it.

To protect the songbirds; not to injure or frighten songbirds, nor to disturb their nest or eggs, nor to molest squirrels.

Not to make a dirty camp, nor to bring firearms of any kind into the camps of those under fourteen, nor to point a weapon at any one.

To keep the game laws.

Not to smoke (for those under eighteen).

Not to have fire water in camp.

To play fair.

To keep his word of honor sacred.

There are now scattered over the country between a hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand of these Seton Indians. Although, of course, only a few of these, from fairly near by, can attend the National Council at Wyndygoul, their organizations are strong and vigorous and are run on the same general plan throughout the country. These boys have opened to them in clear and understanding fashion the book of the woods and fields and the open sky. Put one of the Seton Indians down at random in any part of the world, and it would be hard for him to be bored. They early become learned in the art of self-government, and are a radiating force for the diffusion of the qualities that make for manliness. They are safe and sane.

But the Indian feature was really only an incident—not an essential; and in this organization that had for several years been going on quietly among us lay the germ of what is now swiftly becoming a world-wide movement among English-speaking peoples and many who are not English. From this little exposition of the parent body you will see that it has nothing of the military idea. You probably noticed the lack of one feature much present in most boys' organizations—that of drill.

When General Baden-Powell saw the vast possibilities in such an organization, and upon it modeled that of the Boy Scouts of England, he had in mind something very different from the idea of a military body; and on this very subject of drill here is what he says:

"I am continually being asked by officers—not by the boys—to introduce more drill into the training of Boy Scouts; but although, after experience of thirty-four years of it, I recognize the disciplinary value of drill, I also see very clearly its evils. Briefly, they are these:

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"(1) Drill gives a feeble, unimaginative officer a something with which to occupy his boys. He does not consider whether it appeals to them or really does them good. It saves *him* a world of trouble.

"(2) Drill tends to destroy individuality, and when once it has been learned it bores a boy who is longing to be tearing about on some enterprise or other; it blunts his keenness."

As a matter of fact, in England the Boy Scouts are really not organized on military principles. Not only is General Baden-Powell, who has resigned from the army to devote himself altogether to the movement, insistent on subordinating the military idea, but people very averse to militarism in general are among the most enthusiastic organizers of the Boy Scouts. I suppose it is because the traditions and temperament of Englishmen are so largely along the line of fighting that people instinctively associate a movement like that of the Boy Scouts with something military; but actually, the military idea plays a very subordinate part.

I don't know whether I have emphasized unduly the feature of the Seton Indians whereby the idea of *prizes*, in the nature of a reward for overcoming an opponent, gives way largely to that of *honors* for attaining a standard. But our English friends seized at once on this, recognizing what was really the new and distinctive feature of the Seton Indians. Indeed, in some respects they seem to have on the other side of the water a somewhat healthier conception of sport than we; for over there it sometimes seems as though they were more in the habit of playing the game for the sake of the game. The Boy Scouts of England now number some 400,000, and a very vital and energizing force they are in English life. The movement has extended not only through all the large towns of Great Britain, but into Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada, and is in the way of becoming general in Germany, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Austria, Argentina, and Chile.

The nub of the Boy Scout movement in England seems to be in the idea of *going ahead of the rest for the sake of the rest*, of training nerve and muscle so that they are of use to one's fellow men, of "doing a good turn." It is the sworn duty of a Scout to be chivalrous, to help the weak, to look out for his fellows, and to lend a hand. He may not take pay for an act of courtesy or helpfulness. The movement seeks to get hold of the boy in the formative stage, to instill in him the altruistic impulse, at once to get the boy away from the degenerating tendencies in modern life and from the ever-present struggle for self.

So out of the Seton or Woodcraft Indians our English brothers with startling swiftness have developed a great organization that at once fired the popular imagination. Probably no other movement among the boys of England has ever grown so fast into so tremendous a force. Over there they are fond of quoting Roosevelt's words wherein, as so often before, he caught the ear of the people in the forceful utterance of long-familiar truths:

"*If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man, you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy, not with the man.*"

And so the Boy Scout movement, sweeping rapidly into a world-wide organization, has crossed the ocean and under another name come back to its birthplace; just at the time when we are wondering what is wrong with our educational methods, and questioning, now that sixty-five per cent. of our population lives in cities, what is to be the effect of that on the social fabric of the rising generation. The idea of the Boy Scouts has hit the American fancy, and has spread with great enthusiasm all over the country. The Central Committee, at 124 East Twenty-eighth Street in New York, is flooded with inquiries and can't begin to fill the demand for organizers.

Still less here than in England can we account for the popularity of the movement on the theory of its being military in principle. We have no war scare, and we can't become enthusiastic over the plan of four battleships a year; no one except a few high-strung young men, like Mr. Hobson, grows nervous at the prospect of our military subjugation. If the movement were nothing but an adjunct to fighting, it would never have taken hold of this country as it has done. The ideals and aspirations of the American people are not in the direction of war; what is troubling thoughtful men and women everywhere is to find out the matter with the United States; to find where lies the solution of our social and industrial problems—problems far indeed removed from anything in the nature of war.

At the head of this American organization

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is Ernest Thompson Seton himself, with a nation-wide movement behind him for putting into effect over a far larger field than ever before the purposes and ideals of the Seton Indians. These Seton Indians still maintain their separate organization, entirely distinct from that of the Boy Scouts. There is also another somewhat similar organization known as the Sons of Daniel Boone. At their head is Mr. Dan Beard, and much of the impulse and inspiration of the Boy Scout movement in England came from Mr. Beard's organization.

Before he becomes a Scout the boy must take the Scout's Oath, thus:

I give my word of honor that I will do my best:

1. To do my duty to God and the country.

2. To help other people at all times.

3. To obey the Scout Law.

And this is the Scout Law:

1. A Scout's honor is to be trusted.

2. A Scout is loyal to the President, and his officers, and to his parents, his country, and his employers.

3. A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.

4. A Scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.

5. A Scout is courteous.

6. A Scout is a friend to animals.

7. A Scout obeys orders of his parents, patrol leader, or schoolmaster without question.

8. A Scout smiles and looks pleasant under all circumstances.

9. A Scout is thrifty.

There are three classes of Scouts: the Tenderfoot, the Second-Class Scout, and the First-Class Scout. A Tenderfoot must be at least twelve years old, know the Scout law and signs, the history of the flag, and be able to tie four standard knots. The Second-Class Scout must understand elementary first aid and bandaging, the semaphore and the Morse alphabet, be able to track half a mile in twenty minutes, go a mile in twelve minutes at "scout's pace," lay and light a fire, using not more than two matches, cook under ordinary camp conditions, have at least one dollar in the savings bank, and know the sixteen principal points of the compass.

The First-Class Scout must have all this and considerably more; for instance, he must have two dollars in the savings bank, actually receive and send semaphore or Morse messages, understand the means of saving life in fire, drowning, runaway, and similar emergencies, judge distances, size, numbers, and height within twenty-five per cent. of error, and himself train up a Tenderfoot.

And then the honors of the Scouts are awarded on the same principle as the much-prized feathers of the Seton Indians; one attains honor not by overcoming his adversary —"beating the other fellow"—but by mastering the difficulties of time and space and the forces of nature itself.

What will be the effect of such a spirit, of ideals such as these, instilled in the hearts of perhaps a million American boys for a whole generation? Will it help to solve the problems of the United States? Englishmen are fond of saying that their admirals and generals learned the art of war on the football fields of Eton and Harrow. Our future admirals and generals will have little to do with the decaying art of war; for the struggle of the coming generation is a struggle with wrong and injustice among ourselves, a struggle for the supremacy of the Common Good and the social and industrial uplift of our fellow-men. It was said by the most profound of our foreign critics that in breaking away from the old Confederation and adopting our Constitution, the American people accomplished one of the mightiest revolutions of history "without the drawing of a drop of blood or the shedding of a single tear." Imagine the rising generation filled with the idea that honor and distinction lie in the way of doing the thing that is hard and of service to one's fellow-men, and not at all in the way of beating an adversary and sending him down to defeat; and then picture, if you can, another form of revolution—the American republic with a new kind of social tissue, with our men of light and leading finding full field for an emulation nobler than any we have known, our captains of industry achieving triumphs that have in them no implication of some one else's defeat, and winning victories that have caused no other man to fall.

That is the meaning and message of the Boy Scouts of America.

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LITTLE TALKS ON PICTURES

By SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE
FORMERLY DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

IV

Portrait of a Woman

PAINTED BY

FRANS HALS

IN Gallery 24 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a picture labeled "Portrait of a Woman, by Frans Hals"; but in the catalogue the same picture is described as "The Wife of Frans Hals." This painting was given to the Museum by one of the trustees, the late Henry G. Marquand, in 1890. He obtained it from Colnaghi, a leading London expert and picture dealer, who had purchased it from Lewis Jarvis Banker, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, who, in his turn, had bought it, in 1846, at the sale of the collection of the Earl of Besborough.

This picture bears unmistakable signs of Hals's art—both in composition and in treatment of the subject, and, above all, in a certain lifelike individuality of expression in the features. But, however clearly the artist is indicated, there are several points that make it difficult to decide upon the identity of the subject. Even if the woman be "the wife of Frans Hals," we can not be certain which of the two women who were married to the artist is represented.

Very little is known of the life of Hals, and respecting his two marriages the only information is that furnished by the police and parish books of Haarlem. These briefly note that his first wife, Anneke Hermans (or Hermanszoon) had Hals summoned for maltreating her. He was severely reprimanded and dismissed, upon the understanding that he would eschew drunken company. In the parochial books, a year later, his marriage with Lysbeth Reyniers was recorded. His first wife had died shortly after the public reprimand to Hals, although it does not seem that her death resulted from his misconduct. The second wife became the mother of many children, and, after fifty years of married life, she outlived him by ten or twelve years.

In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, there is a large portrait of Hals and his wife Lysbeth, in which the face and costume differ greatly from those in the Metropolitan Museum painting; but this is hardly conclusive proof that the latter is a portrait of Anneke Hermanszoon.

Hals generally excelled in portraits of men, but in the painting of either men or women he is one of the few great artists who restrained himself and drew only what he saw in the human face. He was content to represent his sitters as he found them, and preferred his unerring drawing in the rendering of the character he discovered in their faces to any meritorious effect produced by the exaggeration of features—a practice so common at that period. His old fishwife, Hille Bobbe, whose portrait is also in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, may seem to contradict this statement, but it is a question whether Hals did not soften down her rugged features instead of increasing their harshness.

The picture which is our theme should be compared, as you study it, with the one

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in the next room, a portrait, also by Hals, of Vrouw Bodolphe, a woman much older in appearance, with a hard, set face—in every way a contrast to the lady whom we will still call Vrouw Hals. In both pictures, characteristic peculiarities of the painter are well shown. Look at Vrouw Hals: Not young, but evidently Dutch, she sits with a self-contented smile, which nothing apparently could alter, and the pose so well occupies the canvas that you regret the accessories of detail in the background, which seem to lessen the intensity of the portrait. This was one of Hals's methods of composition: he generally studied the whole picture without sacrificing any portions in favor of the most important details—in this case the head and shoulders.

Again, another of his characteristics was to bring as much light as he wanted to bear on any portion of the picture, while keeping the source of that light very subdued. Thus, the open window on the right, showing a group of spires, and the sky, fairly intense at the lower corner, and diminishing in luminosity as it ascends, has evidently nothing whatever to do with the full daylight falling on the face, on the deep collar and large cuffs, as well as on the silk dress. Yet this anomaly does not offend the eye, but appears quite natural.

Some modern artists, a few years ago, tried a forced realism which they based on the contention that, if a portrait was framed, it should not appear as if fully lighted, but rather cast in shade by the frame, which must project a certain number of inches beyond it. This was one of Whistler's maxims, and it can be seen carried out in the paintings by George Fuller in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Hals knew better; or at least he knew that he, holding the brush, was the master of the light and shade of his picture, and, therefore, he brought the light where he wanted it.

Frans Hals, in his lifetime, experienced many changes of fortune, and, in the centuries which have passed since his death, appreciation of his paintings has likewise oscillated. Although during his studentship he had, so far as we know, no advantages of travel like other great masters, he produced an art which was almost entirely his own. The more Hals is studied, the larger he grows in the student's estimation; and it is difficult to reconcile the story of his life—much of which is conjecture based on meager police and town records—with the wonderful power of the man who, from 1616 to 1666, painted so many masterpieces. In the latter part of his life he suffered all the evils of extreme poverty. From 1655 to 1660 he was commissioned to paint only about six portraits, and the records are pathetically mixed, comprising mention of honors and of charitable assistance from the municipality of Haarlem, where—to the glory of that city—his principal paintings still remain. But, even when weakened by extreme age, and by poverty, which forced economy in the quality of his colors, he produced to the very last masterly works which other men in the height of their power have never realized.

THE SECRET

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE gateway to the Land of Dreams
Is often dark and low,
Yet past that magic entrance lives
Earth's golden Long Ago.

The Dream and Wonder is denied
To us grown overwise,
Unless we wait as children wait
And stand with childish eyes,

And watch some singing Fairy walk
Our Valleys of Regret,
And learn that Youth knows many things
The crabbed years forget!

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The Women of To-morrow

By

WILLIAM HARD

III LOVE DEFERRED

MARY felt she would wait for John even if, instead of going away on a career, he were going away on a comet.

She waited for him from the time she was twenty-two to the time she was twenty-six, and would have waited longer if she hadn't got angry and insisted on marrying him.

Into why she waited, and why she wouldn't wait any longer, chance put most of the simple plot of the commonplace modern drama, "Love Deferred." It is so commonplace that it is doubtful if any other drama can so stretch the nerves or can so draw from them a thin, high note of fine pain.

We will pretend that John was a doctor. No, that's too professional. He was a civil engineer. That's professional enough and more commercial. It combines Technique and Business, which are the two big elements in the life of Modern Man.

When they got engaged, Mary was through college, but John had one more year to go in engineering school.

How the preparation for life does lengthen itself out!

When Judge Story was professor at Harvard in the thirties of the last century, he put the law into his pupils' heads in eighteen months. The present professors require three years.

In 1870 the Harvard Medical School made you attend classes for four months in each of three years. It now makes you do it for nine months in each of four years.

As for engineering, the University of Wisconsin gave John a chill by informing him in its catalogue that "it is coming to be generally recognized that a four-year technical course following the high-school course is not an adequate preparation for those who are to fill important positions; and the University would urge all those who can afford the time to extend their studies over a period of five or six years."

John compromised on five. This gave him a few Business courses in the College of Commerce in addition to his regular Technique courses in the College of Engineering. He was now a Bachelor of Science.

He thereupon became an apprentice in the shops of one of the two biggest electrical firms in the United States. He inspected the assembling of machines before they were shipped, and he overheard wisdom from foremen and superintendents. His salary was fifteen cents an hour. Since he worked about ten hours a day, his total income was about forty dollars a month. At the end of the year he was raised to fifty. This was the normal raise for a Bachelor of Science.

The graduates of Yale and Harvard in the bright colonial days of those institutions married almost immediately on graduation. John didn't. He didn't get married so early nor become a widower so often. He didn't carry so many children to the christening font nor so many to the cemetery.

Look at the dark as well as the bright side of colonial days.

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Pick out any of the early Harvard classes. Honestly and truly at random, run your finger down the column and pick any class. The class of 1671!

It had eleven graduates. One of them remained a bachelor. Don't be too severe on him. He died at twenty-four. Of the remaining ten, four were married twice and two were married three times. For ten husbands, therefore, there were eighteen wives.

Mr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, very competently remarks: "The problem of superfluous women did not exist in those days. They were all needed to bring up another woman's children."

The ten husbands of the Harvard class of 1671, with their eighteen wives, had seventy-one children. They did replenish the earth. They also filled the churchyards.

Twenty-one of those seventy-one children died in childhood.

This left fifty to grow up. It was an average of five surviving children for each of the ten fathers. But it was an average of only 2.7 for each of the eighteen mothers.

In commending the colonial family one must make an offset for the unfair frequency with which it had more than one wife-and-mother to help out its fertility record. And in commending the era of young wives and numerous children one must make an offset for the hideous frequency with which it killed them.

Turn from Harvard to Yale. Look at the men who graduated from 1701 to 1745.

The girls they took in marriage were most of them under twenty-one and were many of them down in their 'teens, sometimes as far down as fourteen.

May we observe that they were not taken in marriage out of a conscious sense of duty to the Commonwealth and to Population? They were taken because they were needed. The colonial gentleman had to have his soap-kettles and candle-molds and looms and smokehouses and salting-tubs and spinning-wheels and other industrial machines operated for him by somebody, if he was going to get his food and clothes and other necessaries cheap. He lost money if he wasn't domestic. He was domestic.

Our young engineering friend, John, when *he* looked forward to *his* future domestic establishment, saw no industrial machines in it at all except a needle and a saucepan. Consequently he had very little real use for a wife. What he wanted was money enough to "give" Mary a home.

Marriages are more uncertain now. And fewer of them are marriages of mere convenience. It is both a worse and a better state of things. On the one hand, John didn't marry Mary so soon. On the other hand, he was prevented from wanting anything in his marriage except just Mary.

The enormous utility of the colonial wife, issuing in enormous toil (complicated by unlimited childbearing), had this kind of result:

Among the wives of the 418 Yale husbands of the period from 1701 to 1745, there were

Thirty-three who died before they were twenty-five years old;

Fifty-five who died before they were thirty-five years old;

Fifty-nine who died before they were forty-five years old.

Those 418 Yale husbands lost 147 wives before full middle age.

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It ceases, therefore, to be surprising, though it remains unabatedly sickening, that the stories of the careers of colonial college men, of the best-bred men of the times, are filled with such details as:

"— — *First wife died at twenty-four, leaving six children.*"

"— — *Eight children born within twelve years, two of them feeble-minded.*"

"— — *First wife died at nineteen, leaving three children.*"

"— — *Fourteen children. First wife died at twenty-eight, having borne eight children in ten years.*"

From that age of universal early marrying and of promiscuous early dying we have come in two centuries to an age of delayed (and even omitted) marrying and of a settled determination to keep on living.

The women's colleges are so new and they attracted in their early days so un-average a sort of girl that their records are not conclusive. Nevertheless, here are some guiding facts from Smith College, of Northampton, Massachusetts:

(☞ We are taking college facts not because this article is confined in any respect to college people but merely because the matrimonial histories in the records of the colleges are the most complete we know of.)

In 1888, Smith College, in its first ten classes, had graduated 370 women.

In 1903, fifteen years later, among those 370 women there were 212 who were still single.

This record does not satisfy Mr. G. Stanley Hall, who figured it out. The remaining facts, however, might be considered more cheering:

The 158 Smith women who had married had borne 315 children. This was two for each of them. And most of them were still in their childbearing period. Compare this with the colonial records. But don't take the number of children per colonial father. Be fair. Take it per mother.

We have the matrimonial histories of colonial Yale and Harvard men grouped and averaged according to the decade in which they graduated. We will regard the graduates of each decade as together constituting one case.

In no case does the average number of children per wife go higher than 3.89. In one case it goes as low as 2.98.

Perhaps the modern wife's habit of going on living and thereby protracting her period of childbearing will in time cause her fertility record to compare not unfavorably with that of the colonial wife, who made an early start but a quick finish.

In the year 1903, among all the 370 Smith graduates in those first ten classes, only twenty-four had died. And among all the 315 children, only twenty-six had died. On the whole, between being the wife of a Yale or Harvard colonial graduate and being a member of one of the first ten Smith classes, a modern girl might conclude that the chances of being a dead one matrimonially in the latter case would be more than offset by the chances of being a dead one actually in the former.

This deplorable flippancy would overlook the serious fact that permanent or even prolonged celibacy on the part of large numbers of young men and young women is a great social evil. The consequences of that evil we shall observe later on.*

In the meantime we return to John and Mary.

While John was doing his last year in engineering school, Mary did a year of technical study in the New York School of Philanthropy, or in the St. Louis School of Social Economy, or in the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, or in the Boston School for Social Workers.

*In speaking about celibacy we refer wholly to secular and not at all to religious celibacy.

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They won't even let you start in "doing good" nowadays without some training for it. This is wise, considering how much harm doing good can do.

But how the preparation for life does lengthen itself out!

Mary took a civil service examination and got a job with the State Bureau of Labor. She finished her first year with the Bureau at the same time when John finished his first year with the electrical firm. She had earned $600. He had earned $480.

There were several hundred other apprentices in the shops along with John. When he thought of the next year's work at fifty a month and when he looked at the horde of competing Bachelors of Science in which he was pocketed, he whitened a bit.

"I must get out of the ruck," he said to himself. "I must get a specialty. I must do some more preparing."

He began to perceive how long it takes the modern man to grow up, intellectually and financially. He began to perceive what a tedious road he must travel before he could arrive at maturity—and Mary!

But he had pluck. "I'll really prepare," he said, "and then I'll really make good."

A western university offered a scholarship of $500 a year, the holder of which would be free to devote himself to a certain specified technical subject. John tried for the scholarship and got it, and spent a year chasing electrical currents from the time when they left the wheels of street cars to the time when they eventually sneaked back home again into the power-house, after having sported clandestinely along gas mains and water pipes, biting holes into them as they went.

It was a good subject, commercially. At the end of the year he was engaged as engineer by a street-car company which was being sued by a gas company for allowing its current to eat the gas company's property. He was to have a salary of $1,000 a year. He was going strong.

One thousand dollars! Millions of married couples live on less than that. But John didn't even think of asking Mary to share it with him.

Mary, when married, was to be supported in approximate accordance with the standards of the people John knew. Every John thinks that about it, without really thinking about it at all. It's just in him.

It bothered Mary. How much money would John want to spend on her before he would take her? It made her feel like a box of candy in a store window.

Still, a social standard is a fact. Just as much so as if it could be laid off with a tape. And there is sense in it.

"After all," thought Mary, "if we had only $1,000 a year we couldn't live where any of our friends do, and John would be cut off from being on daily intimate terms with people who could help him; and if we had children— Well, there you are! We surely couldn't give our children what *our* children ought to have. That settles it."

The influence of social standards is greatly increased and complicated in a world in which women earn their living before marriage and have a chance to make social standards of their own in place of the ones they were born to.

We here insert a few notes on cases which are not compositely imagined—like Mary and John—but are individually (though typically) existent in real life in one of the large American cities:

R—— J——. Makes $6,500 a year. Only man she was ever "real sweet on" was a teamster. When she was selling in the perfumes at five a week he used to take her to the picnics of the Social Dozen Pleasure Club. They would practice the Denver Lurch on Professor DeVere's dancing platform. At midnight he

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would give her a joy-ride home in his employer's delivery wagon. He still drives that wagon. She is in charge of suits and costumes and has several assistant buyers under her. She has bought a cottage for her father, who is an ingrain weaver in a carpet factory. She wears a stick-pin recently presented to her by her teamster. "I like him all right," is her notion about it, "but I ought to have took him ten years ago. Now he can't support me."

S—— V——. Makes twelve dollars a week as a manicurist. Thinks a man ought to have at least thirty dollars a week before marrying.

T—— V——. Sister of S—— V——, who doesn't think much of her. She works in a paper-box factory at five dollars a week and is engaged to a glove cutter who makes eleven.

T—— A——. Saleswoman. Thinks women ought to be paid as much as men. "Then they wouldn't be so ready to marry *anybody*." Works in the cloak department. Is a star. Makes about eighteen dollars a week. Says that most of the men she knows who could support her would certainly get in a terrible row at home if they married a cloak-department girl. Families are stuck up. "But I don't care; let it run awhile. Tell you something. I was born in the steerage. I've been right where the money isn't. I'm not taking any chances on getting there again. Let Georgina do it."

R—— B——. Sub-bookkeeper. Seven dollars a week. Engaged to clerk who earns thirteen. Says: "Of course I'm not earning much, but I'm living with my folks and when we're married I'll have to give up a lot of things. Kinda wish I hadn't got used even to the seven."

This last case, of the bookkeeper engaged to the clerk, is the modern situation at its happiest normal. The modern marriage, except among the rich, is a contraction of resources. It is just the reverse, in that respect, of the colonial marriage.

The colonial bride, marrying into Industry, brought her full economic value to her husband.

The modern bride, marrying out of Industry, leaves most of her economic value behind. And the greater that value was, the sharper is the shock of the contraction of resources.

Of course, the case of the department-store buyer and the teamster is irrelevantly extreme. But aren't there thousands and thousands of cases which, while less advanced, are pointed in the same direction? The more a woman earns, the fewer become the men who can support her. How can the clerk support the cloak saleswoman who has had eighteen dollars a week of her own? How can the barber support the manicurist who has had twelve?

The cloak saleswoman may talk flippantly about it, but, at heart, isn't she seriously right? She has pulled herself up to a certain level. Except in response to a *grande passion* she will not again drop below it. She will bring up her children at a point as close to her present level as she can. That is instinct.

Meanwhile, she isn't married. But what can you do about it? She went to work, like almost every other working woman, because she had to. And you can't pass a law prohibiting her from earning more than five dollars a week.

"It's all economic," thought Mary. "Nothing else." She had much reason for thinking so.

Did you ever see Meitzen's diagram showing the relation between the price of rye and the number of marriages in Prussia during a period of twenty-five years?

Cheap rye, easy living conditions—number of marriages rises. Dear rye, hard living conditions—number of marriages drops. The

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fluctuations are strictly proportional. In the twenty-sixth year, given the price of rye, you could predict very closely the number of marriages.

It's like suicides. It's the easiest thing in the world to predict the number of men and women who will next year "decide" to take their own lives.

The marriage rate responds not only to the economic conditions of a whole country but to the economic conditions of its various parts.

You live in Vermont. Very well. Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty in Vermont, there will be 279 out of every 1,000 of you who will still be single.

But you live in the state of New York. Very well. Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty there will be 430 of you out of every thousand who will still be single.

In Vermont, 279. In New York, 430. A difference of 151 in every 1,000.

For those 151 persons, is it human volition? Is it a perverse aversion to the other sex?

Even at that, on the face of it, those who try to argue New Yorkers into marrying young are clearly taking the difficult route to their purpose. It would be more adroit simply to urge them to live in Vermont.

But isn't the real reason this—that New York, with its large cities, is farther removed than Vermont, with no large cities, from the primitive industrial conditions of colonial times?

The North Atlantic states, as a whole, are industrially more advanced than the South Central states. Compare them in this marriage matter:

Among all the wives in the South Central states, there are 543 out of every 1,000 who are under thirty-five years of age.

Among all the wives in the North Atlantic states those who are under thirty-five years of age are, in each thousand, only 428.

In the South Central states, 543. In the North Atlantic states, 428. A difference of 115!

Getting married early is imputed unto us for actual personal righteousness by innumerable clergymen, essayists, and editorial writers. Are there so many more righteous women along the Gulf of Mexico than along the Atlantic coast? One hundred and fifteen more out of every thousand? We cannot quite credit so great a discrepancy in relative human virtue.

You can't escape, in any numbers, from the law which reigns in your vicinity.

Live on the Gold Coast of Africa. When you're thirteen, if you're a girl, they'll boil a yam and mash it and mix it with palm oil and scatter it on the banks of the stream and wash you in the stream and streak your body with white clay in fine lines and lead you down the street under an umbrella and announce your readiness to be a bride. Which you will be in a day or two.

Live in Russia, and if you're a girl you'll get married before you're twenty in more than fifty cases out of a hundred. It's the most primitive of civilized countries. It's half way between Africa and, say, Rhode Island.

These marriages before twenty tend to fall off rapidly in a rapidly developing industrial region like Rhode Island.

In 1860 the married persons in Rhode Island who had married before they were twenty were twenty-one in every 100.

In 1900 they were only nine in every 100.

A drop from twenty-one to nine in forty years!

And if you can't escape, in any numbers, from the law which reigns in your vicinity, neither can you escape, in any numbers, from the law which reigns in your social set.

Here's Bailey's book on "Social Conditions":

Live in England and be a girl and belong to the class of people that miners come from: Your

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age at marriage will be, on the average, twenty-two. But belong to the class of people that professional men come from: Your age at marriage will be, on the average, twenty-six.

This difference exists also in the United States. It is in the direct line of social and economic development.

The professional man is a farther developed type of man than the miner. It takes him longer to get through his educational infancy—longer to arrive at his mental and financial maturity. The professional man's wife is a farther developed type than the miner's wife. She has much more economic value (if she works) before marriage and much *less* economic value (in any case) after marriage.

Where these two lines of development, male and female, come to a meeting point; where the man's infancy is longest and the woman's economic value as a wife is least, there is, necessarily, altogether apart from personal preferences, the greatest postponement of marriage.

The United States, except possibly in certain sections, has not come to the end of its growth toward postponed marriage.

It is true that in Massachusetts, within the past forty-five years, the average age of women at marriage has risen from 20.7 to 24.6. That is a very "modern" and "developed" marriage age. But many of the older countries surpass it. In Belgium, for instance, which is a most intensely industrialized country, the average age of women at marriage is 28.19.

It is hard, indeed, to look at the advancing marriage age and to compare its varying rate of progress in different continents, different countries, different localities, and different social circles without admitting that, whatever whirling, nebulous mists of personal preferences it may create and carry with it, its nucleus is purely economic.

Early marriage was made by economic advantages. It was destroyed by economic changes. It will not be restored except by economic adjustments.

"Nevertheless," said Mary, "I want John."

John had finished being engineer for the electric railway company.

Out of his two years' experience he had saved a few hundred dollars. No, he hadn't. That isn't probable. The way he made his start into the next phase of his career was not by having any ready money. Having ready money is far from being characteristic of the young man of to-day.

John opened his office as a consulting electrical engineer not on his own resources but as an agent for an electrical supply company. Being agent for that company assured him enough money to pay the office rent and stenographer. For the rest, for his meals and his bed, he depended on his clients. Whom he didn't have. But he started out to get them.

He opened his office in the city in which Mary was.

And then a strange but normal thing occurred. They spent enough money on theatres and boat rides and candy in the next three months to have paid the rent on a flat. It is true John's net income was too small and uncertain to have justified the founding of a family. But it was also true that they spent every cent they had. The celibate life is an extravagant life. One of the innumerable sources of modern extravagance is found just there.

Mary reflected on it. She didn't like it. And she began to see other things she didn't like in this protraction of the period of singleness.

Her work for the Bureau of Labor had taken her into many places, among all sorts of women. She began to observe the irregu-

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lar living which is inevitably associated with a system of late marriages.

Mr. Lester F. Ward has learnedly and elaborately informed us that if we go back to the origin of life on this planet we shall find that the female was the only sex then existent, being original life itself, reproducing itself by division of itself, and that the male was created as an afterthought of nature's for the purpose of introducing greater variation into the development of living things. The male, to begin with, had only one function. That was to be a male. He was purely a sex-thing.

Whether this biological theory stands or falls, it is certain that it squares with the present character of the sexes. The sex which originated as a sex-thing remains the more actively sexed.

There was once a very good sociologist called Robert Louis Stevenson who made many researches into the psychology of the human race. While on his "Inland Voyage" he observed in this matter that "it is no use for a man to take to the woods; we know him; Anthony tried the same thing long ago and had a pitiful time of it by all accounts. But there is this about some women, that they suffice to themselves and can walk in a high and cold zone without the countenance of any trousered being."

The celibate life is more possible for most of them by nature. If it were not for that fact, the postponement of marriage would by this time have demolished the ethical code.

Even as things stand, Mary was quite willing to admit, when she saw it, that there are two kinds of women greatly increasing in modern days. Both have always existed, but now they are increasing very rapidly and in parallel lines of corresponding development.

In one column is the enormous army of young women who remain unmarried till twenty-five, till thirty, till thirty-five. Even at that latter age, and beyond it, in a well-developed city like, say, Providence, Rhode Island, in the age period from thirty-five to forty-five, twenty out of every hundred women are still single.

In the other column is the enormous army of young women who, outside of the marriage relation altogether, lead a professional sex life, venal, furtive, ignoble, and debasing; an army which has existed since the beginning of time but which every postponement of the age of marriage causes to increase in relative numbers and to gain new strength for poisoning the blood of life.

Love, denied at the front door, flies in by the cellar window. Angel or bat, it is always with us. Our only choice is between its guises.

Mary looked at the army of women celibates in offices and in stores and in their apartments and in their boarding houses, women celibates five and ten and fifteen and twenty years into the period when nature has by irrepealable edict ordained love. It was surely unnatural, for the mass of them. They were not vowed nuns. They were not devoted to any Great Cause. They were just ordinary, normal young women, thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands of them.

Then, on the other side, Mary looked at the great army of women in the midnight restaurants, in the streets, in their segregated quarters—women who, however they may be sentimentalized about and however irresponsible they may be for their own condition, are, as a matter of fact, ignorant, stupid, silly, and dirty. Yet on them was squandered the emotional life of millions of young men.

On the one side—intelligent, capable, effective young women,

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leading lives of emotional sterility. On the other side—inferior women blasted and withered by their specialization in the emotional life of youth!

The connection between postponement of marriage and irregularity of living will be admitted by everybody who is willing to face facts and who is optimist enough to believe that if, instead of letting facts lie, we face them and fight them we can make a better race.

The great Russian scientist, Metchnikoff, successor to Pasteur in the Pasteur Institute, mentions the postponement of marriage as one of the biological disharmonies of life. It is a disharmony that "among highly civilized peoples marriage and *regular* unions are impossible at the *right time*."

And Mr. A. S. Johnson, writing in the authoritative report of the Committee of Fifteen on the Social Evil, notes the parallel increase of "young unmarried men" and of a city's "volume of vice."

He goes on to make, without comment, a statement of the economic facts of the case.

"As a rule," he says, "the income which a young man earns, while sufficient to secure a fair degree of comfort for himself, does not suffice for founding a family."

He cannot found a family at the *right* time. He goes unmarried through the romantic period of his development, when the senses are at their keenest and when the other sex, in its most vividly idealized perfection, is most poignantly desired.

Then, later on, he may begin to get a larger income. Then marriage may become more feasible. But then romance is waning. Then, as Mr. Johnson says, "his standard of personal comfort rises." Romance has been succeeded by calculation. "Accordingly he postpones marriage to a date in the indefinite future or abandons expectation of it altogether."

Celibacy through the age of romance! It's emotionally wrong. Sexlessness for a score of years after sex has awakened! It's biologically wrong. It's a defiance of nature. And nature responds, as she does to every defiance, with a scourge of physical and social ills.

"But what of all that?" thought Mary. "Those things are just observations. What I am going to act on is that I want John."

At which point she stopped being a typical modern young woman.

She became a woman of the future.

"Look here," she said to John, "I'm working. You're working. We're single. Very well. We'll change it. I'm working. You're working. We're married. Have we lost anything? And we've gained each other."

Two years later she stopped working.

In those two years she had helped John to start a home. She couldn't operate soap-kettles and candle-molds and looms and smokehouses and salting-tubs and spinning-wheels for him. But she brought him an equivalent of it in money. She earned from $900 to $1000 a year.

Being married, they were more thrifty. They saved a large part of her earnings. John was still spending a large part of his on extending his business, on traveling, on entertaining prospective clients, on making acquaintances. Sometimes she had to contribute some of her own money to his expense accounts. That was the fortune of war. She helped him pursue success.

"I wouldn't give up the memory of these two years," Mary used to say, as she sat and stitched for her chlidren, "for anything. I shared at least a part of my husband's youth."

By sharing it, she won a certain happiness otherwise unattainable. They had come to know each other and to help form

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each other's characters and to share each other's difficulties in the years when only there is real joy in the struggle of life. They had not postponed their love till, with a settled income, John could support her in comfort and they could look back like Browning's middle-aged estranged lovers to say:

> We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
> Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

"It used to take two to start a home in colonial days," Mary would say. "I am really an old-fashioned woman. I helped to make this home. We had twelve hundred dollars in the bank when I stopped working, and John was pretty well established.

"I don't regret it," she went on, still speaking as a woman of the future, "even for the children. Of course I do wish we had started earlier. But I would have wanted to wait a while for the children in any case. People risk too much when they start a family before they become sufficiently used to marriage and to each other to know that they can keep on loving each other and to know that they have in them through their mutual, continued happiness the power to make a happy home, a noble home, for children to live in."

As for the number of children she will have—we reserve that subject to a future article. We call attention here only to this:

That the facts which were cited from the Smith College records are harmonious with many other facts and records tending to show that the fertility of the modern wife has been considerably underrated, just as the fertility of the colonial wife has been considerably exaggerated.

And this:

That Mary got to her childbearing period sooner than she would have if she hadn't insisted on marrying John before he was ready to support her. Those two years would have been childless years in any case. But they would probably, if it hadn't been for Mary's money, have been lengthened into four or five.

Of course, later marriages in themselves tend to reduce the number of children. As to quality, however, the evidence is not clear. There is even some reason to think that a moderate postponement is conducive to an improvement in quality.

Did you ever read Havelock Ellis's book called "A Study of British Genius"?

He made a list of the most distinguished of Eminent British Persons and studied everything about them from their religious opinions to the color of their hair.

In the matter of the age of their parents, he finds that the average age of the father at the birth of the person of genius was thirty-seven years, while the average of the mother was thirty-one. His conclusion is: "On the whole it would appear, so far as the evidence goes, that the fathers of our eminent persons have been predominantly middle-aged and to a marked extent elderly at the time of the distinguished son's birth; while the mothers have been predominantly at the period of greatest vigor and maturity and to a somewhat unusual extent elderly. There has been a notable deficiency of young fathers and, still more notably, of young mothers."

And did you ever see the study which Mr. R. S. Holway made for the Department of Education of Leland Stanford University on "The Age of Parents: Its Effects upon Children"? His conclusions are:

"In most physical qualities the children of mature parents tend to come out best.

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"In mental ability the children of young parents show best at an early age but rapidly lose their precocity.

"The elder children who show best tend to be the children of mature and old parents.

"The children of elderly mothers show a tendency to superiority throughout."

Mary did not know about all this, but she had a very strong opinion to the effect that, in so far as the quality of her children could be affected by their home training, she was glad she had spent at least a few years earning her living.

"Every woman," said Mary, "ought to have some little time for developing into an individual. Home won't do it altogether. Not nowadays. The colonial home did, being part of the working world. But what is the modern home? It is a nest, an eddy, a shelf, a nook. It's something apart from the world. If a woman is going to prepare her son for a knowledge of the real world, if she's going to be able to give him a training which has in it an understanding and an appreciation of the real world, if she's going to be able to educate him into real living, she must nowadays and increasingly in the future have some experience of her own on her own account in the real world before she becomes a mother. There's no getting away from that. A reasonable postponement of motherhood till the future mother becomes a competent individual is a good thing."

"The trouble about that," said John, "is that it makes you too independent of me. Your proposition is to start in and earn your living till you're pretty good at it. That is, you wouldn't marry me till you were sure you could chuck me. How about that?"

Well, it has that side. But it has its other side, too.

Isn't there, after all, something rather pleasant for John in knowing, *knowing*, that Mary isn't cleaving unto him simply because she can't shift for herself? Something exquisitely gratifying in being certain, *certain*, that it isn't just necessity that keeps her a home woman?

"If I were a man living in wedlock," said Mary, "I should want the door of the cage always wide open, with my mate fluttering straight by it every minute to still nestle by me. And I should want her wings to be strong, and I should want her to know that if she went through the door she could fly.

"For keeping her," said Mary, "I should want to trust to my own wings and not to bars."

"However," said Mary, going farther into the future, "the process isn't complete. Freedom is not yet completely acquired. Children! We want them! We must have them! Yet how often they tie us to unions which have come to be unholy, vile, full of all uncleanness. Women will never be completely free till, besides being able to earn their bread when they are *not* bearing children, they are relieved of dependence on the individual character of another human person while they *are*. Mr. H. G. Wells is clearly right about it. When women bear children they perform a service to the state. Children are important to the state. They are its future life. To leave them to the eccentricities of the economic fate of the father is ridiculous. The woman who is bringing up children should receive from the state the equivalent of her service in a regular income. Then, and then only, in the union of man and woman, will love and money reach their right relationship—love a necessity, money a welcome romance!

"It's remote, very remote," said Mary. "And we can't dream it out in detail. But when it comes it won't come out of personal sentiment. It will come because of being demanded by the economic welfare of the community. It will come because it is the best way to get serviceable children for the state. It will come because, after all, it is the final answer to the postponement of marriage."

In the November instalment of **"The Women of To-morrow,"** Mr. Hard will discuss **"The Wasters."**

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Who Only Stand and WAIT

By

DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HORACE GIBBS let his elbows rest on the top rail of the lane gate and ran his eye over as much of his own acres as he could see. Before him, the lane slipped downhill between picket fences, crossed the shaky bridge over Atwater's Creek, curved around the knoll dense with big oak trees, and disappeared. On both sides of the lane the fields sloped rather sharply down to the brown, sedgy levels of the marsh, and a quarter of a mile to the left the slanting rays of sunlight glinted on the blue waters of Limekiln Lake, where it showed between groves of hard wood.

"It's good land, John," said Mr. Gibbs to the tall young fellow at his side, "and you'll make it better. I ain't sayin' you done wrong to stay; I dunno——"

"Both the Balches down the road went with the Thirty-third," said the younger man, without shifting his gaze from the distant hills.

His father kicked at a corncob lying in the dirt and lifted one foot to the lowest rail.

"I know they did, I know they did," he admitted, "and their land needs 'em as much as ours does us. Old Balch is late with his wheat, an' he never will get his buckwheat in."

They stood silent, watching a lone mallard curving gracefully through the air above the blue waters of the creek. Something in the rushes caught its attention and, after circling warily, it slid silently into the marsh.

"If I'd known the war was comin' right at us this way, I'd 'a' gone," John began nervously. "But I didn't know."

His father nodded his head slowly several times.

"And I wanted to get married, too," the boy went on eagerly. "I'd waited long enough—an' Mary was tired waitin', too."

In the afternoon stillness, both heard plainly the roar and splatter of the mallard's wings as it swept into the air and shot off on a line for the lake.

"An' now the baby's comin' an' I can't go," John said slowly. "I can't go 'way an' leave things. Folks'll say I'm a coward, I s'pose, but I don't care. A man's got to take care o' his folks an' his land."

Again the father nodded. His hair was gray, and his shoulders were bowed by years of toil. A recruiting sergeant would have put him aside quickly; the problem did not cut so deep with him. His son's conscience, however, would not lie easy.

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"What do I care about this here war, anyhow?" he blazed out suddenly. "All the dif'rence it makes to me is if we get licked, I pay more taxes! It ain't any odds to me whether they keep slaves or not—guess that's what they're fightin' about. Is that anything for me to get shot to pieces for? No, sir; I'll stick to my farm!"

They left their position at the gate and walked toward the house in the gathering dusk. John paused to swing to the gaping door of a shed, his father watching him idly.

"It's gettin' closer to us than anybody ever thought 'twould," John panted, as he tugged at a refractory hook, "but it ain't comin' any closer. Them fellers is headin' for the city, an' they won't come near this place—town ain't important enough."

"I hope they won't," his father said. "I jest hope they won't!"

As they started to enter the house, the creak of wheels sounded in the road, and a big voice hailed them.

"Hey, John!" it called, "heard the news?"

Father and son slouched down toward the road, where one of their neighbors sat in his light buggy. He began to talk before they had reached his buggy wheel.

"We're in for it," he fairly shouted. "They've been fightin' to-day over by Brookville, an' they're headed this way. Town's full o' soldiers an' guns, an' everybody down there in the valley"—he jerked his thumb to the northeast, where the city lay—"is scared stiff!"

The two men unconsciously strained their ears. All they could hear was the chirping of insects and the rumble of a homeward-bound wagon down at the turn of the road toward town. They had heard these same sounds for years.

"Jest a scare," announced John, with an air of dismissal which did not reveal the cold feeling gripping at his heart; "jest one o' them newspaper scares!"

The man in the buggy shook his head ominously and spat over the "off" wheel.

"Don't you believe it," he warned. "Old man Parsons from over at the Corners says he heard the firin', and——" he lowered his voice and leaned toward them impressively—"there ain't been an Oshtemo man to the city to-day!"

Mr. Gibbs leaned apathetically against the wheel, shaking his head slowly. John thrust his hands deep into his pockets and frowned at the road.

"I don't believe it," he reiterated. "Prob'ly they had a thunderstorm over Brookville way—an' couldn't get to town."

The man in the buggy sniffed with disgust and clucked to his horse.

"Jest thought I'd let ye know," he said, and drove on down the road. The two men stared after him an instant, then walked back into the house. A big collie rose from his place on the porch and followed them through the door, sniffing at their heels.

They entered a room which served both as kitchen and as dining-room. A cheap clock ticked above a stove on which stood a variety of steaming vessels. A gray-haired woman was busy about the stove, while a dark-haired woman—hardly more than a girl—was arranging the four places at the table, which was covered by a red cloth. The two men dropped into their chairs in silence, watching the preparations for supper. John reached out his hand to the younger woman as she passed him.

"Feel all right?" he inquired anxiously.

"Sure," she said with a smile.

As soon as the food was set before them, the two men commenced their meal. The women took their places at the table when chance offered. There was no talking until they had finished; then Mr. Gibbs pushed aside his plate and sat back in his chair. A moment later his son followed suit. The women rose and commenced clearing away the dishes.

"What was Zeb Prout tellin' ye out by the gate?" inquired the older woman.

Mr. Gibbs started to answer, then looked rather uncertainly at his son. John gave a quick look at his young wife and took the lead.

"He says there's been fightin' at Oshtemo—an' it's likely to come this way," he answered.

There was a crash of breaking china as the plate his wife had been carrying smashed into bits on the floor.

"Oh, John," she cried, turning a terror-stricken face toward him, "comin' here?"

He got from his chair in awkward haste and sprang toward her. The chair overturned with a bang, and the nervous woman burst into tears. The old people looked at them dumbly while John put his arms clumsily about his wife.

"Now don't you worry," he ordered; "it prob'ly ain't so, an' it won't do us no harm if 'tis so. They ain't after us."

But the shadow which his words had

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SHE GAVE ONE GLANCE AT THE FIGURE ON THE FLOOR, THEN PRESSED A HAND TO HER THROAT, AND BACKED AGAINST THE WALL, SCREAMING SHRILLY.

spread over them would not lift. They sat about the dingy room for a time, and then the women left. John turned to his father.

"See here," he began almost roughly, "we got to get a move on us next spring. This place ain't all it ought to be for the women. We've broke even with the wheat, an' the corn an' potatoes'll put us 'way to the good. We gotta fix things up some."

"I dunno," Mr. Gibbs commenced cautiously; "money's awful scarce——"

"Oh, shucks!" his son broke in on him. "Let's figger this out."

He brought pencil and paper, and the two men leaned over their calculations. Gradually the optimistic enthusiasm of the boy had its effect. The father had visions of the sort of farm he had dreamed of in his own youth—made possible now for his declining years. At the end of half an hour Mr. Gibbs's face was fairly bright. John leaned back in his chair, smiling triumphantly.

"That's the sort of a farm your grandson'll have to grow up on," he announced.

He rose and walked toward the stove for his box of tobacco. From the road came the sound of several horses, galloping. The two men listened, but the sound had ceased.

"Soldiers maybe," said the older man, peering out the window. They settled back in their chairs, John thumbing over the columns of figures and the rough sketches he had drawn, while his father smoked silently.

Heavy footsteps sounded suddenly on the porch, accompanied by a metallic tinkle which would have spelled spurs to the accustomed ear. The panels of the door shook under the blows of a fist. Without a word the father rose and opened the door. A young major of cavalry, his blue uniform so dirty that the yellow facings had almost disappeared, stood outside.

"How deep's the creek back of your place?" he demanded abruptly. Mr. Gibbs rubbed his chin and stared speechless.

"Three feet," John answered across his father's shoulder, "but there's no bottom. You can't wade it."

"Will that bridge hold artillery?" continued the cavalryman.

"It'll hold a load of corn," John replied.

The officer appeared to consider something deeply. He seemed to have forgotten the existence of the two men in the doorway, and stood staring intently at the darkness, tapping the floor restlessly with a much worn boot.

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Then he whipped out a notebook, studied a page, and wrote a few lines. The Gibbses, father and son, watched him with interest.

"Come out here," he commanded, without glancing toward them, and strode out into the yard.

John paused uncertainly, flushing uncomfortably at the officer's tone. His father laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Better go," he advised. "We don't want no trouble with these people. I've heard tell that it's bad to go wrong with 'em."

John followed the officer out into the yard. Beneath the big pine tree near the front gate he saw a little clump of horsemen. Out in the road there sounded a straining of harness and the faint tinkle of metal made only by waiting horses. The officer was standing near the barns, lighting a pipe and peering about the sheds and outhouses. As soon as John reached him, he opened a perfect fusillade of questions as to the nature of the ground on all sides of the farmhouse. Presently he called to a trooper and sent him cantering off down the lane.

A few moments longer they talked, and then the officer started off. "Come into the house, where there's a light," he ordered. "I've got to make a map of this. Your county maps are worthless."

Before they entered the house, a file of cavalrymen left their horses and crept down the hill, where they hid themselves in the tall rushes along the creek. The officer watched them go, then entered the room. Without paying any attention to Mr. Gibbs—still standing where his son had left him—he swept aside some of the dishes, drew up a chair, and produced a sheet of paper.

"Now," he said to John, commencing to sketch in the map, "you tell me if I go wrong."

The two men watched him in fascination while he drew in the farm, the creek, dotted out the wood-lots, crosshatched the marshy places, with a question now and then as to standing grain, thickets, and anything which to his trained mind spelled "cover." At the end of half an hour he sat up in his chair and pushed the forage cap back on his head.

"Fine!" he ejaculated, "fine! Your farm makes a perfect battle-field. The line of that creek was built to be defended!" He took off his cap, ran his long fingers through his hair, and pointed out each detail of his plan on the map with his pencil as he talked. "I'll put three guns just inside the fence of that wood-lot to the right of the lane," he explained. "You say those woods are open enough to get gun-teams through?" John nodded. "All right. Then I'll hold one company in the woods as supports. I'll put one gun on the hill overlooking Howard's Lake, and two companies along the line of that fence. The other gun will go on that wooded knoll over by Limekiln, with the fourth company along the line of the creek. That'll leave me a full company—and my flanks are safe! Think of that!"—and he looked at them with flashing eyes—"perfect distribution without endangering your flanks! Why, man, your farm's a regular prize!"

The two men looked at him blankly. Mr. Gibbs had been eyeing the map with a scowl for some time. Finally he extended a blunt forefinger and placed it on a square of paper marked "field."

"You can't take your soldiers in there!" he said.

The officer looked at him in interested surprise. "Why not?" he asked.

"There's standing corn in there," explained Gibbs.

The officer threw back his head and roared. "That's good, that is!" he said, when he could get his breath. "Standing grain, is there? Man alive, don't you know this is war?"

Mr. Gibbs's slow anger was rising. He thumped on the table with his big, hard hand.

"I don't care what it is!" he stormed. "All the profit I make this year's comin' off that corn, an' I ain't goin' to have it trampled—war 'r no war! I've got 'no trespassin'' signs up!" he finished triumphantly.

The major stared at the angry farmer uncomprehendingly. Some glimmer of the impassable gulf between their points of view struck him.

"We'll see," was all he said. Mr. Gibbs, however, was not satisfied.

"I'll put a load o' rock-salt into anybody I ketch in there!" he continued noisily.

"That'll do, now," said the officer, then swung on the younger man abruptly. "I'll have to requisition your farm and the next for forage to-night," he explained. "I'll leave fifty men here. They can sleep in the barns. I'm going to take out a scouting party before daylight to-morrow; I'll want you to go along."

Inside the kitchen, when he had gone, the two men sat and looked at each other dumbly; then the father broke into a long, rambling

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tirade, under which his son simply sat with bowed head. At length John grew restless under the monotony of his father's complaints.

"Oh, what's the use o' talkin'?" he demanded testily. "We can't do anything."

The clock ticked loudly in the still room, then the old man rose, grumbling, put his pipe on the shelf, and strode off up the stairs to bed. John sat alone gazing out of the window. A rumble of wheels sounded from the road, and the collie commenced to bark noisily. John looked out of the window and saw a black bulk which he knew must be artillery, coming up the lane. The officer opened the door without knocking.

"Get a couple of lanterns, will you," he ordered. "I want to place my guns tonight."

The door of the stairway opened, and the two men saw the white face of the young woman. She looked from her husband to the soldier in terror.

"What is it, John?" she asked in a low voice.

For the fraction of a second he hesitated. "Oh, nothin'," he answered shortly. "Go on to bed; I'll be in in a few minutes."

All through the evening the young major labored placing his five companies of cavalry and the single battery, giving as much attention to the placing of each man as though he were planning a decisive battle between huge armies.

Somewhere around eleven o'clock John trudged wearily back up the lane. Shadowy figures moved about on all sides of him as he walked. There were long rows of horses in the fields near the house, munching at his own fodder. From the barns came the sound of voices, and a trooper's head was peering out of the loft-door. A clatter of hoofs sounded from down the lane as a squad of the cavalrymen crossed the bridge. In the clear night air, John could even hear the noise of pick and shovel where the three guns of the battery were being put into position in the wood-lot. In the yard a number of the men had spread their blankets under the shelter of the bushes and were sleeping. One had stretched himself out on the porch. John glanced at him casually as he went into the house—a black-haired man, his shirt open at the throat, showing a cord running about his neck and disappearing on his breast.

Hardly had John opened the door when his wife, a shawl thrown over her night-clothes, threw herself weeping onto his shoulders.

"I'm so frightened," she whimpered, "so frightened. Why do you let all these soldiers run around the farm? It isn't their land. They haven't any business here! And if they start shooting—I shall die. You know I mustn't have anything—happen. Can't you make them go 'way?"

He patted her shoulder gently. He did not know whether to try to explain to the frightened girl all that war meant and did.

"They'll go in the morning," he assured her. "They just want a place to sleep. They're tired, same as we are. There won't be no shootin'."

Together they climbed the stairs and entered their room. John waited until he was sure that his wife was asleep, then he rose and went to the window. He sat staring out at the familiar scene. In the intense blackness details did not stand out, but he knew every stick of the fences, every stump of the wood-lots and stone of the fields. He could imagine just where the men and guns of the little army lay. But it was not wholly of the men and horses out in the darkness that he was thinking. Presently he took his clothes and shoes and stole back down the dark stairs. He lighted the lamp and dressed, shivering, in the cold room. He pulled out the requisition slips the officer had given him, a dog-eared bank book, and a sheet of paper. For an hour he added, subtracted, and calculated, the pencil between his teeth.

"If I only knew how much they were goin' to spoil," he muttered, "I'd know how to figger."

There was a hammering on the locked door. John opened it and faced the major.

"Got to break up the bridges to the southeast if there are any," the latter explained. "How many are there?"

"Two," said John.

"Well, you go on with the men and show 'em where they are."

"I—all right," answered John.

Outside the house a little knot of men waited for him. In silence they plodded down the lane, went through the fence and into the fields. It was still perfectly dark, but they could hear movements down in the marsh where the men lay.

John led them to the first bridge—a mere footway over the narrow creek, where it flowed out of the lake a mile from the farmhouse. The major sniffed at the insignificance of the structure and the shallow water.

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"Quicksand," explained John, and the bridge went down under the axes. The bridge joined the Gibbs farm to another, and John estimated that the repairing would take three days.

"Where's the other bridge?" demanded the major.

John explained in detail. The other bridge was on the main traveled road; people living along it would have to go ten miles out of their way to reach the city—and everybody was hauling grain.

The major shook his head when he learned that the stream was not fordable for guns. "Down with it," he commanded. "You farmers aren't doing much to help things, anyhow!"

They finished the work of destruction and started back on the winding walk to the farmhouse.

"Why aren't you in the army?" the major demanded suddenly.

John plodded forward several yards without turning his head. The other men were several paces behind them.

"If you wasn't in them clothes," he said to the major in a low voice, "I'd tell ye t' mind yer own business!"

The darkness hid the major's face, which had turned very red. He seriously considered whether or not it was worth while to sound this farmer's logic. He had distinct theories on the subject himself and wished to know the other side of the question. He had opened his lips for another question when, faint in the distance to the west of them, sounded the unmistakable crack of a musket.

"Run!" commanded the major. "Take us by a short cut if there is one!"

At a steady trot they panted up a hill, crossed a field of wheat stubble, and plunged into a thicket. Another and still another shot sounded. In his anxiety the major outstripped his guide, and John heard him swearing roundly as he tore through a tangle of blackberry vines. They reached the shore of Limekiln Lake after being halted by the flankers of the little force. In the east the inky sky was touched with a gray pallor. The marsh was manifestly alive; nothing was to be seen or distinctly heard, but there was motion among the cat-tails, and strange sounds which did not come from mallard, snipe, or muskrat.

"Better turn your stock loose on the other side of the main road," warned the officer, as he hurried toward the bridge at the foot of the lane.

John walked part way to the house and then stopped and leaned weakly against the picket fence. From where he stood he could see and hear nothing. He wondered whether the women had heard those first scattering shots. The look of abject, animal terror he had seen on his wife's face a few hours before would not leave his mind. It was not yet four o'clock in the morning, and already the firing had commenced. Mary might not live through a day of it. And yet he could not leave to take her away; he must watch the farm; there was no telling what might happen. And his father and mother! Another musket-shot sounded, much closer at hand. John was galvanized into sudden action.

"That wa'n't farther away'n the Mill-pond!" he gasped, as he started running up the lane. "I'd better get them cattle out!"

As he reached the house he saw a light in his father's window. The soldiers in the yard had been joined by the men who had slept in the barns; they stood about in clusters, smoking, talking, and laughing. A file of them passed him, moving down toward the marsh. The short cavalry carbines glinted in the light from the upper window. The window was opened and his father's head was thrust out.

"You out there, John?" he called, and, when his son answered, "What's all that shootin'?" he asked.

"Hurry up an' get down here," answered John shortly. "The fightin's started, an' we gotta get the cattle out o' the way."

Without waiting for his father, he hurried toward the barns. A soldier watched his haste curiously.

"All this racket sour the milk?" he asked, with a cheerful laugh.

John gave him a dull glance as he hurried past. This man could make light of all that might happen! The possible butchery of the helpless cattle struck him as something funny! A sudden gust of firing, a rattle of hasty shots which purred into a rolling crash of volleys ripped suddenly through the air.

"You'd better hurry," advised the trooper calmly.

John hurried into the barn and went from stall to stall, slipping the halters from the horses. He opened the gate leading from the barnyard into the lane, and the cows shambled out, lowing, and stood huddled together in helpless terror. John looked through a crack in one of the sheds and saw his father in his

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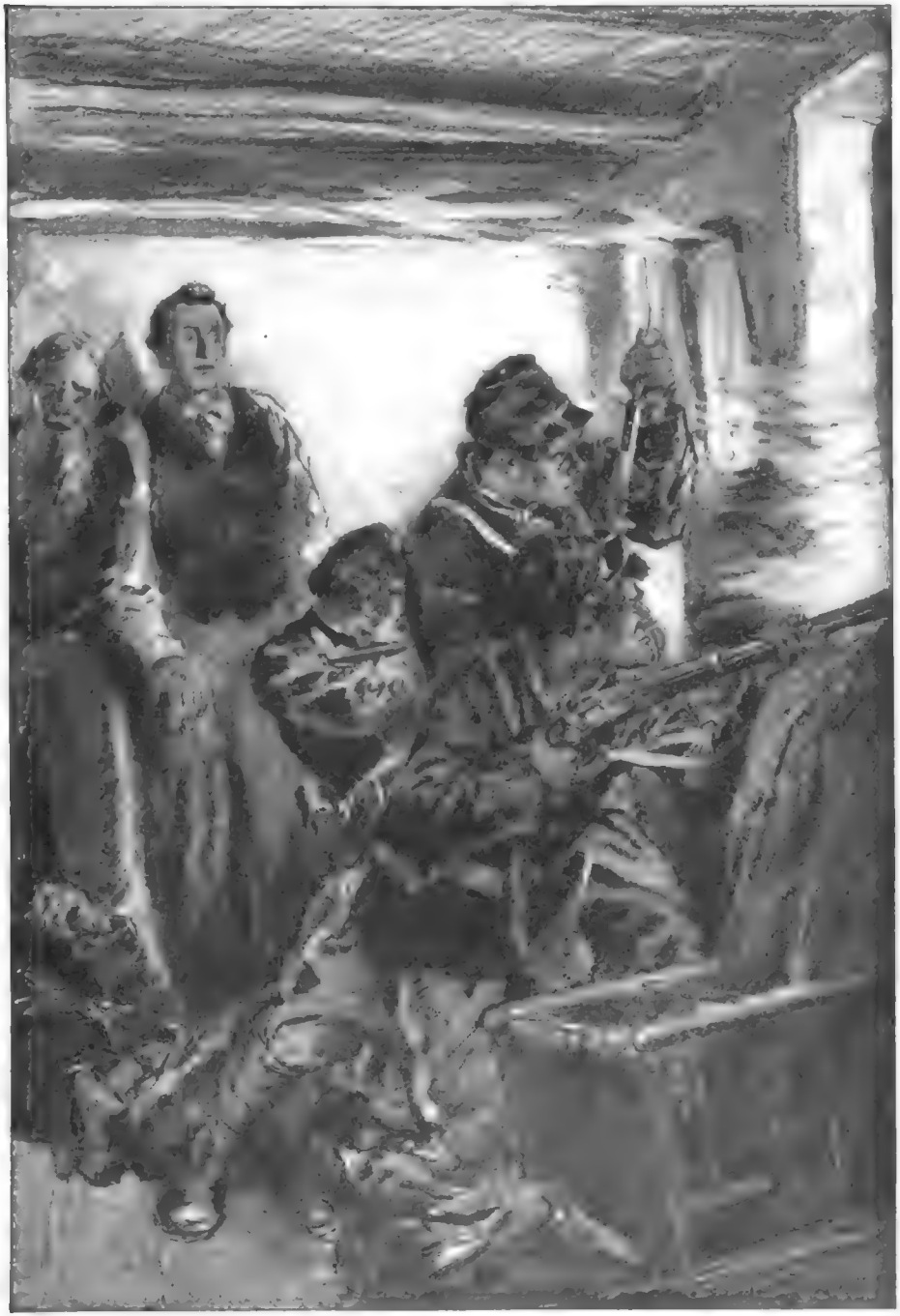

A GRINDING CRASH SEEMED TO MAKE THE VERY WALLS OF THE HOUSE ROCK. "CRACKY!" CRIED THE TALKATIVE MAN. "THEY PUT A SHELL RIGHT THROUGH THAT BARN!"

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shirt-sleeves, striving to turn the horses and cattle toward the main road, while two or three cavalrymen watched without offering to help, joking among themselves. He drove the squealing pigs out into the yard, where they added to the confusion by making frantic, grunting rushes this way and that and then halting, long noses close to the earth and pointing one way. A corporal, coming up the lane with a drove of led-horses behind him, began shouting hoarsely.

"Get those damned things out o' the way!" he bawled, leaning from his saddle. He drew his saber and began laying about among the cattle, using the edge of his blade mercilessly. John and his father looked with staring eyes, unable to move.

"What d'ye mean, clutterin' things up this way, huh?" the corporal yelled at John.

A blundering heifer staggered against the corporal's horse, which reared, plunged, and set the led-horses snorting with fear. The corporal strove to check his own animal and let go of the bridle of the first led-horse. In an instant the riderless animals went careening off through the orchard. The corporal's face grew black with anger. He ripped out a string of oaths.

"Kill every one of them damned things!" he yelled. "What the hell d'ye want to turn yer cattle out here for? Think we've got time to chase horses?"

He struck blindly at a brindle cow. The animal staggered to its knees, the blood spurting down its face, then rose with a bellow, rushed madly across the lane, crashed into the wall of the house, and fell in a trembling heap. Two or three troopers drew their blades and assisted the shouting corporal. The yard became a perfect shambles, the cries of the animals rising above the blows of the sabers. Then the three six-pounders in the oak woods went into action with a roar that drowned every other sound.

Mr. Gibbs walked weakly to his son and laid a trembling hand on his shoulder.

"John," he whimpered, "come on in the house—please!"

Beneath his hand the man felt his son's body trembling. John's face was as white as chalk, but suddenly it grew red and his frame ceased quivering and straightened.

"No!" he shouted. "They're killin' our stock!"

He launched himself in blind fury at the corporal, who was beating a big hog to death in the angle between the corncrib and an old wagon-box. The soldier heard the farmer's yell and turned. With as little concern as he had shown in the destruction of the stock, he brought the flat of his blade down on John's lowered head.

"Damn these rubes," he growled, looking down at the prostrate figure; "they ain't got no sense at all. Now what'd 'e want to go an' do that for?" He looked up and saw the father staring at him with bloodless lips. "Carry him into the house," he ordered; "he ain't killed. An' fer God's sake, when ye get in the house, go into the cellar an' *stay there!*"

A grizzled trooper with kindly gray eyes helped the old man carry John into the house. They laid him on the floor of the kitchen and the soldier hurried out again.

Mr. Gibbs stood looking at his son in hopeless misery. His wife stood by the stove, wringing her hands and moaning. The door of the stairway opened and Mary came into the room. She gave one glance at the figure on the floor, then pressed a hand to her throat, and backed against the wall, screaming shrilly. The father dropped his face in his hands.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned, "I don't know what to do; I don't know what to do!"

The mother was the first to regain her presence of mind. She seized a dipper of water and bent over her son. Mr. Gibbs did not raise his head. Mary sank into a chair, her hand still at her throat, gasping as though she were choking. The rattle of muskets and the steady thudding of the cannon sounded from down the lane. Now and then through the din could be heard the voice of the corporal, chasing his horses through the orchard.

After a few moments, John raised his head, glared about him, and lurched to his feet. The other three looked at him stupidly. A spent bullet crashed through the window, sending the glass tinkling to the floor, and buried itself with a spurt of plaster in the opposite wall. Mary gasped, closed her eyes, and let her head fall back limply over the chair-back.

John, hanging on to the table to steady himself, looked at his mother.

"You take Mary into the front room," he panted. "Get the chimney 'tween you an' the back o' the house. Pile all the chairs an' things in front of you!"

When the door had closed behind the women, John walked unsteadily to the window and looked out. The yard was tenanted only by the dead cattle and hogs, and the

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collie, who went sniffing from one warm body to another. The soldiers had scattered. Along the line of the hill on the other side of the marsh lay a line of men, their blue uniforms standing out sharply against the brown earth—like so many logs. Only the motion of their guns and the thick, white smoke in the air above them spoke of life—and death. Over the woods to the right, where the guns had been hammering, the smoke hung thicker. John was dimly aware that the artillery had ceased firing. Then there came a series of red, flaring explosions that showed dimly through the trees, and blue-clad men commenced pouring out into the lane. A man on horseback galloped up, threw himself from his horse, and burst through the door.

"You'll have to get this place ready for the wounded," he announced. "Any women here?"

John nodded dumbly.

"Set 'em to tearing bandages," commanded the soldier. "And bring all the mattresses you've got down here. Spread 'em on the floor. Get plenty of water. That's about all we can do."

He walked to the door and then paused, speaking more to himself than to the two men.

"This government," he announced, "seems to think men don't get hurt in war. They've given us everything but doctors!"

He went out and galloped down the lane. Father and son watched him with the same animal-like dullness of gaze which had settled upon them since the first rattle of firing. Then, without speech, they set about carrying mattresses and quilts and spreading them on the floor. The mother came from the other room, listened to John's explanation, and started tearing sheets into long strips without a word.

Stumbling footsteps sounded on the porch outside. John swung open the door, and a private sprawled into the room, the blood dripping from his soaked sleeve to the floor.

"Gimme a drink," he demanded hoarsely. He brushed aside the dipper and buried his face in the water-pail, gulping the liquid like an animal. When he had finished, he dropped on to a mattress and lay breathing heavily. Mrs. Gibbs tried to ease his arm.

"Oh, let it alone," he said roughly; "it'll dry up—maybe. I don't care."

They watched him while the blood soaked into the blue and white mattress.

"What's goin' on down there?" John asked finally. The man rolled over and looked at him with eyes growing bright with fever.

"Hell!" he said shortly. "Just plain hell! There's too many of 'em. We're goin' to get licked."

John peered out of the window. The artillery had left its position on the other side of the marsh and was tumbling back in haste toward the lane—the only path by which it could retreat. The familiar figure of the major, mounted on a lean bay, flitted past the house, dashed into the main road, and disappeared. The lane was filled with wounded men, staggering toward the house. A small man with a black satchel in his hand suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"I'm a surgeon," he announced curtly. Then to the man on the floor: "Get up and come out of here. This is no place for wounded. Their shells will be falling around here in half an hour."

The five guns with their limbers and ammunition wagons thundered past the house, the gunners clinging to the rocking carriages, the drivers lashing the tugging horses.

"Break through the fence and go into the fields on the other side!" a voice called above the din.

Through the fields on both sides of the lane, and up that congested channel, the blue figures came thicker. Suddenly there was a bright flash and a report directly under a single great oak, two thirds of the way down the lane. Half a dozen blue figures sagged limply to the ground, while bits of earth and branches pattered against the house. The dismounted cavalrymen, pushed back at every point of their small front, and deprived of the support of their guns, backed away from the marsh in sagging lines which broke and melted here and there. The yard filled with hurrying figures. Men shouted and swore. John, looking from the window, saw an officer driving his men into the barns and looking over his shoulder at the house. A bullet whipped through the window, another struck the chimney and sent down a shower of bricks and dust. A figure in gray showed for an instant on a hilltop across the marsh, then turned and waved a glittering sword toward whatever was behind him.

"Get under cover," shouted the officer in the yard. "We can hold 'em here a bit. Into the house with you. Use the windows. Put the bedding in front of the walls!"

John and his father were brushed aside by

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the swarm of grimy, bloody, panting men who burst in upon them. They stood back against the walls, watching. Two men went to each of the rear windows facing the marsh, dragging the mattresses before them. One of them glanced out of the window as he worked.

"Golly!" he exclaimed, "they're comin' fast!"

The four men unstrapped their cartridge boxes and put them where they could reach them without moving. They smashed out the panes of the windows with the butts of their carbines, and poked the muzzles out warily. A bullet smashed the clock, which fell rattling and tinkling on to the floor. The four troopers looked around and laughed.

"*That* clock won't run!" one of them chuckled.

They commenced firing methodically, the reports of their rifles bellowing like thunder in the room. Empty paper cartridges littered the floor. The room grew hazy with the thick smoke, and the pungent smell of the burned powder made John and his father choke. Bullets incessantly struck the house. They could hear the guns of the men in the rooms upstairs, and the noise of their feet as they shifted their positions. One of the men, turning his head as he bit the end from a cartridge, saw the two white-faced farmers leaning nervelessly against the wall.

"You guys better lie down," he remarked casually, "or you'll get pinked."

A bullet struck one of the men at the windows squarely between the eyes. He fell back on to the floor, kicking out his legs stiffly. His companion, busy with his ramrod, did not turn his head.

"Are ye hit, Sam?" he asked. When the other did not answer, he looked around, frowned slightly, and went on firing. The man on the floor rolled over and fell against John's legs. John stepped over the body without looking down, and leaned against the wall closer to his father. Mr. Gibbs looked up at his son.

"They've shot a hole in the chimley," he said with stiff lips. "We'll hev t' fix that in the mornin'."

A grinding crash seemed to make the very walls of the house rock. The concussion of the explosion struck the ears of the men in the smoky room like the blow of a heavy pillow. A chorus of shrieks mingled with a patter of feet sounded outside.

"Cracky!" cried the talkative man at the window, craning his neck so that he might see better. "They put a shell right through that barn! It's on fire, too."

Mr. Gibbs suddenly started as though waking from a long sleep. He passed his hand across his forehead and looked at the man who had spoken.

"Barn on fire?" he queried sharply.

He crossed the room with quick, springy steps, peered out the window, then reached for the water pail. A bullet had passed through the pail, and the contents had long since spouted on to the floor, but the old man did not seem to notice this.

"The new plow's in there, John," he called, as he hurried to the door; "I'm goin' to save that, anyhow!"

John made a futile attempt to clutch his father's shoulder. "Come back, father!" he yelled, but the old man sped past and ran out into the yard.

"They'll pot the old codger sure," said the talkative trooper.

John hurried toward the door, but a trooper who had skulked up the lane under fire made a dash for the opening from the outside and they crashed together in the doorway. John struggled to his feet and looked out of the window. His father, bareheaded, and with the empty pail swinging in his hand, was halfway between the back steps and the shattered barn when a bullet caught him in the breast. He stopped as though he had run into a wagon-tongue in the darkness; the arm holding the pail grew limp, and he slouched down on his knees, the pail banging on to the ground beside him.

It seemed to John that the bullet had struck them both. The roar of the firing, the smell of the powder, all the rushing, red excitement of the past few hours seemed brushed aside in an instant, and he only saw his father lying dead in the familiar ruts of the lane. He seemed to see at once a thousand pictures of the gray-haired man as he had seen him all his life.

"He's dead," he muttered thickly; "father's dead, and mother's in the other room where she can't see." He turned to the talkative man's back. "He wasn't seventy yet," he explained, with a strange eagerness to make himself understood. "He might 'a' lived quite a while."

He could not take his eyes from the figure outside the window. He paid no attention to the bullets which twanged through the broken windows, bored through the thin walls, and

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THE ARTILLERYMEN WERE FRANTICALLY TRYING TO GET BACK AND TAKE WHAT THE CAVALRY HAD LAID OPEN TO THEM.

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whistled past his face. He did not see the dodging, hurrying gray shapes which stole up the fences along the lane and skulked through the stubble. A shell burst under the watering-trough and he did not even wink. The tall, talkative man had dropped his gun and was trying to stop the flow of blood from a hole in his shoulder, cursing steadily. A red-faced captain stood near John, watching the fields behind the house and firing his revolver over the shoulder of the man at the window.

"We can hold 'em if they don't shell the house," he said over and over again; "if they don't shell the house, yes, sir, we can hold 'em!"

A bullet sang through the room, coming from the other direction. The red-faced captain noticed it.

"Oh, Lord," he ejaculated, "they've got round us somehow; they're comin' from the other side!"

Something in the back of John's numbed memory stirred, and he hurried into the other side of the house. He found Mary stretched out on a couch. His mother knelt on the floor, her head on Mary's breast. She did not look up as he entered, seeming to sense who it was.

"Oh, John," she wailed, "she's dead, she's dead!"

Frantically he pushed his mother to one side and began hunting for the wound. His mother watched him with wide eyes while he tore at his wife's waist.

"She's not shot," gasped the woman; "she was scairt to death. We saw father——" her voice seemed simply to die out in her throat. John looked from the body of the girl to his mother, then raised both fists in the air.

"Damn this thing!" he said in even tones, "oh, damn it!"

He ran back into the kitchen. Outside he caught a glimpse of gray uniforms under the very windows. The red-faced captain was on the top of the back steps trying to keep off the bayonets of three infantrymen with his broken saber. The gray uniforms seemed to be all around the house. In a dazed way John noticed that the smoke was pouring down the stairway. A loaded carbine lay on the floor. He picked it up, raised the hammer, and ran out into the yard. A gray soldier, the butt of his gun lifted for a flail-like blow, hurled himself at him. John waited until the muzzle of the carbine almost touched the gray jacket before he pulled the trigger. He saw the scorched cloth around the little hole before the man went down before him.

Gray figures seemed to leap at him from every side. He backed against a clothes-post and commenced snapping the hammer until he realized that the gun was empty. Then he seized the weapon by the muzzle and swung it club-fashion before him. Behind him he could hear and smell the flames licking at the upper story of the house. He wondered if his mother had gotten out.

There was a sudden thunder of hoofs on all sides of the house. Blue-clad Yankee cavalry on gray horses, their sabers glittering in the sunlight, seemed to have sprung from the earth. The swarms of Confederates reeled and staggered under the shock. The young major had brought up his reserve company at the psychological moment. The gray infantry were caught at the instant when they could not form to face the horsemen.

Dimly John realized that the awful pressure on his eardrums was lessening, that the rush of battle was sweeping away from him. He could not understand; he only knew that there were no more gray figures in front of him. He turned around and stared at the blazing house. An instant he paused for a sidelong glance at the huddled figure by the water-pail, then he rushed through the doorway. There were a dozen still forms stretched on the awful slipperiness of the kitchen floor amid the litter of torn mattresses, broken glass, and empty cartridges. He rushed into the other room. The body of his wife lay on the couch where he had left it. His mother was not in sight.

"Mother!" he called. "Mother!"

The door on to the front porch stood ajar. He stumbled out—and found his mother. He hardly glanced at the pathetic figure, but walked on out into the yard. A flower bed, set in the midst of an old wagon-tire, bloomed red and glaring. He sat down beside it and looked back at the burning house. Across the road the artillerymen were frantically limbering up their pieces to get back to the ground they had left and take what the cavalry had laid open to them. John did not look up as the guns thundered back down the cluttered lane. The minutes dragged by, but he did not raise his head. Once he looked up when the roof fell in with a sputtering crash of burning timbers.

"Now that's gone," he muttered.

He dropped his head again and sat perfectly motionless until he felt a cold muzzle

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thrust against his hand. He looked down to see the collie nosing at his hand. He put both arms around the dog's neck, and something inside his breast seemed to burst. The hot tears leaped to his eyes, and he shook with deep, racking sobs.

"Oh, Shep," he sobbed, "Shep . . . "

An uncertain time later a hand fell on his shoulder. He looked up at the face of the major. It was grimy with sweat and dirt, and there was a bloody rag around his head, but he beamed with elation. "We licked 'em," he said enthusiastically, "licked 'em right with that cavalry They won't be coming this way again. Your farm——"

Suddenly he saw the man's face, and the smoking ruins of the house and barns. His face sobered. He reached down and patted the dog, passed his hand awkwardly over the broad, bowed shoulder of the man, and walked silently down the lane to help care for the wounded.

Their Investment

By

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE morning throng issued from the ferry terminal like a somber oil color from a squeezed tube, and from its center it disgorged Mr. Max Oppenheimer.

He cast his eyes about for a hansom cab. The sun had been shining on the close-cropped lawn of his Long Island estate when he had waved his perfunctory farewell to his family; now a cold drizzle was being blown against the edge of the city from the gray waters of the harbor. The dampness and chill of the morning made him wish that he and his were back in the Harlem apartment where there were steam heat, brass-buttoned boys, and the cheerful clang of the gilt elevator. He was irritated, too, because the only vehicle not already engaged was a common carriage: with the realization of his own affluence, which had come to him suddenly several years after he had really become wealthy, he had learned to appreciate the symbolism of champagne and hansoms.

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A dark green bottle with gilt and white label, conspicuously displayed at a table in a Broadway restaurant, bespoke wealth, luxury, position, and a graceful carelessness of cost more than any one thing that Mr. Oppenheimer could imagine; to him it was the conventional emblem of "being somebody." He knew not why; he hated the taste of the stuff! But more people always looked at it out of the corner of their eyes than if you had claret or Red Head duck, just as more people noticed you when you rode in a hansom instead of some other vehicle. The easy progress of the hansom cab through asphalted thoroughfares possessed more of the essence of rich metropolitanism. Ah! one had just driven up. He stepped into it, strained his thick neck upward, and directed the driver to his Broadway office. Then suddenly, as if a better thought had struck him, he tapped at the little window above and explained that he would go to one other place first.

The hansom, starting forward from the knotted traffic of vehicles about the ferry-house, rocked its way for a time over gray cobble paving and puddled crossing, passing through the district of wholesale establishments and warehouses where boxes and bales were piled up along the sidewalk and great trucks were backed up to the doors. Suddenly, however, it emerged into another section, of different type. Here cross streets were lined with red brick dwellings of threadbare respectability, thrusting their brownstone steps out on to the sidewalk like a regiment of soldiers at "parade rest"; each had the little white card of a furnished-room house at the door, and the continuity of the battalions was broken only by the apartment buildings here and there, with tailors' and bakers' dirty shops in the basements, and fire escapes clinging to the pretentious yellow brick fronts like so many metal vines.

The wind, laden with chill rain, swept these cross streets, beating viciously on the glass front of the cab; through the maze of glistening drops and wavering trickles of water on the glass, Mr. Oppenheimer watched the occasional bobbing of umbrellas, the coming and going of other vehicles they passed, and the corner lampposts that seemed to wriggle in the daylight like ill-fed and chilly ghosts who had been out all night. He was in a cheerless frame of mind.

As the cab drew up, with the irritating scrape of wheel on curb, he even thought of changing his mind a second time. The desire to look out for some one else had slipped away from him; yet, being there at his destination, at the door which bore the proper number, he climbed down, listing the vehicle with the weight of his short, fat body, and, having given instructions to the cabman, who was casting cynical glances toward the house and its stiff lace-curtained windows, he walked up the steps, puffing importantly, and rang the bell.

She who opened the door was evidently the proprietor of the place. Her black silk dress, like herself, was of uncertain antiquity: where her ample figure had filled it most, the material showed the greenish fuzz of wear. At one time she must have been wrinkled, but now that trouble, to a great extent, had been cosmetically rubbed out and the bloom of youth replaced by the shameless artifice of some sort of cheek stain. A brooch, doubtless an heirloom which adversity had inherited from days of good circumstances, assisted the attempted expression of eminent self-respect and dignity with which she regarded her sleek and prosperous visitor. She was a woman schooled well in the unsentimental scholarship of taking care of one's self, and yet, in spite of this fact, in spite of the formidable aspect which her dimensions and her square jaw presented, she was one of those persons who look upon life as a game of cheating in which, so far as oneself is concerned, pride compels the disadvantage of honest play. One among that large proportion of humanity who are born and raised, and live and die, on the defensive, this woman, to insure safety, carried defense to the point of aggression.

Mr. Oppenheimer, on the contrary, was used to having his way; he liked to think of himself as a very able man surrounded by a world of inferior force. He was business-like and direct. The gold chain upon which his eyeglasses were fastened was much too heavy for its purpose, and that seemed to represent something: it also was symbolic of money power; money power was symbolic of mightiness of personality. Mr. Oppenheimer held his eyeglasses between a thumb and forefinger and jiggled them at the landlady.

"Is Mr. Herrick back yet?" he asked.

"He isn't in. I am Mrs. Petersby. Any message?" She answered him in a rising inflection.

"Mrs. Herrick?" asked Oppenheimer brusquely.

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"She isn't in, either," replied the other. "She is——"

"Looking for Herrick?" he growled.

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Petersby. They stared at each other with eyebrows raised in knowing interrogation; Mrs. Petersby would have described it as an exchange of glances. "Then you know?" she asked.

Oppenheimer nodded. "Know? Know well enough! Yes, yes, I employ him. He's one of my men. He takes advantage of anybody treating him right. He works for a month all right and then—" he shrugged his shoulders—"I'll come in some morning and his desk hasn't been opened. No! shut and locked! and he's gone for a week. Who'd stand for that?—I ask you."

"Oh, then you are Mr. Oppenheimer!" exclaimed Mrs. Petersby. "Won't you step on the inside? The rain——"

He took off his stiff hat, shook the water drops from it, and waddled forward into the dark front hall, where for a moment he appreciated himself in the mirror of a black walnut hall stand and then, with frank rudeness, preceded her into the front parlor.

Everything in this room seemed to be broken, torn, or stained. Tassels were missing from the fringe of the dingy cover of the mantelpiece; the head of the Minerva that sat on the French clock had been knocked off and stuck on again with glue, a drop of which had hardened upon the metallic shoulder of the goddess; a gift book entitled "The Hudson River—Its Views, its Legends, Illustrated with many Engravings," that rested on the marble-topped table, no longer possessed a back cover, and the rose-patterned carpet had been patched with a new strip of startling brightness. Mr. Oppenheimer stood in the center of the room and looked about him critically, with the air of one who had been asked to purchase all its furnishings and wished, by a few glances of contempt, to convey the impression to the owner that the whole inventory was worth only a handful of change. He then unbuttoned his overcoat and with a corpulent sigh seated himself in the plush-covered chair at the window, his feet stretched out in front of him. His overcoat, coat, and fancy waistcoat gave Mrs. Petersby the impression that he was covered with endless layers of clothing.

"No, no, I can't stand it no longer," he said. "I can't put up with Herrick. Oh, no. I was sorry for the feller. Now I'm through, yes." He slapped his fat hands down onto his fat knees.

"Well, I've got my money very regular; that's fortunate!" said Mrs. Petersby. "Dear me, isn't it a shame?"

"Very common occurrence. World's full of people that ain't no good, madam; they are very common." He spoke of them as if their existence was of his own discovery. "Yes, yes. Now I'm willing to do a great deal for—well, philanthropy, eh? Yes, I'm able, of course, of course! But now Herrick——"

"I never knew just what—what position he occupied—what work he was doing." The landlady of the furnished-room house leaned forward expectantly. "Of course I knew he drank. Oh, I could tell you things! But I am not the sort of person to mix up much with people who lodge in my house. I try to make it nice and homelike for 'em, but as far as I am concerned—not me; they're not my kind."

Oppenheimer blinked at her with his beady eyes. "Certainly, certainly," he said. "That's business. I own, build, and rent apartment houses. Plenty—plenty of apartment houses, everything just right. Tiled floors—uptown—respectable people. This feller Herrick—he's an interior decorator. Does the specifications for my inside work—twenty-two apartment buildings. Oh, yes, he's got high-class ideas—too high class—not popular enough. I say red and gilt—red on the walls, gilt trimmings on the ceilings, red burlap, imitation marble, and something gilt—say bunches of grapes hanging all along the edge of the ceiling! That's the swell thing! It's what folks want—it tickles 'em. But I'm through with Herrick. He can't never set foot in my office again."

The landlady picked at the front of her dress with her rheumatic fingers; she had few ideas about interior decoration or how to deal with a man who suffered periodically from a craving for liquor.

Her visitor, not being answered, gazed despondently at a black and white cat that had entered the room with great solemnity, had given him a supercilious investigation, and now, with that keen snobbery of which no animal but a cat is capable, was licking her paws and paying no more attention to him than if he had been a plaster-of-Paris Napoleon.

"Mrs. Herrick is still out in the rain—poor woman," said the landlady, starting up suddenly. "She goes everywhere to find

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"HE'S ONE OF MY MEN," SAID OPPENHEIMER. "HE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF ANYBODY TREATING HIM RIGHT."

him. I only wish I dared tell you where. My stars! just to think! Everybody in my house is respectable, and it gives me a dreadful feeling when she comes back after one of her hunts. She's young, too. I think I'll have to speak to them—they'd better not stay—particular as Mr. Herrick is to be discharged. Who knows where my money would come from?"

Oppenheimer stretched his neck up so that the fold beneath his chin took a new position on his stiff collar. The picture of Mrs. Herrick in her lonely persistence, vainly searching for her husband in the haunts that his frenzy had chosen for him, did not please him.

"By chingoes!" he said. "By chingoes! I'm glad I came. Yes, this has got to be put a stop to. That's what I came for. I'll talk to her. She must leave him. He is no good—never be any better. She must leave him, certainly!"

"That would be a good idea," said the landlady. "She'll be back soon. She just happened to think he might be down in the waiting-room of the ferry-house. When he's ashamed to come back he likes to go down there and watch the people. She'll be in soon. Oh, you can talk to her all right."

Mr. Oppenheimer, without answering, listened to the ticking of the French clock. After a while he opened his mouth into a wide yawn. "Sentiment is bad for business," he growled. At this remark the cat rose gravely and with careless dignity sauntered to the door, where she looked up at the portière for a moment and then went out.

"Listen!" said Mrs. Petersby. A key rattled: somebody came into the hall. The landlady craned her neck to see. "My! she looks as if she was all worn to a frazzle," she said in a dull voice. Mr. Oppenheimer stood up, pulled down his waistcoat with a jerk, and adjusted his eyeglasses.

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"Mrs. Petersby!" cried the girl's voice. She entered the room almost running for companionship of any kind. "Oh, Mrs. Petersby—he wasn't there!" She stopped as she caught sight of Oppenheimer, but spoke no apology. During the moment in which he tried several times to begin to talk to her, he had an opportunity of studying his employee's wife for the first time.

She was short and plump, and yet her motions were not ungraceful. Had she not lost two nights' sleep and her peace of mind, she would undoubtedly have exhibited a bouncing vivacity and pink, wholesome cheeks; but now the wet, drooping feather of her hat, the dampened hair, and the blue-black areas about her reddened eyes suggested a hopeless to-day and a to-morrow of lost weight, lost color, lost brightness of eye, lost dimples at the mouth corners. One would have said that she was good-natured, and rather timid—possibly even very weak.

"The gentleman has come to see you," said Mrs. Petersby, allowing her own bulk to settle back into the chair as if her part had been performed.

"Yes, I am Mr. Oppenheimer," said the man. "Mr. Oppenheimer—I came myself."

Mrs. Herrick gripped his arm. "For God's sake, tell me! Has anything happened?" she cried. "Do you know where he is? Tell me!"

"No, no, madam," said he, drawing away. "Don't get excited. No. He has been away three days now. Yes indeed. It is all over. We can't do business with him like that. Or nobody else. Too much to ask, yes. Too much."

The little woman looked at him dully, as if she were only hearing phrases that her imagination had rehearsed to her many times. She brushed a strand of wet hair back from her forehead.

"I will tell him what you say," she returned, with a slow nodding of her head. "There are other positions open to him," she went on with quickened breath. "You have never paid him what he was worth to you."

Oppenheimer put on his glasses, puffed out his cheeks, stared at her, and raised an open palm toward her in a gesture of self-repression. "I am very sorry, yes," he said. "Of course I—the boss—did not come here—myself—in person—to fire Herrick from his job. No. I came here to speak with you. This is a very bad business for you. A stop must be put to it. I came to talk this over with you—just a little chat, eh?"

Mrs. Herrick turned toward him with a glance of suspicion and seated herself wearily, leaning back against the crocheted tidy that hung down the back of her chair and now served to frame her drawn face.

"Ah," said Mr. Oppenheimer. He was conscious of having won an opening, and his confidence returned to him as he wiped his forehead with a silk handkerchief. "I am a business man," he said. "Yes. Now Herrick is away. Herrick is off again. Exactly—what difference does it make? This one time is not the point. He will come back."

"Oh, it makes no difference to you!" cried Mrs. Herrick, her fingers crawling up and down the chair arms; "it makes no difference to any one—but me!"

"Sure!" exclaimed the other. "You see the point of this proposition—it is you. We will say you are a young woman, eh? We will say it is not right for you to go after him into such places as is—— not of elegance. No. We will say you are young and maybe healthy—certainly. Well, why throw yourself away? Why—I ask you with frankness and like a business man—why don't you leave him?"

He threw the upper part of his short body backward, and spread his hands apart in front of him as if to show that there was no answer. Mrs. Herrick did not, in fact, make any reply; her gray eyes, tired with weeping, stared back at him with no evidence of her emotions. Yet the little forlorn smile at her mouth indicated that she understood that he had spoken from the best of motives.

"Um, Mrs.—eh?—Petersby. If you had rather not stay—" suggested Oppenheimer.

"I rather—had!" snapped the landlady, so indignant that she pulled at her own ear lobes. She, too, did not lack faith in him, but her vanity was easily offended. Oppenheimer glared at her with the glare that he had found was so successful in frightening his little stenographer; but upon this amazon of furnished rooms, who knew the art of glares herself, it had no effect. He stopped for a moment, gathering his thoughts.

"No, madam, the proposition is like this," he went on, ignoring Mrs. Petersby. "Herrick is down and out; he is purely and simply a liability. But there is no reason why you should be also like him, eh? We will say that you are not used to life—certainly—life like this—"

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"No, I am not," said the little woman, looking up, her pride evidently touched. "I came here from Iowa; everybody knew us in our town. Why, I taught school. They know I'm married now, but they don't know anything else—I can tell you. I wouldn't give them the satisfaction!"

"Certainly—a lady," replied Oppenheimer. He looked about at the dingy room. "This is not swell enough," he commented. "No. I am a business man, and I say take what you can get. Now we'll say you leave Herrick. Well, you've got education. My wife is no longer in business. But she is a good woman. She could get you a fine job. Twenty dollars a week, eh? My wife has a friend, Mrs. Rosenthal, a milliner, Fifth Avenue. She calls herself Madame Jeannette D'Abry—that's business. My wife would get you a job with her. Oh, you can know swell people, certainly. You wouldn't live like this, by chingoes! No lying awake wondering, eh? Lots of money—for a woman! Oh, you'd be able to do it!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Herrick, examining the backs of her hands, "I would be able to do it." She looked up with another faint smile.

"A woman can have a career of her own in these days," Mr. Oppenheimer asserted. He spoke as one who had lived through many ages and had observed.

"I quite agree," said Mrs. Petersby in a deep bass voice from the sofa.

"A career," repeated the little woman as if his suggestion brought up many memories. "Yes, I was to have a career. I was to sing. I haven't practised for four years—since I was married. People back home still think they will see my name in the papers some day. They would hardly know me; they——" She jumped up, walked to the window, looked out in the gray street with its ash barrels leaning disconsolately against one another on the edge of the sidewalk. She looked quickly up and down as far as she could see by pulling back the starchy curtains and turned into the room again with patient disappointment on her round face.

Oppenheimer's sleek sides shivered. "Ugh!" said he. "It is not a good thing like this. A woman has no business sense to keep on with a man like him. He is a nice feller, but here is the proposition—it will always be like this. Certainly, none of 'em are better. They all make worse and worse. A woman who gives up everything to a feller like that is a fool." He shook his forefinger in the air. "I tell you, I've seen transactions like this before. A woman thinks she can make a something from such a man as he is. No, I say! It was never done." His voice broke in its upward flight and he fell to coughing, becoming very red across the forehead with the exertion.

"I know very well how it is," put in Mrs. Petersby. "I had a niece who went to her grave doing for a good-for-nothing man. She used to hope every time it happened that it wouldn't ever happen again; but he'd go away for days at a time. It positively reminds me——" She nodded significantly at Mrs. Herrick. "And my niece's husband was a master plumber—working men aren't half so bad that way as an architect or a gentleman or somebody like that when once they get a-goin'. Mercy on us; it's hoping that keeps women tied down to a man."

"Hoping!" ejaculated Mr. Oppenheimer. "You bet—yes—hope will put you into bankruptcy."

Mrs. Herrick looked from one to the other of them and pressed her cold palms against her hot forehead.

"It's all over with Mr. Herrick," said Oppenheimer, beaming upon the little woman with a kindly expression as if he had assured her of something pleasant. "It will always be like this. Certainly. You have no friends, no money, no good times. You are always afraid he will be gone away once more again. By and by you will be no longer young. You won't get such a good job. Perhaps you will be sick, but he will still be blowing in the money. That is big foolishness."

She stared at him in dazed wonderment.

"Certainly," he went on. "Why did I come to see you, eh? Because he tells me how nice a woman—excuse me, please—I'll tell you why. I think of you without any friends here, and everything goes all right with me and all wrong with you. I am a business man, but I am a good feller. I say to myself, 'What a fool she is not to go away from him.' Certainly. And I thinks to myself: 'Now when I have got to fire him she will listen.'"

"That is very sensible," said Mrs. Petersby sharply. "They pay six dollars a week for the room."

"Certainly, certainly," Oppenheimer continued, fumbling in his clothing. "I am a

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"YOU'D BETTER LET ME GO ON BEING A FOOL," SHE SAID WEARILY.

good feller." He produced a bundle of papers from an inside pocket, from among which he picked out a red leather check book. "You leave this loafer. How much is the expenses back to your home in Iowa, eh? I'll just write you a little check. Don't say a word. Send it back when you feel like it. Not a cent's worth of interest!" He bent over the table with a fountain pen in his fingers. "The initials?"

When he turned toward the wife she was looking at him with a trace of terror in her unblinking eyes, and she swayed a little in her chair, as if she were dizzy.

"Ah, come, come now," he said impatiently. "Better begin all over again. Go out there and take a rest, and then if you want to get a job—say, Mrs. Rosenthal's—oh, I've got influence in many, many places. I'll speak to my wife, I'll tell her all about it. She knows best—a business woman. Begin all over again, eh? What's the initials? How much will do?"

Mrs. Herrick rose from her chair slowly; she seemed weak. Her dress drooped in untidy, rumpled folds, as if this plump little woman had suddenly grown thin; and her hands were shut very tight.

"You'd better let me go on being a fool," she said wearily, as if to avoid further explanations.

Mrs. Petersby gasped. "I *am* surprised!" she said. "Common sense is common sense."

"Of course it is," urged Mr. Oppenheimer. "Just take account of stock, my dear madam. There isn't anything to make here but misery, living like this, yes." He felt as if he were trying to put through a large deal in realty. The comfort of his vanity was at stake. "Sure, there is a fierce time for you—with Herrick. No money, no fun."

"Perhaps," said the little woman, with a faint smile, "perhaps—for a while."

"For a while!" cried the other, wriggling his stubby fingers at her. "For a while? Forever! He won't get no better. They never do. The women who try to fix up

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with men like that—ugh! it is a foolishness! They are crazy, I tell you. They fail. Yes, they throw themselves away for nothing. Each time the man says it is the last time, eh? The woman she thinks it is the last time, eh? Sure! sure! But there is always another and another and another. Haven't I been a fool myself? Didn't I give this Herrick every chance?"

"Not every chance," said Mrs. Herrick. "Nobody will give him every chance—but me."

"But you?" Oppenheimer pulled down the edges of his stiff collar; they had irritated his neck. He looked at her carefully, as if to find another point of attack, and his beady eyes rested on her left hand, which was pressed against the side of her little round face. He fell to pacing up and down majestically, with new confidence, so that Mrs. Petersby, wondering what was to issue from him, stood up and fastened her attention upon him. Suddenly he stopped in front of Mrs. Herrick as she stood in the shadow looking out across the room and into the rain-dimmed street, with vacant eyes. "Ha!" he said, pointing to her hand with his eyeglasses. "You wear a wedding ring. Yes. There is no engagement ring. No. No ring with the eighty-dollar stone in it that Herrick gave you. He has told me he gave it to you! You had to sell it. Certainly; that is the kind of deal you are in, eh?"

The woman gave a little cry, snatching her hand out of sight as if there had been blood stains on it. "Don't tell him!" she cried. "He mustn't know! He doesn't know it yet. It was after the last time."

Oppenheimer adjusted the glasses on the thick ridge of his nose, bent his head forward, and looked at her over the rims, nodding slowly. Finally he spoke. "Haven't I been patient and nice about this, eh? I'm a good feller. They say Oppenheimer, he has no heart, eh? Well, you are tied to this loafer who is no good, you have no friends, so I say here is a check, so that you can leave this feller and start a new proposition, eh?"

The landlady came forward and stood near him, her hands folded in the posture of one who has sided with all that is wise, virtuous, and right. Mrs. Herrick looked up at them both, at the bulk and tinted cheeks and square jaw of the woman, at the luxurious waistcoat and gold-chained eyeglasses and fat, white hands of the successful man of business.

"Oh, just let me tell you," she said softly; "you see the trouble is, that I love him."

Mr. Oppenheimer folded the check which he had written, very carefully, and slipped it into his overcoat pocket.

"And there is something else," Mrs. Herrick went on, pulling at her fingers. "Even if I didn't love him I wouldn't leave him, because there is only me to give him every chance—every chance—always! I will have to answer for him some time. I don't know when, but some time it will be said to me, 'Mary Herrick, what did you do with him?'"

Oppenheimer attempted to reply. "Ha! hut suppose what is asked you is, 'Mary Herrick, what did you do with yourself?' Sure. Suppose they ask it, eh?" He faltered a little with his question.

She stepped one pace toward them, and the feather on her hat, still wet and bedraggled, toppled over the edge of the brim, dragging the hat itself askew, so that for a moment she looked like a very much driven, beaten, and inglorious bit of humanity.

"You want to know what I would say?" she answered. "I can tell you. I would say that I had tried to make him. I would say that perhaps the chances were against me, but that I took 'em all the same. I would say that I made that business my career; I knew what I was doing. I would say I sold my ring or coat or anything I had. I would say I went and looked for him in the lowest kind of places. If it ever happened to be so, I would say I went hungry or without a bed in order to do what I set out to do!"

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs. Petersby, rolling her flimsy handkerchief into a little ball. The false color stood out with unusual brilliance on her cheeks.

"They could know that I stayed awake at nights and cried about him," Mary Herrick went on, "if that was any satisfaction to 'em. I ain't ashamed of it. I never held it over his head, anyway! They could know it all. They could know it didn't make any difference what happened—whether I got so I hated this city and boarding-houses and cheap, greasy meals and the kind of folks I ain't used to. Yes, or whether I couldn't have the right clothes—or I don't care what! But I'd tell you what they'd know! They'd know I stuck to him. Stuck, stuck, stuck!" She straightened her arms and held them back of her as if she invited the landlady and Oppenheimer to strike her on her upturned

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face. "That's what I am going to do. I don't care! I'm going to stick!"

Mr. Oppenheimer, though she had finished, still plucked at the buttons of his rounded waistcoat. He stared for a moment at the little woman before him and then at Mrs. Petersby, who turned her head quickly, set her jaw firmly, and strode out of the room with very stiff and precise tread.

"By chingoes!" he exclaimed. He drew the folded check out of his pocket again, unfolded it, read it over carefully, and shook his head as if the writing on it had suddenly lost its magic charm. He looked covertly at Mary Herrick, who was watching him, and slowly tore it up.

"By chingoes," he said, "you make that your business, eh? I see it like that—a business proposition. Sure. You invest in *him*." He looked squarely at her, mopping his forehead again. "Certainly. I was all wrong, yes?"

MARY HERRICK, ON THE STEPS, SANG A FEW NOTES OF AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN SONG.

She nodded.

Suddenly a smile spread over his broad face.

"Is there any stock on the market, eh? I think some day—yes—there be some dividends. A business proposition?"

"No, no," said she, "it's not money, Mr. Oppenheimer."

The smile dropped suddenly. "By chingoes, where do I come in?" His voice grew pathetic in its weakness; his hands trembled. "Ain't I a good feller? They say Oppenheimer—he don't care for nobody. I don't care how they say it, no; but Mrs. Herrick, you are all right. I like you. I like your business. You've got me on that. It's all right, sure."

She scrutinized his face with a puzzled expression on her own.

"Don't you understand?" he complained, spreading his hands apart. "I don't want you to say 'Oppenheimer don't care for nobody.' I want you to say 'Oppenheimer is a good feller.' I want you to tell George Herrick to come back—his job is waiting for him. And suppose they say, "What business are you in?' I want you to tell 'em just the same thing you told me, just like you told it to me! Yes, and when they say, 'Who is your partner in this business, eh?' you say, 'Oh, Mr. Oppenheimer—he is my partner!'"

The tears welled up in her eyes. "And," she said—"and——"

"Wait," said he. "I want to finish. I want to tell you. Yes. Well, suppose they say, 'What kind of a partner is this feller Oppenheimer?' By chingoes! you say to them, 'Oppenheimer?—He sticks!'"

She reached out to touch his hand; it was gone. He was stumbling across the room toward the hall. He bumped into the doorway as if blind. The gold chain and eyeglasses flapped about behind him. He seized his hat from the wabbling stand; he flung open the door; he tripped and swayed and stumbled down the brownstone steps. He threw himself into the waiting hansom. It started on through the rain. It swayed toward the corner—hesitated there—

Oppenheimer—business! Mary Herrick, on the steps, in the rain, sang a few notes of an almost forgotten song.

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The Poison Bugaboo

By

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF
"THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD," "THE MYSTERY"
(WITH STEWART EDWARD WHITE), ETC.

ROMANCE revels in the peril of the unknown. Lapped about with the armor-plate of civilization, the modern citizen muses relishingly, like a child beguiling himself with ogre tales, upon the terrors which lie just beyond his ken. To his mind,

> A stone's throw out on either hand,
> And all the world is wild and strange.

Avid for sensation, he peoples the remoteness of forest and mountain with malign and destructive creatures, whence has grown up an extensive and astonishing literature of snake and insect poison lore.

"Deadly" is the master word of the cult. The rattlesnake is "deadly." The copperhead and moccasin are "deadly." So is the wholly mythical puff adder. In hardly less degree is the tarantula "deadly," while varying lethal capacities are ascribed to the centipede, the scorpion, the kissing-bug, and sundry other forms of insect life. The whole matter is based upon the slenderest foundations. I don't mean, by this, that these ill-famed species are wholly innocuous. It would be highly inadvisable to snatch a kiss from a copperhead or to stroke a tarantula's fur the wrong way. But one could do it and live to boast of the achievement. Pseudo-science to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no living thing within the boundaries of the United States of America whose bite or sting is sure death or (with one possible exception) even probable death.

There are five varieties of venomous serpents in this country: three of them Crotalids, and two belonging to the Elaps family. The Elaps are rather rare. The Crotalids (rattlesnake, moccasin, and copperhead) are common, and of the widest geographical distribution. Yet, on the basis of actual evidence, the amazing fact stands out that only about eighty persons, so far as is ascertainable, have ever died from snake bite in the United States. Nowhere in the Civil War records does a death from this cause appear, though hundreds of thousands of men were living "on the country," and at a time when the serpent clan was much more numerous than now.

Estimates vary as to the proportion of deaths to bites. Prentiss Willson believes that something over ten per cent. of all persons bitten by venomous snakes in the United States die. As to how many of these succumb, not to the venom, but to the misdirected efforts of misguided friends at treatment—an extremely important differentiation—he lacks the data upon which to base a reckoning. S. Weir Mitchell's figures indicate 8.7 per cent. mortality for rattlesnake bite. This would make the venom about as dangerous as the toxin of typhoid fever, which is not generally regarded as a necessarily "deadly" disease. Other writers go as high as fifteen per cent. for the rattlesnake and as low as one per cent. for the copperhead.

All general estimates seem to me to leave one basic element out of consideration—the unnoted, non-fatal snake bites. That a bite resulting in death will eventually get itself reported is reasonably certain. On the other hand, I am satisfied, from talking with plantation owners in the South, with ranchmen in the West, and with woodsmen and hunters all over the country, that, in the remoter regions, many instances of poisoning by copperheads and the smaller rattlesnakes never attain the dignity of being listed, so insignificant are they in their effects. Were all these to be recorded, I believe that the mortality ratio would fall notably.

Although I have been interested in the subject for many years, I have never met a man

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who has seen a fatal case of snake bite. More than this, my friend Mr. Stewart Edward White, a noted hunter and explorer of untrodden ground in regions infested by reptiles, has known of but one case terminating in death which he believes to be authentic. Dr. J. A. Mitchell, of Victoria, Texas, one of the most experienced of field observers, has never met with an instance of fatality from this cause. Dr. Mitchell believes that horses always, and dogs almost always, recover from rattlesnake bite. He confirms, from observation, the mysterious fact that hogs exhibit absolute immunity from the venom.

WHISKY VS. SNAKEBITE

Be it remembered always that death following snake bite is not necessarily the same thing as death from snake bite. Error in treatment plays no small part in vitiating the statistics. For "error" read "whisky." Whoever is primarily responsible for the hoary superstition that liquor in huge doses is useful in snake poisoning has many a life to answer for. Apart from any adventitious aid whatsoever, whether from a snake or any other source, a whole bottle of raw whisky forced down the throat of a man unaccustomed to alcohol is pretty likely to kill him, and is absolutely certain to cause grave poisoning. Add to this that it is given, often, in such a manner that the reaction from it comes contemporaneously with the heart collapse caused by the venom, and a telling commentary upon the method is suggested. It is a question whether alcohol should ever be given in such cases without the advice of a physician. Certain it is that it should not be poured into the victim in quantities limited only by the flask-contents of the bystanders.

Several years ago I saw two interestingly contrasted cases of copperhead bite. The first patient was a powerful, full-blooded, temperate, Irish day-laborer who, while road-mending, was bitten on the back of the hand between two fingers. His fellows hustled him off to a room over a neighboring saloon, where they proceeded to administer the classic treatment. Before the doctor arrived they had introduced a quart and a half of whisky into a stomach unused to anything stronger than beer in small quantities. Six hours later, when I saw the man through the wreckage of chairs, tables, and bedding, four battered friends were trying to hold him down. They thought he was having convulsions from the snake venom. He wasn't. He was having delirium tremens from the whisky. His arm and shoulder were purple and swollen. Later he collapsed.

"Will he die?" I asked the doctor.

"He won't die of the bite, but I think he will of the whisky," replied the disgusted practitioner.

But he didn't. His splendid physique pulled him through. It was long, however, before he wholly recovered from the effects of the two poisons.

This was in a Hudson River town. Only a few miles away a negro boy, shortly after, was struck by a copperhead on the bare leg. The wound was a deep, double-fanged puncture. While the boy's father rushed for whisky, his mother ran for the doctor. The doctor got there first. He opened up the wound and rubbed in permanganate of potash to oxidize the venom and destroy its toxic properties. When I talked with the boy, two days later, he was hobbling about on a crutch, and the swelling had almost subsided. Setting the boy's lesser age and resistant power against the fact of the laborer's being bitten in a worse place (for crotaline venom is much more effective in an upper limb or extremity than in a lower), we have a fairly illustrative instance of the relative merits of alcoholic and non-alcoholic measures.

WHEN RATTLESNAKES KILL

Thirteen cases of death following rattlesnake and copperhead bite in which satisfactory clinical data were obtainable, are given by Prentiss Willson. Of the victims, five were young children, one was a fourteen-year-old boy, one a chronic drunkard, and one a leper who submitted to the stroke of a captive rattlesnake in the mad hope that it would cure his affliction. It did—in twenty-four hours. Of the remaining five, three were dosed with alcohol in large quantities. In several of the cases, notably those of the children, there seemed to be at least an even chance of recovery, when the ligatures binding the affected limb were loosened to relieve the pain, with quickly fatal results. Two of the fatalities were attributed, not immediately to the venom, but to the secondary blood-poisoning, this being the case with the only copperhead bite in the list.

Death resulting typically from crotaline poisoning occurred in two instances, one the fourteen-year-old boy, who was struck by a

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large rattlesnake and died in six hours, despite skilled and prompt medical attendance; the other, a Dr. Post, into whose veins, it would appear, the poison entered immediately, since a jet of blood spurted from the wound inflicted by the captive rattlesnake. The man passed from great agony into coma, from which he never rallied, death ensuing in five hours after the bite. There is nothing in these data to indicate that a full-grown man in normal health, and with proper treatment, will succumb to crotaline poisoning unless the venom enters a vein, direct.

In the matter of the comparative potency of snake poisons, there are apparent contradictions. In the order of recorded fatalities, the rattlesnake ranks easily first, with the water moccasin a rather distant second, and the copperhead a very poor third. Yet experiments upon animals indicate that moccasin venom is five times as powerful as rattlesnake, though only three times as powerful as copperhead. Taking the cobra as the basis of estimate, it requires only twice as much moccasin venom as it does cobra poison to kill a guinea pig, whereas it requires six times as much copperhead and ten times as much rattlesnake virus. Why, then, is the rattler preeminent over its more virulent cousins? Probably for two reasons—the greater amount of venom secreted, and the superior power with which the rattler drives its fangs home.

NO VIPERS IN THIS COUNTRY

Fully as much terror attaches, in the country districts, to the puff adder or sand viper as to the rattlesnake or copperhead. This is a suggestive bit of superstition, since there's no such thing as an adder or viper on the Western hemisphere and never has been one, unless it came, carefully pickled, in a jar. What passes for the supposedly deadly reptile is the common hog-nosed or bull snake. It is about as dangerous as an infuriated rabbit. But it puts up one of the best "bluffs" known to natural history. When caught at its favorite occupation of basking in the open, without convenient avenue of escape, it flattens its head, and strikes right and left, blowing and hissing with an aspect much more terrifying than that of the truly venomous species. Then, when the objects of its fury have taken to trees or adjacent fences, it glides quietly away into the grass and effaces itself. Any one who has the nerve to look it between the eyes may uncover its pretense. For by this token may be known the real Crotalids from the mock: a small but distinct pit between eye and nostril. Lacking this mark, no ventral crawler in the land of the free need cause a flutter in the most timid breast, with one notable exception.

BEWARE THE ELAPS

Shun, as you would a rabid dog, a pretty little red-and-black banded serpent about as thick as your thumb. If any living creature whose habitat is the United States deserves the epithet "deadly," it is the Elaps. Two species are known; the harlequin snake, which ranges throughout the Gulf states to Texas and up the Mississippi River to Ohio, and the Sonoran coral snake, found in the Southwest only. By a strange perversion of facts, while the harmless hog-nosed snake enjoys a repute of terror, the Elaps, most dangerous of all American reptiles, is commonly regarded as harmless. Partly this is due to its slight and graceful prettiness, partly to its innocent-appearing head, which shows no flattening (the popularly understood mark of the venomous species), and partly to its lethargic and peaceful disposition. Experimenters wishing to secure the venom of the Elaps often find it difficult to rouse the snake to striking wrath.

Very few instances are known of Elaps bite, but those few unquestionably set this ornamental creature in a class by itself, among American Ophidia, for "results." Out of eight well-authenticated cases of Elaps bite, six of the victims died. This is believed to indicate a falsely large percentage, however, the scientific estimate of mortality being somewhere between twenty-five and fifty per cent.

A government scientist tells me of a curious result from coral-snake bite which came under his notice. The victim, who was handling the reptile preparatory to photographing it, apparently overstepped the bounds of its habitual forbearance, for it fastened upon his finger with such determination that it had to be pried off. The man soon became unconscious, but rallied, and, after three days of dubious condition, recovered. Every year since, at about the anniversary of the bite, an ulcer forms upon the finger and the nail sloughs off. I have heard of similar recurrent effects from crotaline poisoning, but none scientifically attested, as is this phenomenon.

Before passing from the subject of snakes,

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let me make one point clear. While the venomous snakes of this country are by no means "deadly" in the ordinary sense of the term, their bite is always serious, both in its immediate effects and in the possibility of after effects. The bitten person should get to a physician at once. The immediate treatment is prompt incision and sucking of the wound. Permanganate of potash for rubbing into the bitten place should always be carried by persons traveling in a snake-infested country. If the bite is on a limb, a light ligature will check the spread of the venom. Use whisky sparingly, if at all, and then only in case of complete collapse.

The local treatments are most effective while the venom is still around the site of the bite, and will reduce the injurious effects considerably. But after half an hour or so the absorption of the venom becomes more general and the local treatments ineffective. When the venom once enters into general circulation no chemicals or medication can neutralize its effects, except a specific antivenin, such as has been prepared by Dr. Noguchi at the Rockefeller Institute in New York. Antivenin is the only antidote that can counteract the action of venom anywhere in the body. It finds the venom wherever it is present and neutralizes it there, without producing any ill effects on the system.

GILA MONSTER NOT SO MONSTROUS

Dissension and discussion have raged for years about the hideous head of the Gila monster. This great lizard of the Southwest has been pronounced absolutely deadly by one set of partisans, and absolutely harmless by another. Somewhere between lies the truth. If any human being has actually been bitten by a heloderma, the event has either escaped notice or has been so hedged about with obstructive legend as to have forfeited scientific credence. But the saurian itself has been studied and dissected, and its venom has been analyzed. The venom is related to snake poison, but is neither crotaline nor elapine. From animal experiments it is thought that it might be fatal to man under unfavorable conditions. There are no fangs proper. The poison gland is in the lower jaw, instead of in the upper, as in snakes, and its product is projected through small ducts which open in the gums outside the teeth. The Gila monster has the grip of a bulldog. Torture will not loosen its hold, once fastened on. It is through this intimate contact that the venom works into the wounds.

Fortunately, the lizard is slow to anger, and prefers flight to battle, so it is likely to be long before science has an opportunity of studying the effect of its envenomed jaw-clamp upon man. There are a few vaguely rumored reports of prospectors having perished, in the desert, of Gila monster poison, but these are so confused with symptoms suspiciously resembling alcoholic poisoning as to lead Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, an authority upon the Reptilia, to remark that "a quart of raw whisky, practically given at one dose, may prove more fatal than the bite of ten helodermas."

Almost any kind of an insect bite or sting *may* prove fatal. So may a pin scratch, if the blood of the subject be in bad enough condition. There is a well-substantiated case of a trained nurse who died from blood poisoning following a mosquito bite. Ant bite has resulted fatally, as has a single sting from the common wasp. No one, however, considers these everyday insects as "deadly." But substitute "scorpion" for "ant," and "centipede" for "wasp," and shrieks of dismay rise from the general throat. Yet perhaps there is no other variety of harmful creature whose reputation rests upon so meager a foundation as that of these two.

True, an El Paso report claims that a man stung by a whip scorpion died in twelve hours; but the details are so vague as to be in a high degree unconvincing. Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, a witness of unimpeachable scientific competency, describes the sting, after several personal encounters with the vigorous tropical species, as no worse than that of a large hornet. Dr. L. B. Rowland, of Florida, says: "My wife has been stung several times [by the common scorpion]. It is like a wasp sting, only."

THE SCORPION'S STING

The Mexican scorpion enjoys an evil repute, which, from personal observation, I consider greatly exaggerated. Stewart Edward White was so obliging as to afford me excellent opportunity of judging, in the course of a recent hunting trip which we took together in a hot and remote Mexican desert. Mr. White, in the process of disrobing, sat down upon a brown scorpion, an inch and a half long. The scorpion punctured Mr. White twice. I noted his symptoms. They were chiefly surprise and indignation. Within half an hour

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he was asleep, and on the following day he was riding a mule. The scorpion, however, died.

With respect to the centipede, satisfactory data are difficult to obtain. Some scientists whose observations are worthy of note state that the legs of this curious creature secrete a poison, and that their trail over human flesh is marked by a sort of rash, sometimes followed by fever. As showing that this is not an invariable phenomenon, I may set the circumstantial account given me by Captain Robert Kemp Wright, who, at his place at Pitch Lake, Trinidad, saw a good-sized centipede crawl across the forehead of his sleeping son. Not daring to make a move, as the centipede is supposed to strike very swiftly, Captain Wright was compelled to stand still while it slowly made its way to the pillow and thence to the floor, where it was killed. The boy, who had neither waked nor moved, showed absolutely no trace of the reptile's course.

THE DEADLY TARANTULA—IN PRINT

The only direct evidence which has come to me regarding the bite of the hundred-legged crawler was from an English naturalist whom I met in Venezuela. He was bitten on the ankle by a centipede nearly a foot long. So severe was the laceration that his sock was clotted with blood before he could get it off. The two punctures were marked. Almost immediately the ankle began to swell. The pain he describes as being equal to a bad toothache. It kept him awake all that night. He had some fever, which, however, he attributes rather to the loss of sleep than to any specific action of the poison, as there were no other general symptoms. In the morning the pain had abated a good deal, and he believes that he could have gone about his pursuits had he been able to get his sock and shoe on. He noted some discoloration about the wound. Late in the afternoon he was hobbling about. A week in a carpet slipper was the extent of disability which he suffered. On these evidences it would seem just, for the present, to set down the scorpion and the centipede as painful, rather than dangerous, assailants.

Diseased imagination could invent no creature more horrific of appearance than the tarantula. Its bristling and hostile aspect, the swift ferocity of its rush, its great size, and its enthusiastic preference for combat as against flight, are sufficient to account for the fear and respect in which it is generally held. But, though several species of the huge spider are native to the United States, and others frequently drop out of banana bunches from South or Central America, to the discomfiture of the unsuspecting grocer, no authentic instance of death from tarantula poison in this country is obtainable. St. Louis papers please copy, particularly that one which, several years ago, announced in appropriately black headlines:

IN TWO WEEKS

Three Men Have Died From Bites of Tarantulas.

proceeding to explain that the victims were banana handlers in the wholesale fruit district. No names were supplied—a common phenomenon in this class of obituary notice. Search in the coroner's records failed to bring to light any case of the sort, and an exhaustive inquiry in the fruit district was equally unproductive. The report was a pure fake.

Apparently of the same nature is the "news story" of a Californian who, presumably mistaking a tarantula for a fragrant floweret, was bitten on the nose and "died in great agony." That, of course, is the proper way to die under such circumstances. They all do it—in print.

Now let us see about the "agony." Herbert H. Smith, the naturalist and collector, saw a man bitten on the bare foot by a tarantula (Mygale) so hard as to draw blood. There was very little swelling, and the man paid no heed to the occurrence, but went on with his work.

I have talked with a Southern Pacific Railroad fireman who was jabbed on the wrist by a large tarantula. Some years before, he had been stung on the cheek by a "bald" hornet. He wasn't inclined to make any choice between the two except that the tarantula (not the wound) "looked a d—— sight more scary." He didn't let the bite interfere with his job, even for the day.

On the other hand, Dr. Murray-Aaron records serious symptoms following two bites upon the hand by a large female trapdoor tarantula; pain comparable to that of the worst earache, involuntary twitching of arms, legs, lips, and tongue, great swelling and discoloration of the hand and forearm, and considerable suffering for four days, with occasionally recurrent pains for a month. This, however, was in Haiti. And even there, he believes, death never follows tarantula bite unless the subject is in a depleted state of resistance from blood-disease or other cause.

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Under the heading "Fatal Spider Bite" there is a considerable and interesting newspaper bibliography. The details do not analyze well. Often the name of the supposed victim doesn't appear; and where names and specifications are given, the evidence is hardly sufficient, as a rule, to convict the insect of any crime more serious than mayhem. For example, a young woman in Brooklyn awoke one morning to find a swollen spot on her body. On the bed was (according to allegation) a spider. Some ten days later she died. For a long period she had been in ill health. Yet the death was credited to the spider, though specific symptoms of venomous poisoning were lacking.

The instance of a young woman in an Eastern state is significant. Thrusting her foot into an old slipper, she felt a sharp jab upon the point of her index digit. Upon hasty removal of the footgear, she saw, or supposed she saw, a large and ferocious spider dart forth. This, to her mind, was evidence both conclusive and damning. Seizing upon the carving knife, she promptly cut off her perfectly good toe, bound up the wound, and sent for the doctor, thereby blossoming out in next day's print as a "Heroine who had Saved her own Life by her Marvelous Presence of Mind." The thoughtful will wonder, however, whether the lady wouldn't have got at the real root of the matter by cutting off her head instead of her toe.

SPIDER HYSTERIA

Imagination and terror undoubtedly account for certain general symptoms in this class of injury. Colonel Nicholas Pike, a competent observer, records a case of a man slapping his hand down upon a window sill and feeling a lively stab in the palm. At the same moment a small spider ran across the back of his fingers and was captured. There was a distinct puncture in the hand. Here, then, was a definite case, where the wound and the insect were both in evidence. But examination of the arachnid's fangs satisfied Colonel Pike that they were far too small and weak to penetrate the tough skin where the wound was. Meantime the victim exhibited the classic symptoms of venomous poisoning: numbness, nausea, chills, and threatened collapse. A physician, being summoned, examined both the victim and the accused, and took Colonel Pike's view that the spider was innocent. The man was wrathful, with the indignation of terror. He said he guessed he knew whether he was bitten or not, and that the physician's business was to eschew idle speculations and go ahead and save his life if it wasn't already too late. Thereupon the doctor opened up the wound and extracted a section of a fine needle. The other half was found sticking in the window sill where a careless seamstress had fixed it. The spider had been a fortuitous arrival. The man made one of the quickest recoveries recorded.

THE "RED-SPOT"—DANGEROUS

Strangely enough, the one really dangerous spider on the American continent is small, obscure, and practically unknown to popular or journalistic hysteria. Latrodectus mactans is its scientific name. It is about the size of a large pea, black with a red spot on the back—a useful danger signal—and spins a small web in outhouses or around woodpiles. So far as is known, its poison is the most virulent and powerful, drop for drop, secreted by any living creature. Cobra virus, in the minute quantity which the Latrodectus's glands contain, would probably have no appreciable effect upon man; whereas the tiny spider's venom, in the volume injected by the cobra's stroke, would slay a herd of elephants. Were this little-known crawler as large as the common black hunting spider of our gardens and lawns, its bite would be almost invariably fatal. Happily, the "red-spot's" fangs, being small and weak, can with difficulty penetrate the skin, and are able to inject venom in dangerous quantity only when the bite is inflicted upon some tender-skinned portion of the body. Nevertheless, fatalities consequent upon the bite of this insect are sufficiently well attested to take rank as established scientific facts.

One of the most detailed comes from an intelligent farmer of Greensboro, North Carolina. A workman in his employ, while hauling wood, brushed at something crawling upon his neck and felt a sharp, stinging sensation. He found a small, black spider with a red spot. This was at 8.30 A.M. Presently, ten small white pimples appeared about the bitten spot, though no puncture was visible and there was no swelling. The pain soon passed, but returned in three hours and became general, finally settling in the abdomen and producing violent cramps. At one o'clock the man had a spasmodic attack. Two hours later he had so far recovered as to be able to go back to

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work, for an hour. Then the spasms took him again; he sank into coma, and died between ten and eleven o'clock that evening, about fourteen hours after the bite. At no time were there local symptoms or swelling, other than the slight eruption, but the neck, left arm, and breast are reported as having assumed a stonelike hardness.

The same farmer had seen, three years previous, a negro who had been bitten upon the ankle by a "red-spot" and who suffered from diminishingly severe spasmodic attacks for three weeks. The white pimples appeared in this case also. The negro recovered, but the eruption reappeared for years thereafter whenever he was overheated.

Recoveries from Latrodectus bite are much more common, in the records, than deaths. Dr. Corson, of Savannah, Georgia, reports six cases, characterized by agonizing pains, spasmodic contractions like those of tetanus, and grave general symptoms. All recovered. From Anaheim, California, a fatal case is reported by Dr. Bickford, death occurring twenty hours after the bite. William A. Ball, of San Bernardino, California, gives a vivid account of his sensations after being bitten on the groin by a red-spotted spider, the data being attested by his physician. Shortly after being bitten, he began to suffer great agony, with convulsive contractions of the muscles.

"The pains in my hip-joints, chest, and thighs grew rapidly more violent, until it seemed that the bones in these parts of my body were being crushed to fragments." He was seriously ill for ten days.

WORSE THAN THE "DEADLY" COPPERHEAD

It may be that only under certain uncomprehended conditions is the venom of the Latrodectus effective. Inoculation of guinea pigs with the poison has been without any resultant symptoms. Scientific experimenters have suffered themselves to be bitten and have experienced no ill effects. The foreign cousins of the American species, however, have as evil a repute as the "mactans." The "katipo," found in sedges on the beach of New Zealand, is dreaded by the Maoris, who traditionally refuse to sleep nearer than half a stone's throw from the water, that being the extent of range of the spider. The Latrodecti of Corsica, Algeria, and France are infamous in the lore of the country folk, which fact must be regarded as strongly evidential, when their insignificant appearance is taken into account.

Only in America is there no popular fear of this really formidable little creature. Yet it is found in almost every part of the United States, though by no means one of the commoner spiders. In the past five years I have seen two specimens at my country place in central New York, and have heard of a dozen others. If people understood generally that this rather ornamental insect is both more perilous to life and health, and rather more prone to attack human beings, than the superstitiously dreaded "deadly" copperhead, there would probably be a heavy mortality in the Latrodectus family at the hands of energetic housecleaners.

THE RISE OF THE KISSING-BUG

Years ago the United States Bureau of Entomology received from an exasperated clergyman in Georgia a dead insect, enclosed in this note:

"Prof. Riley: What is this devil? He sailed down on my hedge. I took hold of his lone front leg, and as quick as lightning he speared me under my thumb nail and I dropped him. My thumb and whole arm are still paining me . . . "

The miscreant was a fine specimen of Reduvius personatus, the cone-nosed bloodsucker, soon thereafter to achieve heights of newspaper notoriety together with its cousin, Melanolestes picipes, as the "kissing-bug." How many persons died (in type) from kissing-bug bites in the year of enlightened civilization, 1899, will never be known. But from far and near, from California and Connecticut and the Carolinas, from Minnesota and Maryland and Maine, came startling reports of this hitherto unfamed creature's depredations upon the human countenance. Thereby the spider family was relieved of much unmerited odium, for it is more than suspected by entomologists that a large proportion of so-called spider bites are really the work of the more vicious but less formidable-appearing kissing-bug, as is often evidenced by the nature of the puncture.

The kissing-bug is about half an inch in length, flat-backed, shaped in geometrically regular angles, and armed with a large, hard beak. It is this beak which does the damage, for the kissing-bug is a fighter and will risk a prod at anything that gives it cause of offense. Testimony is not lacking that it sometimes punctures the human epidermis with a view

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to obtaining blood at first hand instead of from its natural prey.

But the curious feature of the kissing-bug's bite is its after effect. Neither the southern Reduvius nor the northern Melanolestes possesses any venom apparatus. Now, an insect without fangs (or sting), duct, and poison gland, can no more envenom the object of its attack than a fish can kick a man to death. Yet we find such authorities as Dr. L. O. Howard, the United States Entomologist, Professor Le Conte, Mr. Charles Drury, of Cincinnati, and others, including a mass of medical witnesses, declaring from first-hand observation that the kissing-bug bite causes much swelling and severe pain. Le Conte, indeed, compares the effect to snake bite, and states that people are seriously affected for a week. A case is recorded from Holland, South Carolina, where there were vomiting and marked weakness. Mr. Schwartz, an expert of the Bureau of Entomology at Washington, was bitten twice upon the hand and testifies to the painful effects. In 1899, when the species was very common in Washington, the Emergency Hospital had a long list of patients who appeared on the records under the heading, "Insect Bite."

THE DECLINE OF THE KISSING-BUG

Thus was started the general "scare," a reporter with a keen nose for news having made a legitimate "sensation" from the repeated entries on the hospital roster. From Washington it spread over the country, and became the topic of the day, until any insect bite or sting—mosquito, hornet, bedbug, or whatnot—was magnified by the hysteria of the patient and the credulousness of the public into a "dangerous" instance of kissing-bug poisoning. Reports of fatal cases, however, invariably proved to be canards.

For explanation of the marked local symptoms resultant upon attack by the insect, science has been hard put to it. The general symptoms, observed in a few cases, where violent, may probably be ascribed to shock and nervousness. But the marked swelling and pain cannot be thus dismissed. Medical men believe that the insect, in its various prowlings for food, thrusts its exploring beak into decaying animal and vegetable matter and thus, in a sense, so poisons it that when it comes into contact with human blood, a rapid local infection is set up—not through any specific poison, as in spider bite or bee sting, but by the agency of the putrefactive germs collected on the weapon.

Not the least interesting phase of the kissing-bug scare is the rapidity and completeness of its decadence. It is but ten years ago that the newspapers rang with it; that victims of the bite, in every city, were fleeing, white-faced and racked with forebodings, to doctor or hospital. To-day, both the Melanolestes and the "conenose" are abroad in the land. Doubtless, upon provocation, they are "spearing" others as they speared the outraged clergyman. But that's all. The bepunctured ones do not seek the consolations of medical or journalistic attention. They put a little wet mud or peroxide on the place and let it go at that. Exit another bogy!

OUR REAL POISON PERIL

One venomous creature there is in this country which may justly be termed a public peril, in the widest sense. Proportionately to population, more victims fall to it yearly in the United States than to the dreaded cobra in India. Some twelve thousand Americans are killed every year by its bite. Three hundred thousand more are made seriously ill from the after effects. Unfortunately, the virus works so slowly that alarm is stilled. The victims do not sicken at once. The bite is forgotten; but ten days or two weeks after, the subject falls into a fever. His blood is poisoned within him. Eventually, in extreme cases, he becomes delirious, succumbs to a stupor, and dies.

Yet, because there is nothing horrific to the sensation-loving imagination in the malaria-bearing mosquito, public inertia or ignorance tolerates it with a grin and permits it to breed in city and country alike throughout the length and breadth of the nation. Compared with it, as a real menace, all the combined brood of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, and other pet bugaboos of our childish romanticism are utterly negligible; are as figment to reality, as shadow to substance. It is perhaps characteristic of our wryly humorous American temperament that we should have invested the unimportant danger with all the shuddering attributes of horror, and have made of the real peril a joke to be perennially hailed with laughter in a thousand thoughtless prints.

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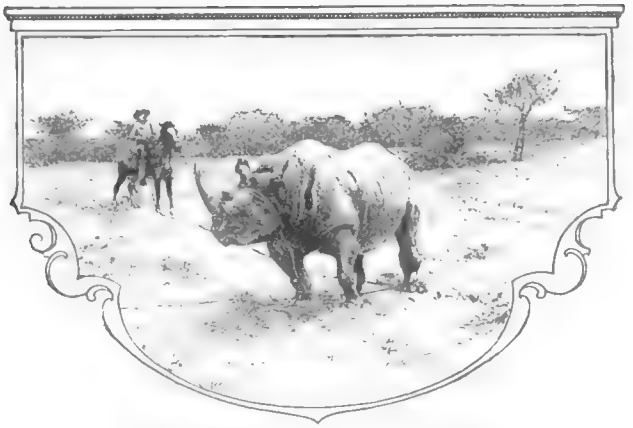

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Lassoing Wild Animals In Africa

By

GUY H. SCULL

FIELD MANAGER OF THE BUFFALO JONES AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

II

SOMEHOW everything seemed to happen on moving day with the Buffalo Jones Expedition in East Africa. Exactly why this should have been it is impossible to tell. Perhaps the reason may be found in the fact that a considerable part of our time was occupied in moving. No doubt the circumstance could be traced to some such perfectly reasonable cause. But we chose to look upon it otherwise.

When an outfit like ours has been working for a while in the open country—especially when the undertaking has no precedent and the outcome is decidedly uncertain—the little happenings of each day gradually grow to have a peculiar significance of their own, and finally a brand-new set of superstitions is formed and half jokingly believed in by every one concerned. In this way an expedition comes to be regarded as lucky or unlucky, or lucky on certain days, or at certain hours of the day, or at certain periods of the moon. The wide reaches of the African veldt have something to do with it, perhaps.

These superstitions are temporary, local, and often purely personal affairs. Means, being a cowboy, believed that when he rode his big-boned bay the drive would be successful. The native dog-boy insisted that when the long-eared bloodhound and the little white terrier were coupled together on the march, the rest of the pack would come through without mishap. Loveless swore by a particular piece of rope, and Mac—which is short for Mohammed—discovered propitious omens on every conceivable occasion.

It was on the first day's march into the Kedong Valley that we had roped the wart-hog. On the journey from Sewell's Farm to Rugged Rocks we had rounded up and photographed the eland. Again, it was on the trek of March 8 to the Wangai River that we had caught our only glimpses of rhinoceros and lion—faint chances of making a capture, but still chances, and better than no signs at all.

And thus, merely because it had turned out so in the past, every member of the expedition had come to entertain a semi-serious belief that something momentous was bound to happen on moving day.

A general feeling of expectancy pervaded the entire *safari* when we broke camp at the Wangai River at dawn of a hazy morning. The sky was clear of clouds, but behind the

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hills of the Mau escarpment a veldt fire had been burning for several days, so that a veil of smoke was seen hanging in the air as the dawn broadened into day. The smell of the burning veldt and the nearness of the fire lent an oppressive warmth to the still morning.

"You two boys had better carry your heavy ropes," the Colonel said at starting. "We might meet something."

We had finished with the Kedong and Rift valleys. We had hunted every corner of the district within striking distance of the water. And we had had success of a kind. Cheetah, eland, hartebeest, and serval-cat we had roped and tied and photographed. But the really big game had so far escaped us. For this reason we had decided to take the road over the Mau, where the smoke haze hung heavy, and so on into the Sotik country, where both lion and rhino were said to abound.

For the first ten miles of the march our way led across untraveled country, toward the two deep ruts in the veldt that were known as the wagon road. We had an extra ox-wagon with us now, in charge of Mr. Curry, an Africander, who lived with his partner on a farm on the border of the Sotik, and who on his return journey home with his wagon had agreed to help us carry supplies. Curry was slight and round-shouldered, with light yellow hair. His face was burned a bright red, excepting his nose, which was white where the skin was peeling. He had a peculiar, slow, drawling way of talking—when he talked at all, which was seldom. Being an inhabitant of the district into which we were going, he was naturally subjected at first to a number of questions in regard to the big game there.

"Plenty of rhino in your part of the world, I suppose?"

"Y—as," drawled Curry.

"And lion, too, I imagine?"

"Y—as."

"Ought to get some giraffe on the way, hadn't we?"

"Y—as."

"Rhino pretty scarce just now, though, aren't they?"

"Y—as," Curry answered placidly.

Thus it soon became apparent that Curry's chief ambition was to agree pleasantly with whatever anybody said, which tended to discredit any information he had to impart. So, as a matter of course, the questions ceased, and when no more were asked him Curry's conversation ceased also.

It was rough going for the ox-wagons those first ten miles, and they made slow time of it along the base of the hills. According to our custom on the march, the Colonel and the two cowboys, the picture department (composed of Kearton and Gobbet), and Ulyate (the white hunter) and myself rode in a widely extended line in front of the *safari*, sweeping the country for game. It was hot at the base of the hills—so hot that when your bridle hand dropped inadvertently to the pommel of the saddle, the brass mounting there seemed to burn you. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the sun shone down blazing through the wisps of smoke haze, and the heat waves rose from the dead, parched veldt so that the distant southern volcano looked all quivering.

Then from out the blurred vista in front little by little a clump of comparatively large trees began to take definite shape. Another half mile farther, and we saw that something was moving among the trees as high up as the topmost branches.

"Giraffe," said Ulyate, and no sooner had he spoken the word than the great, towering animals wheeled and fled from their shelter with that long-legged gallop of theirs which looks so easy and slow, but which carries them over the ground as fast as a speedy horse can run.

The Colonel and the two cowboys set off at a hand gallop in a vain attempt to round them up and drive them back to the cameras. The race was a hopeless one for the horsemen from the start. But, according to the general method of operations adopted by the Colonel from the very beginning, no chance of a capture, however slim it might appear, was to remain untried so long as men and horses could endure.

The two ruts of the wagon road led close by the grove of trees, and when the rest of us reached this spot and dismounted to await results, the three leading horsemen had disappeared long ago into the scrub-grown country to the south.

As noon approached, the heat became more and more oppressive. The cameras had been screwed to the tripods and covered with our coats to protect them from the sun. The horses grazed near by. Mac was sent

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up one of the trees to warn us of the approach of anything like a giraffe, and the rest of us sat on the ground round the bole in the small circle of thin shade and lazily watched the black ants always crawling and climbing and zigzagging back and forth over the network of fallen twigs and leaves. It was too hot to talk—it was too hot to sleep or think. And by and by the ox-wagons came up, and the oxen brought the flies. For a time then the only sounds were the slow crunching of the feeding horses and an occasional inarticulate snarl from some one or other who foolishly tried to brush the flies away from his face.

Eventually, after a long time had passed, Means rode into the grove of trees, unheralded by Mac and alone. The bay horse had fallen badly, wrenching his rider's back where once he had been hurt before. Means took his saddle off, threw it on the ground, and sat on it.

"He dropped into a pig hole," he explained, "an' hopped out again as neat as could be. But in hoppin' out he hopped into another, an' that just naturally discouraged him an' he come down with me."

No comments were made, nor did Means expect any. But evidently he had considered it only justice to the bay that the mishap should receive from him the proper explanation.

Then Loveless returned, also alone. He made a few grumbling remarks about its being all nonsense to run the horses to death when there was no chance at all. But as his listeners showed not the slightest interest in the matter, he, too, relapsed into silence.

The Colonel was the last to come in. He rode straight to the tree where the company were gathered, dismounted, and sat down. Then he spoke to the world at large.

"They must be about here somewhere," he said. "And being about here somewhere, we'll get 'em yet."

When the shadow beneath the tree began to lengthen toward the east, the *safari* shook itself together and prepared to move on once more. But this time, instead of occupying his customary position at the head of the column, the Colonel lagged behind.

Immediately after leaving the grove of trees, the road commenced to climb the first rises of the Mau escarpment. As we mounted higher up the hillside, the view behind us opened out into a grand panorama of the two valleys and their sentinel volcanoes, with the smoke haze hanging over all. For a time, those of us who were in front rode half sideways in the saddle, looking back over the way we had come and over the district we had grown to know so well. Then we crossed a small, level park that formed the crest of the first hill, and as we moved down the western slope the view behind us disappeared and the new country spread before us.

Kearton was riding with his head sunk on his chest like a sick man. Gobbet asked if anything was wrong with him.

"Nothing bad; too much heat this morning, likely."

"Want to hunt a bit of shade and lie up awhile?"

"No, I'll go on."

Gobbet shrugged his shoulders. "You're the judge," he said.

Hill after hill stretched away in front to the one upstanding kopje that marked the top of the Mau. The district was wooded with small, twisted trees, and the fire had crossed here, so that the ground was black and the air smelled stronger of burning.

Presently Means stopped. "I'd better wait till the Colonel comes along," he explained. "The Colonel don't carry any weapons."

Loveless stopped with him, and, as Ulyate was somewhere behind with the ox-wagons and porters, this left Kearton, Gobbet, and myself to ride on by ourselves. For a mile or more the road lifted and dipped with monotonous regularity, and the burnt land was still on either hand, without a sign of life anywhere to be seen. So when the sun really began to decline toward the west, Gobbet, who had once been assistant manager of the Alhambra Music Hall in Brighton, told the story of Harry Lauder and the liquid air biscuits, and it seemed to do Kearton good. Kearton had just told Gobbet to quit his lying, when all three of us realized that for the last half minute we had been unconsciously listening to the beat of a galloping horse on the road behind.

The next instant Ulyate pulled up in a cloud of dust.

"Colonel wants you," he said. "They've rounded up a giraffe."

We wheeled the horses and started back on the run.

"About—three—miles! Left—of the—road!" Ulyate shouted after us.

There were various reasons that called for

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THE RHINO SULKED AND STORMED AND CHARGED IN TURN.

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MANEUVERING FOR A CHANCE TO ROPE THE BEAST

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haste. How long the ropers could keep the giraffe rounded up was especially uncertain, and then, besides, it was near the end of the day and soon the light would be too far gone for a picture.

We met the line of porters and they scattered right and left. Farther on, the ox-teams crowded one side to give us room.

We took Kearton off his horse and stretched him on the ground and poured the lukewarm water from a canteen on his head. Meanwhile Gobbet screwed the camera to the tripod and set it up.

By the time Gobbet had finished, Kearton was on his feet again. From his position near by, Means ventured the opinion that it

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PORTERS CROSSING A RIVER ON THE WAY TO THE SOTIK COUNTRY.

Then we came upon the four special porters with the cameras. Kearton took his machine on the saddle with him, and Gobbet caught up the tripod from another pair of outstretched arms.

When we reached the bit of clearing and looked to the left of the road, we saw the long neck and head of a giraffe sharply outlined against the sky.

The giraffe stood motionless. His feet were spread a little apart as though he was prepared to dash away again at the first opportunity, and he gazed in a curious way first at one, then at another of the three ropers that surrounded him and now sat their horses, waiting. There was still enough light left for a picture, but Kearton was nearly done.

"Give him a minute's breather," said the Colonel. "We'll hold the critter till he's ready."

was too much excitement that had knocked him over, and Kearton swore back at him pleasantly and went to work.

A high-pitched yell from the Colonel sent the giraffe away across the open with that clumsy-looking, powerful gallop that is all his own, and with his long neck plunging slowly back and forth.

Loveless's black, one of the fastest horses in the string, had hard work to gain on the giraffe, expecially as the animal swerved quickly at the last moment and fled down the eastern slope of the hill through the scrub where the going was none too good.

It was a difficult throw—and a new one for a Western cowboy—to send the noose so far up into the air over the head perched high on the long, swaying neck.

But at the first attempt Loveless succeeded, and then reined in gently so as not

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to throw the beast, because a giraffe would fall heavily, and would very likely break his neck or a leg if tumbled over.

Finally he was brought to a standstill, his feet spread apart as before, and for a while the two stood facing each other—the cowboy and the towering giraffe, with the rope from the saddle horn leading up at a considerable angle to the shoulders of the prize. The rest of the hunt soon gathered about them. Although the light was rapidly failing, Kearton finished what was left of his roll of film. The whir of the camera ended with a peculiar flapping sound.

"That's all," said Kearton, and sank down on a near-by stone.

But Loveless and the giraffe continued to face each other undisturbed.

"Well?" said Loveless, presently.

"Well?" echoed the Colonel.

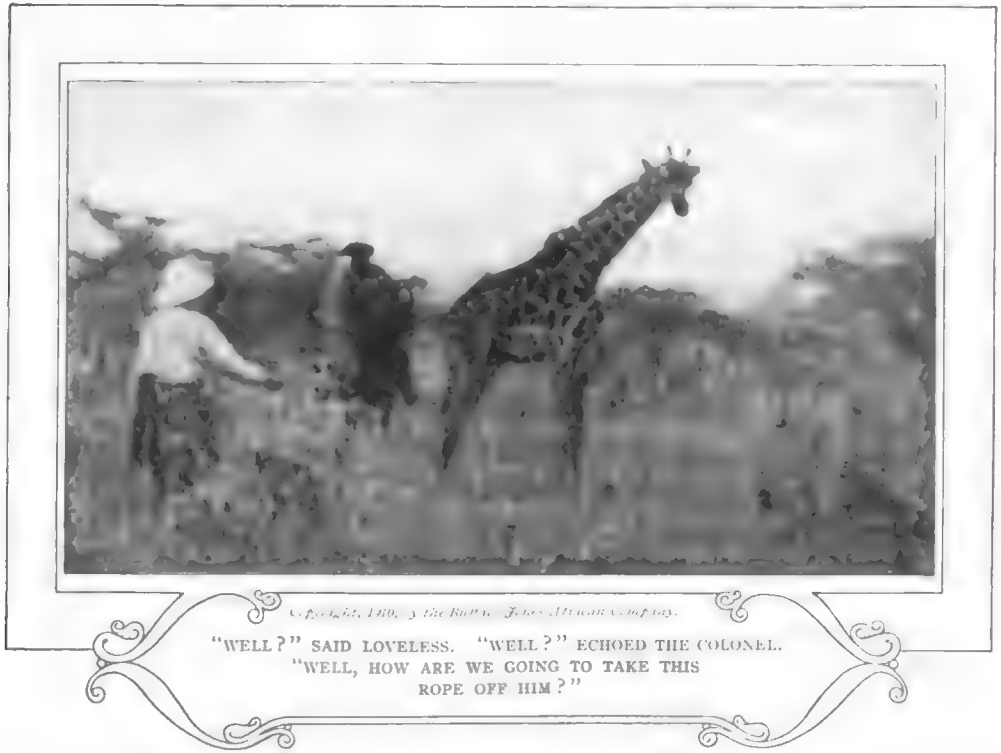
"Well, how are we going to take this rope off him? We've got none to spare, you know."

"Get a ladder," suggested Means.

"No, we won't need a ladder," said the Colonel seriously; "but we'll have to throw him, after all. We can do it gently, I guess, without hurting him."

Accordingly, Means roped the giraffe by one hind leg and pulled it out from under him, so that he sank easily to the ground and both the ropes were loosened and freed.

The sun had set and the short twilight was rapidly deepening. The ox-wagons and porters were several miles ahead. So we packed up the camera, coiled up the ropes, mounted, and rode away, and the giraffe raised himself on his haunches among the bushes and watched us go.



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"WELL?" SAID LOVELESS. "WELL?" ECHOED THE COLONEL. "WELL, HOW ARE WE GOING TO TAKE THIS ROPE OFF HIM?"

We camped at a water hole that night, and started on again the next morning in the darkness before the dawn, with a porter ahead carrying a lantern to show the way. With ox-wagons it is a three days' journey from that water hole to the Guas Nyiro River at the border of the Sotik. The country through which we passed continued to be the same as that of the Mau escarpment—a succession of low hills and shallow valleys covered with the small, twisted trees. And there was plenty of water on the way. But there was no game in the district.

We had been told before starting that we need not expect to see anything on the way, because antelope, zebra, and such like animals avoid the wooded section so as not to be caught unaware by lions, and, since the

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prey seek the safety of the open plains, the lions are compelled to follow.

In spite of this fact, and although the dense woods and broken ground generally forced the *safari* to keep to the road, the cowboys were always ready and the cameras, always loaded with film. But the land on either side remained silent and deserted.

Then sometimes, when we outspanned for an hour at noon, the four special camera porters would give imitations of Kearton and Gobbet taking pictures, of Loveless shoeing horses, or of Means in the act of roping. And in the evenings, when the day's march was done and the outpost fires had been lighted, the talk of the company would

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THE REST OF THE ROPES WERE DANGLING, BROKEN, FROM THE RHINO'S LEGS AND NECK.

And each day's journey was the same as the one before; the start in the gray of the morning, the long, hot ride, with the road gently rising and falling over the hills, and the sudden cool of the evening when the sun went down. At times the camera department would take moving pictures of the wagons and porters crossing a river, where an especially picturesque bit of scenery offered an attractive setting. Occasionally Means, as he rode along, would commence singing one of the songs of our Western plains, verse after verse, seemingly without end, recounting in detail some local historical event, such as an Indian attack on an army post, a shooting affair at a dance, or a train-robber's hanging. He would sing more to himself than to anybody else, and if this began to bore him at all, he would step in the middle and leave the story untold.

turn to our chances of finding luck in the Sotik country that lay ahead.

In the afternoon of March 16 we reached Webb's Farm, in the Guas Nyiro valley, which lies at the edge of the big plains. In this neighborhood there were three farms—Webb's, Curry's, and Agate's—and on the evening of our arrival some of their men paid a visit to the camp. They had heard of the expedition, and each in turn examined the horses, the dogs, the ropes, and the saddles, and then, like the hunters at Nairobi, asked the inevitable question:

"But how are you going to do it?"

"Oh, we'll do it somehow," the Colonel replied good-naturedly. And the visitors shook their heads a little and smiled and changed the subject.

But to attempt to rope a rhinoceros or a lion required fresh horses, and ever since we

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had left Nairobi, nearly a fortnight ago, we had worked our horses hard every day. Now that we had reached the land of the big game, the Colonel for the first time called a day of rest. So we loafed about camp from sunrise to sunset and by evening were heartily sick of it all.

Perhaps we had expected too much of this Sotik country; perhaps the expedition was running, temporarily, in a streak of bad luck; but the fact remains that when we resumed hunting on March 18, disappointment only followed disappointment.

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LITTLE BY LITTLE IT BECAME APPARENT THAT THE RHINO'S CONTINUAL CHARGING WAS BEGINNING TO WEAR HIM OUT.

As we had done in the Rift Valley, so here we adopted the method of sweeping the country with a widely extended line. The first day we rode far to the southward, to the Hot Springs and back, and found nothing, and an unreasoning depression settled upon the expedition. The next day we rode still farther, to the westward this time, and again found nothing, and so the depression deepened. Also on the afternoon of this day it rained heavily, and Curry agreed with Ulyate that this probably meant the beginning of the rainy season, which was already overdue.

That night at the supper table the Colonel spoke his mind. The rain was dripping through the canvas fly overhead, and the Colonel wore his broad-brimmed hat to help keep the water off his plate.

"There's no use hanging round here any longer," he said; "not a bit of use. We haven't seen anything, nor a sign of anything. When the rains begin in earnest, this ground will soften fast an' the horses will get bogged an' we'll have to quit. So from now on we've got to work fast. Now Ulyate says there's water about twelve miles from here to the north—called the Soda Swamp. We'll start for the Soda Swamp in the morning."

Again it was moving day. The morning dawned fine after the rain, and the air was clear, and the country looked greener and fresher than it had ever looked before. By the time the sun rose, the first wagon was packed, so the *safari* set out on the journey, leaving the second wagon to load and follow our tracks, for there was no road to the Soda Swamp.

At the last moment the Colonel decided that he and the cowboys might just as well make a circuit to the westward of the line of march on the off chance of finding game.

"We covered that district pretty thor-

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oughly yesterday," he said. "But still, you never can tell."

Yet nobody thought it worth while for the camera department to go with them, and so Kearton and Gobbet and the four special porters trailed along with the slow, plodding wagon. In the first place, the wagons would follow the shortest route and the horses would be none the worse for an easy day; in the second, if by the remotest chance the Colonel flushed anything worth while, he could more easily find the cameras.

Curry had remained behind to bring on the second load, and soon Ulyate left us to make a detour past Agate's farm to procure another sack of rice that was badly needed. Ours was a large *safari*, and the details of transportation required close attention.

The morning wore on. The sky remained clear and the heat became intense. The direction in which we were traveling led us along the border of the plains, through small green parks, scattered groves of trees, and scrub.

So far as the mounted men were concerned, the march was a succession of rides and halts. The heavily laden ox-wagon traveled slowly, and it soon became our custom to dismount in a bit of shade and let the wagon pass ahead about a mile, when we would mount again and catch up with it and then repeat the process.

At one of these places there was a grass-grown mound against which we sat, leaning comfortably, and speculated on the distance we had come and the distance we had to go.

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JUST BEFORE THE RHINO CHARGED AT GOBBET'S CAMERA.

When, after a while, it became evident that we should never agree in the matter, the conversation altered to a sort of spasmodic affair.

"I thought this district was so full of big game that you couldn't sleep at night for the lions roaring around you," Gobbet remarked lazily.

"Wait till you get among them," said Kearton. "*Sais*, keep that horse farther away; he'll be walking on us next."

"Well, I haven't been kept awake any yet," Gobbet replied.

"I wonder where that wagon's got to," and Kearton raised himself on one elbow and peered ahead from beneath the down-tilted brim of his helmet. Then he lay back again and shut his eyes.

"Means is coming," he said.

The announcement occasioned no sur-

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prise. Undoubtedly Means had some reason for returning over the trail, and when he reached the mound we should probably learn what he wanted.

Means dismounted and sat down beside us. "We've found a rhino over in the next valley yonder," he remarked, and nodded his head toward the west.

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HE CHARGED AGAIN, RATHER FEEBLY THIS TIME, TRYING TO GET FREE, BUT THE ROPE HELD WELL AND TRIPPED HIM UP

"A rhino is no matter to joke about," said Gobbet. "Please remember that in future."

"I'm not jokin'," said Means. "Colonel's watchin' him. Loveless stopped halfway here, about three miles off. Colonel sent me to bring the rest of you and get the heavy rope."

"Is that right, Means?" Kearton asked sharply.

"Sure."

"Come on, then."

In five minutes we had overtaken the wagon and stopped it, and while Means clambered up on to the load to hunt for the heavy rope, Kearton collected the camera porters and started ahead with them in the direction Means pointed out.

But Means could not find the rope he wanted. He threw off half the load without success.

"It's on the other wagon. There's where it is," he finally concluded. "No time to wait now. Other wagon likely hasn't started yet. We'll have to do with what we've got."

We rode on at an easy jog to keep the horses fresh, and at the end of half an hour we came upon Loveless waiting for us just beneath the crest of a rise. He had offsaddled his horse and had turned him loose to graze a bit before the coming work, and a few minutes were occupied while Loveless saddled up again and Kearton and Gobbet adjusted their cameras and took them on their horses.

Finally every one was ready, and we set forth once more on a wide detour to the north to approach the beast from down the wind.

Loveless gave us the latest news: "The Colonel came over the rise a half hour ago and said the rhino was laying down resting quiet. The Colonel went back again at once to keep watch."

As we proceeded farther on the circuit and began to ride down the gentle slope into the

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LOVELESS PASSED ONE OF THE ROPES AROUND A TREE AND HELD THE RHINO ON A TURN.

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FROM ANT-HILL TO THORN TREE AND BACK TO ANT-HILL ONCE MORE, THE FIGHT WENT ON THROUGH THE LONG, HOT AFTERNOON.

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adjacent valley, we slowed down the pace to a cautious walk. No one spoke, and on the grass of the veldt the tread of the horses made scarcely any sound.

Suddenly the Colonel appeared, walking toward us, bent low. He had backed out of his hiding-place behind a clump of scrub.

"He's laying down over there about a hundred yards away," he whispered. "Now we want to catch the start of the show. You boys ready?"

Means tightened his cinch, and shook his rope loose and coiled it up again. Loveless said he was ready. One of the *saises* produced the Colonel's horse from behind another clump of scrub, and Kearton dismounted and began creeping forward with his camera.

"Don't start him up till I get my position," he cautioned. "I'll wave my hand."

On account of the growth of low bushes, we could not see the rhino, but in silence we watched Kearton tiptoeing farther and farther ahead toward the spot where the Colonel had said the beast was lying down. The time was approximately a little after noon. The wind that was blowing was light, and came to us hot over the sunny reaches of veldt. The sky was cloudless.

Then the three ropers commenced maneuvering forward, swinging out a little to the right. Kearton stopped. He set up his camera and sighted it, and took out his handkerchief and carefully wiped the lens.

When Kearton waved his hand, the Colonel's yell shattered the stillness and the great beast heaved up out of the grass and tossed his head and sniffed the air and snorted. The horsemen rode full tilt at him, and with surprising quickness the rhino wheeled and broke away south down the valley.

For a good three miles the rhino ran straight and fast. Finally he came into more open country, which was dotted here and there with small thorn trees. Here, also, in one place there was a fair-sized pool of water, left over from the rains of the night before. The rhino selected this pool as a good position from which to act on the defensive. He splashed into the water, stopped, and faced the horsemen.

Then followed a few minutes' respite for all concerned. The horses were panting heavily after the sharp run, and the rhino's position in the pool rendered it difficult to approach him for a chance to throw a rope. Evidently considering himself safe for the moment, the beast rolled once or twice in the water and then stood on guard as before, but with his black sides dripping.

"We've got to get him out of that," said the Colonel. "A horse wouldn't stand a show there. Now when I get him to charge me, you boys stand by."

Before the Colonel finished speaking, he was already edging toward the pool. For fifteen yards the rhino watched him coming. Then with a great snort he charged out of the water, sending the white spray flying in every direction, and the Colonel had to ride hard to keep ahead of the tossing horn. But Means was after the rhino like a flash, and with a quick throw caught him round the neck. The big bay fell back on his haunches and the rope snapped like twine.

"We'll miss that heavy rope to-day," Means said.

"We'll tie him up with what we've got," the Colonel replied. "Only we've got to tire him out some first. What we'll do is to make him charge us one after the other, so he'll run three times to the horses' running once."

It was a full half hour before the next attempt was made to throw a rope. Time after time the rhino came plunging out of the water to charge the nearest horseman. Our Western horses proved to be only just a trifle faster than the rhino, so that each time the beast nearly caught them. Besides, here and there, the ground was bad with ant-bear holes, which had to be avoided, for a fall would mean disaster. But little by little it became apparent that the rhino's continual charging was beginning to produce an effect.

In the meanwhile the rest of the chase was coming up. In the distance we could see them hurrying down the valley—horsemen and porters considerably scattered, as if each one followed a route of his own choosing. Kearton led on his big chestnut. He was carrying the heavy camera under his arm, the tripod over his shoulder. The reins were hanging loose over his saddle horn, his heels were thumping the horse's sides, and the perspiration was streaming down his face.

"We lost you," he panted. "How's it going? What a picture!"

Mac, the Mohammedan, and Aro, the Masai warrior, took the apparatus from him, and he dismounted and went to work.

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At the second attempt to rope the beast, Loveless caught him by one hind leg, and the rhino decided to shift his base of operations to an ant-hill in the neighboring clearing. His mode of progression was to walk on three legs and to drag the black horse after him with the other. He reached the ant-hill and demolished it and paused for a breathing spell.

The chase followed after, and Kearton went into action on the north and Gobbet on the south, near a small thorn tree, with a negro porter beside him. The rhino caught sight of Gobbet's camera and charged. The porter went up the tree like a flash. Gobbet was bent over, looking through his view-finder, which, of course, gave him no idea of how fast the beast was bearing down on him nor how close he had already come.

"Look out!" yelled the Colonel.

Gobbet glanced up over the top of the camera and made a jump for the tree. But the porter was already in the branches, and the tree was so small there was not room for two, and Gobbet had to run for it. The next second, with a powerful upward stroke of his horn, the rhino sent the apparatus flying. Then Means succeeded in attracting his attention and he charged the horseman instead. Gobbet picked up the débris, found that the tripod-head was split clean in two as with an axe, found the camera itself undamaged, found there was enough head left to support the camera, quickly mounted his machine again, and was just in time to catch the end of the rhino's chase after Means.

And all the while Kearton had his camera trained upon the scene in which his assistant was playing the conspicuous part.

"I hope I got that good," he said; "it'll make fine action—fine."

From one position to another, from ant-hill to thorn tree and back to ant-hill once more, the fight went on through the long, hot afternoon. Ropes were thrown and caught and broken, mended and thrown again. The horses were pulled, all standing, one way and another. Rolls of film were exposed and replaced by fresh ones. The rhino sulked and stormed and charged in turn.

At the end of the fourth hour Loveless had one short length of light line left. The rest of the ropes were dangling, broken, from the rhino's legs and neck as he stood at bay over the ruins of the ant-hill.

The sun was rapidly canting toward the west. The continual work in the intense heat, without food or water, was beginning to tell on both horses and men. The rhino was weakening faster. But only one hour of daylight remained, and if the beast could hold out till dark we should lose him.

There was the dead stump of a tree with the roots protruding lying in the grass near by. The Colonel told Means to fasten the stump to the last piece of line, and Loveless rode toward Kearton's machine, past the rhino, dragging the stump behind him. As the Colonel had foreseen, the beast charged at the stump, and the loose ropes hanging from him became entangled in the roots.

So on they went at a run, first Loveless, then the stump, bounding over the ground, then the charging rhino, headed straight for Kearton's camera. The Masai warrior stood by the tripod with his long spear poised high, and Kearton turned the handle and shouted at Loveless:

"How many times have I got to tell you not to come straight into the lens? Bring him on at an angle! . . . I don't want to be unreasonable," he added, when the rhino stopped, "but you ought to have learned better by this time."

Then, by hauling in gently, Loveless succeeded in recovering two of the ropes, and they were pieced together and thrown again, catching the rhino by one hind leg. Both the cowboys put their horses to work pulling forward on the rope, and they lifted that one hind leg ahead. The tired beast shifted his great body after it, and thus step by step the horses dragged him up to a tree, where Loveless passed the end of the rope two turns around the bole and made it fast.

The rhino charged once just before the knot was tied, and Loveless had to jump into the branches through the thorns to escape. He charged again, rather feebly this time, trying to get free, but the rope held well and tripped him up. After that he stood quietly at the end of his tether, watching the camera in a sullen way while Kearton took his picture with the last few feet of film.

By this time the light was almost gone, the films were finished, horses and men were nearly done, and, besides, it was moving day and high time we resumed the march.

In the November number Mr. Scull will relate the adventures of the Buffalo Jones African Expedition in **Lassoing Lion.**

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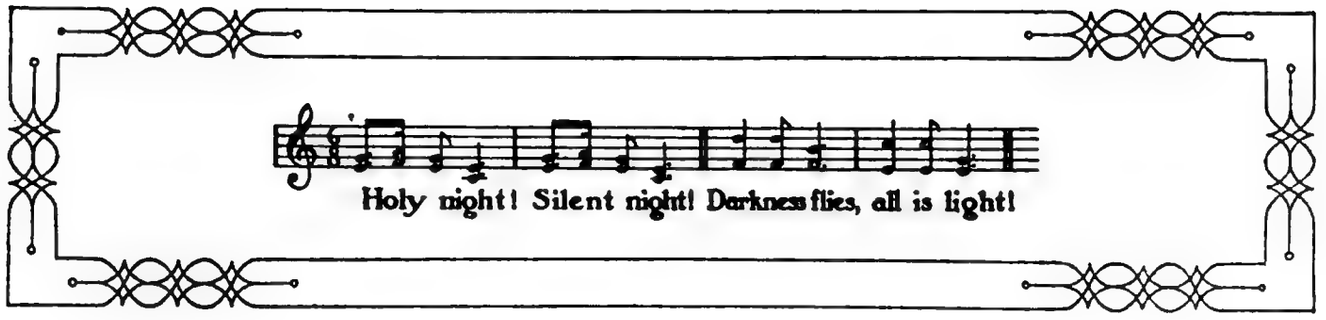

On CHRISTMAS DAY *in the Evening*

By

GRACE S. RICHMOND

AUTHOR OF "THE INDIFFERENCE OF JULIET," "THE SECOND VIOLIN," ETC.; AND OF "ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMANN C. WALL

ALL the Fernald family go back to the old home for Christmas, now, every year. Last Christmas was the third on which Oliver and Edson, Ralph and Guy, Carolyn and Nan were all at the familiar fireside, as they used to be in the days before they were married. The wives and husbands and children go, too,—when other family claims can be compromised with —and no one of them, down to Carolyn's youngest baby, who was not a year old last Christmas, has sustained a particle of harm from the snowy journey to North Estabrook, tucked away though it is among the hills, where the drifts are deep.

Taking them all together, they are quite a company. And as Father and Mother Fernald are getting rather well along in years, and such a house-party means a good deal of preparation, last year their younger daughter, Nan, and her husband, Sam Burnett, and their youngest son, Guy, with his wife of a year, Margaret, went up to North Estabrook two days ahead of the rest, to help with the finishing labors.

"I don't know but this is the best part of the party," mused John Fernald, looking from one to another of them, and then at his wife, as they sat together before the fireplace, on the evening of the arrival. "It was all over so quick, last year, and you were all piling back to town, to your offices, in such a hurry—you boys. Now we can have a spell o' quiet talk, before the fun begins. That suits us to a T—eh, Mother?"

Mrs. Fernald nodded, smiling. Her hand, held fast in Guy's, rested on his knee; Nan's charming head, with its modish dressing, lay against her shoulder. Across the fireplace, Sam Burnett, most satisfactory of sons-in-law, and Margaret, Guy's best beloved, who had made the year one long honeymoon to him—so he declared—completed the little circle.

There was much to talk about. To begin with, there was everybody in North Estabrook to inquire after; and though North Estabrook is but a very small village, it takes time to inquire after everybody. Quite suddenly, Nan put a question which had been on her mind ever since she had come into town on the afternoon stage.

"What about the old church, Mother? Does the bell ever ring, these days—or have cobwebs grown over the clapper?"

A shadow dropped upon Mrs. Fernald's bright face; but before she could speak her husband answered for her:

"It's a miserable shame, Nancy, but that church hasn't had a door open since a year ago last July, when the trouble burst out. Mother and I drive over to Estabrook when we feel like getting out—but that's not often, come winter time. Being the only

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church building in this end of the township, it's pretty bad—having it closed up. But there's the fuss. Folks can't agree what to do, and nobody dares get a preacher here and try to start things up on their own responsibility. But we feel it—we surely do. I don't like to look at the old meeting-house, going by; I declare I don't. It looks lonesome to me. And there's where every one of you children grew up, too, sitting there in the old family pew, with your legs dangling. It's too bad—it's too bad!"

"It's barbarous!" Guy exclaimed, in a tone of disgust.

"And all over nothing of any real consequence," sighed Mrs. Fernald, in her gentle way. "We would have given up our ideas gladly, for the sake of harmony. But—there were so many who felt it necessary to fight to have their own way."

They talked about it for a few minutes, the younger men rather enjoying the details of the quarrel, as those may who are outside of an affair sufficiently far to see its inconsistencies and humors. But it was clearly a subject which gave pain to the older people, and Guy, perceiving this, was about to divert the talk into pleasanter channels when Nan gave a little cry. Her eyes were fixed upon the fire, as if she saw there something startling.

"People!—Let's open the church—ourselves—and have a Christmas Day service there!"

They stared at her for a moment, thinking her half dreaming. But her face was radiant with the light of an idea which was not an idle dream.

Guy began to laugh. "And expect the rival factions to come flocking peaceably in, like lambs into the fold? I think I see them!"

"Ignore the rival factions. Have a service for everybody. A real Christmas service, with holly, and ropes of greens, and a star, and music—and—a sermon," she ended, a little more doubtfully.

"The sermon, by all means," urged Sam Burnett. "Preach at 'em, when once you've caught 'em. They'll enjoy that. We all do."

"But it's really a beautiful idea," said Margaret, her young face catching the glow from Nan's. "I don't see why it couldn't be carried out."

"Of course you don't." Guy, her husband, spoke decidedly. "If people were all like you, there wouldn't be any quarrels. But unfortunately they're not. And when I think of the Tomlinsons and the Frasers and the Hills and the Pollocks, all going in at the same door for a Christmas Day service under that roof—well—" he gave a soft, long whistle—"it rather strains my imagination. Not that they aren't all good people, you know. Oh, yes! If they weren't they'd knock each other down in the street and have it over with—and a splendid thing it would be, too. But, I tell you, it strains my imagination to——"

"Let it strain it. It's a good thing to exercise the imagination now and then. That's the way changes come. I don't think the idea's such a bad one, myself." Sam Burnett spoke seriously, and Nan gave him a grateful glance. She was pretty sure of Sam's backing in most reasonable things.

"Who would conduct such a service?" Mrs. Fernald asked, thoughtfully.

"You couldn't get anybody out to church on Christmas morning," broke in Mr. Fernald, chuckling. "Every mother's daughter of 'em will be basting her Christmas turkey."

"Then have it Christmas evening. Why not? The day isn't over. Nobody knows what to do Christmas evening—except go to dances—and there's never a dance in North Estabrook. Whom can we get to lead it? Well—" Nan paused, thinking it out. Her eyes roamed from Sam's to her father's, and from there on around the circle, while they all waited for her to have an inspiration. Nobody else had one. Presently, as they expected—for Nan was a resourceful young person—her face lighted up again. She gazed at Margaret, smiling, and her idea seemed to communicate itself to Guy's wife. Together they cried in one breath:

"Billy!"

"Billy! Whoop-ee!"—Guy threw back his head and roared with delight at the notion. "The Reverend Billy, of St. John's, coming up to North Estabrook to take charge of a Christmas evening service! Why, Billy'll be dining in purple and fine linen at the home of one of his millionaire parishioners—the Edgecombs', most likely. I think they adore him most. *Billy!*—Why don't you ask the Bishop himself?"

Margaret flushed brightly. The Reverend William Sewall was her brother. He might be the very robust and dignified young rector of a fashionable city church, but no

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man who answers to the name of Billy in his own family can be a really formidable personage, and he and his sister Margaret were great chums.

"Of course Billy would," cried Margaret. "You know perfectly well he would, Guy, dear. He doesn't care a straw about millionaires' dinners—he'd rather have an evening with his newsboys' club any time. He could come up on the afternoon train—he'd love to. Why, Billy's a bachelor—he has nothing in the world to keep him. I'll telephone him, first thing in the morning."

From this point on there was no lack of enthusiasm. If Billy Sewall was coming to North Estabrook, it was time, as Sam Burnett remarked, to get interested—and busy. They discussed everything, excitement mounting—the music, the trimming of the church; then, more prosaically, the cleaning and warming and lighting of it. Finally, the announcement to North Estabrook of the coming event—for nothing less than an event it was sure to be to North Estabrook.

"Put a notice in the post-office," advised Guy, comfortably crossing his legs and grinning at his father, "and tell Aunt Eliza and Miss Jane Pollock, and the thing is done. Sam, I think I see you spending the next two days at the top of ladders hanging greens. I have a dim and hazy vision of you on your knees before that stove that always used to smoke when the wind was east—the one in the left corner—praying to it to quit fussing and draw. A nice restful Christmas vacation you'll have!"

Sam Burnett looked at his wife. "She's captain," said he. "If she wants to play with the old meeting-house, play she shall—so long as she doesn't ask me to preach the sermon."

"You old dear!" murmured Nan, jumping up to stand behind his chair, her two pretty arms encircling his stout neck from the rear. "You *could* preach a better sermon than lots of ministers, if you are only an upright old bank cashier."

"Doubtless, Nancy, doubtless," murmured Sam, pleasantly. "But as it will take the wisdom of a Solomon, the tact of a Paul, and the eloquence of the Almighty Himself to preach a sermon on the present occasion that will divert the Tomlinsons and the Frasers, the Hills and the Pollocks, from glaring at one another across the pews, I don't think I'll apply for the job. Let Billy Sewall tackle it. There's one thing about it—if they get to fighting in the aisles, Billy'll leap down from the pulpit, roll up his sleeves, and pull the combatants apart. A virile religion is Billy's, and I rather think he's the man for the hour."

II

"Hi, there, Ol—why not get something doing with that hammer? Don't you see the edge of that pulpit stair-carpeting is all frazzled? The preacher'll catch his toes in it, and then where'll his ecclesiastical dignity be?"

The slave-driver was Guy, shouting down from the top of a tall stepladder, where he was busy screwing into place the freshly cleaned oil lamps whose radiance was to be depended upon to illumine the ancient interior of the North Estabrook church. He addressed his eldest brother, Oliver, who, in his newness to the situation and his consequent lack of sympathy with the occasion, was proving an indifferent worker. This may have been partly due to the influence of Oliver's wife, Marian, who, sitting—in Russian sables—in one of the middle pews, was doing what she could to depress the laborers. The number of these, by the way, had been lately reënforced by the arrival of the entire Fernald clan, to spend Christmas.

"Your motive is undoubtedly a good one," Mrs. Oliver conceded. She spoke to Nan, busy near by, and she gazed critically about the shabby old walls, now rapidly assuming a quite different aspect as the great ropes of laurel leaves—ordered by telephone from the city—swung into place under the direction of Sam Burnett. That young man now had Edson Fernald and Charles Wetmore—Carolyn's husband—to assist him, and he was making the most of his opportunity to order about two gentlemen who had shown considerable reluctance to remove their coats, but who had some time since reached the point of casting aside still other articles of apparel. "But I shall be much surprised," Mrs. Oliver continued, "if you attain your object. Nobody can be more obstinate in their prejudice than the people of such a little place as this. You may get them out—though I doubt even that—but you are quite as likely as not to set them by the ears and simply make matters worse."

"It's Christmas," replied Nan. Her cheeks were the color of the holly berries in

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the great wreaths she was arranging to place on either side of the wall behind the pulpit. "They can't quarrel at Christmas—not with Billy Sewall preaching peace on earth, good will to man, to them. Jessica, please hand me that wire—and come and hold this wreath a minute, will you?"

"Nobody expects Marian to be on any side but the other one," consolingly whispered merry-faced Jessica, Edson's wife, as she held the wreath for Nan to affix the wire.

"What's that about Sewall?" Oliver inquired. "I hadn't heard about that. You don't mean to say Sewall's coming up for this service?"

"Of course he is. Margaret telephoned him this morning, and he said he'd never had a Christmas present equal to this one. He said it interested him a lot more than his morning service in town, and he'd be up, loaded. Isn't that fine of Billy?" Nan beamed triumphantly at her oldest brother, over her holly wreath.

"That puts a different light on it." And Mr. Oliver Fernald, president of the great city bank of which Sam Burnett was cashier, got promptly down on the knees of his freshly pressed trousers, and proceeded to tack the frazzled edge of the pulpit stair-carpet with interest and skill. That stair-carpet had been tacked by a good many people before him, but doubtless it had never been stretched into place by a man whose eyeglasses sat astride a nose of such impressive, presidential mold as this one.

"Do I understand that you mean to attempt music?" Mrs. Oliver seemed grieved at the thought. "There are several good voices in the family, of course, but you haven't had time to practice any Christmas music together. You will have merely to sing hymns."

"Fortunately, some of the old hymns *are* Christmas music—of the most exquisite sort," began Nan, trying hard to keep her temper—a feat which was apt to give her trouble when Marian was about. But, at the moment, as if to help her, up in the old organ loft at the back of the church, Margaret began to sing. Everybody looked up in delight, for Margaret's voice was the pride of the family, and with reason. Somebody was at the little reed organ. It proved to be Carolyn—Mrs. Charles Wetmore. For a moment the notes rose harmoniously. Then came an interval—and the organ wailed. There was a shout of protest, from the top of Guy's stepladder:

"Cut it out—cut out the steam calliope! —unless you want a burlesque. That organ hasn't been tuned since just after the deluge —and they didn't get all the water out then."

"I won't hit that note again," called Carolyn. "Listen, you people."

"Listen! You can't help listening when a cat yowls on the back fence," retorted Guy. "Go it alone, Margaret, girl."

But the next instant nobody was jeering, for Margaret's voice had never seemed sweeter than from the old choir loft, supported by the little old organ:

> Over the hills of Bethlehem,
> Lighted by a star,
> Wise men came with offerings,
> From the East afar. . . . . .

It took them all, working until late on Christmas Eve, to do all that needed to be done. Once their interest was aroused, nothing short of the best possible would content them. But when, at last, Nan and Sam, lingering behind the others, promising to see that the fires were safe, stood together at the back of the church for a final survey, they felt that their work had been well worth while. All the lights were out but one on either side, and the dim interior, with its ropes and wreaths of green, fragrant with the woodsy smell which veiled the musty one inevitable in a place so long closed, seemed to have grown beautiful with a touch other than that of human hands.

"Don't you believe, Sammy," questioned Nan, with her tired cheek against her husband's broad shoulder, "the poor old meeting-house is happier to-night than it has been for a long, long while?"

"I think I should be," returned Sam Burnett, falling in with his wife's mood, "if after a year and a half of cold starvation somebody had suddenly warmed me and fed me and made me hold up my head again. It does look pretty well. I wonder what the North Estabrook people are thinking about this—that's what I wonder. Do you suppose the Tomlinsons and the Pollocks and the rest of them have talked about anything else to-day?"

"Not much else." Nan smiled contentedly. Then suddenly: "Oh, Sam—the presents aren't all tied up! We must hurry back. This is the first Christmas Eve I can

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"HAVE A SERVICE FOR EVERYBODY. A REAL CHRISTMAS SERVICE, WITH HOLLY, AND ROPES OF GREENS, AND A STAR, AND MUSIC—AND—A SERMON," SHE ENDED A LITTLE MORE DOUBTFULLY.

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remember when the rattling of tissue paper wasn't the chief sound on the air."

"If this thing goes off all right," mused Burnett, as he examined the stoves once more, before putting out the lights, "it'll be the biggest Christmas present North Estabrook ever had. Peace and good will—Jove, but they need it! And so do we all—so do we all."

III

"THERE go pretty near every one o' the Fernalds down to the station. Land, but there's a lot of 'em, counting the children. I suppose they're going to meet Guy's wife's brother, that they've got up here to lead these Christmas doings to-night. Queer idea, it strikes me."

Miss Jane Pollock, ensconced behind the thick "lace curtains" of her "best parlor," addressed her sister, who lay on the couch in the sitting-room behind—an invalid who could seldom get out, but to whom Miss Jane was accustomed faithfully to report every particle of current news.

"I suppose they think," Miss Jane went on, with asperity, "they're going to fix up the fuss in that church, with their greens and their city minister preaching brotherly love. I can tell him he'll have to preach a pretty powerful sermon to reach old George Tomlinson and Asa Fraser, and make 'em notice each other as they pass by. And when I see Maria Hill coming toward me with a smile on her face and her hand out, I'll know something's happened."

"I don't suppose," said the invalid sister, rather timidly, from her couch, "you would feel, sister, as if you could put out your hand to her first?"

"No, I don't, "retorted Miss Jane, very positively. "And I don't see how you can think it, Deborah. You know perfectly well it was Maria Hill that started the whole thing—and then talked about me as if I was the one. How that woman did talk—and talks yet! Don't get me thinking about it. It's Christmas Day, and I want to keep my mind off such disgraceful things as church quarrels—if the Fernald family'll let me. A pretty bold thing to do, I call it—open up that church on their own responsibility, and expect folks to come, and forget the past. Debby, I wish you could see Oliver's wife, in those furs of hers. She holds her head as high as ever—but she's the only one of 'em that does it disagreeably—I'll say that for 'em, if they *are* all city folks now. And of course she isn't a Fernald. Here comes Nancy and her husband. My, but she's got a lot o' style! They're walking—hurrying up to catch the rest. Sam Burnett's a good-looking man, but he's getting a little stout."

"Jane," said the invalid sister, wistfully, "I wish I could go to-night."

"Well, I wish you could. That is—if I go. I haven't just made up my mind. I wonder if folks'll sit in their old pews. You know the Hills' is just in front of ours. But as to your going, Deborah, of course that's out of the question. I suppose I shall go. I shouldn't like to offend the Fernalds, and they do say Guy's wife's brother is worth hearing. There's to be music, too."

"I wish I could go," sighed poor Deborah, under her breath. "To be able to go—and to wonder whether you will!—*O Lord*—" she closed her patient eyes and whispered it —"*make them all choose to go—to Thy house—this Christmas Day. And to thank Thee that the doors are open—and that they have strength to go. And help me to bear it—to stay home!*"

IV

"THE problem is—" said the Reverend William Sewall, standing at the back of the church with his sister Margaret, and Guy Fernald, her husband, and Nan and Sam Burnett—the four who had as yet no children, and so could best take time, on Christmas afternoon, to make the final arrangements for the evening—"the problem is—to do the right thing, to-night. It would be so mighty easy to do the wrong one. Am I the only man to stand in that pulpit—and is it all up to me?"

He regarded the pulpit as he spoke, richly hung with Christmas greens and seeming eagerly to invite an occupant.

"I should say," observed his brother-in-law, Guy, his face full of affection and esteem for the very admirable figure of a young man who stood before him, "that a fellow who's just pulled off the sort of service we know you had at St. John's this morning, wouldn't consider this one much of a stunt."

Sewall smiled. "Somehow this strikes me as the bigger one," said he. "The wisest of

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my old professors used to say that the farther you got into the country, the less it mattered about your clothes but the more about your sermon. I've been wondering all the way up if I knew enough to preach that sermon. Isn't there any minister in town—not even a visiting one?"

"Not a one. You can't get out of it, Billy, if you have got an attack of stage fright—which we don't believe."

"There *is* one minister," Nan admitted. "But I'd forgotten all about him, till Father mentioned him last night. But he doesn't really count at all. He's old—very old—and infirm."

"Superannuated, they call it," added Sam Burnett. "Poor old chap, I've seen him—I met him at the post-office this morning. He has a peaceful face. He's a good man. He must have been a strong one—in his time."

"Had he anything to do with the church trouble?" Sewall demanded, his keen brown eyes eager.

Nan and Guy laughed.

"Old 'Elder' Blake? Well—not except as he was on his knees, alone at home, praying for the fighters—both sides," was Guy's explanation. "So Father says."

"If I can get hold of a man whose part in the quarrel was praying for both sides, I'm off to find him," said Sewall, decidedly. He picked up his hat as he spoke. "Tell me where he lives."

"Billy!" His sister Margaret's voice was anxious. "Are you sure you'd better? Perhaps it would be kind to ask him to make a prayer. But you won't——"

"You won't ask him to preach the sermon, Billy Sewall—promise us that!" cried Guy. "An old man in his dotage!"

Sewall smiled again, starting toward the door. Somehow he did not look like the sort of fellow who could be easily swayed from an intention once he had formed it—or be forced to make promises until he was ready. "You've got me up here," said he; "now you'll have to take the consequences. Where did you say 'Elder' Blake lives?"

And he departed. Those left behind stared at one another in dismay.

"Keep cool," advised Sam Burnett. "He wants the old man's advice—that's all. I don't blame him. He wants to understand the situation thoroughly. Nothing like putting your head into a thing before you put your foot in. It saves complications. Sewall's head's level—trust him."

V

"I CAN'T quite believe—" said a very old man, with a peaceful face—now wearing a somewhat startled expression—"I can't quite believe you are serious, Mr. Sewall. The people are all expecting you—they will come out to hear you. I have not preached for—" he hesitated—"for many years. I will not say that it would not be—a happiness. If I thought I were fit. But——"

"If I were half as fit," said Sewall, gently, "I should be very proud. But I'm—why, I'm barely seasoned, yet. I'm liable to warp, if I'm exposed to the weather. But you—with all the benefit of your long experience—you're the sort of timber that needs to be built into this strange Christmas service. I hadn't thought much about it, Mr. Blake, till I was on my way here. I accepted the invitation too readily. But when I did begin to think, I felt the need of help. I believe you can give it. It's a critical situation. You know these people, root and branch. I may say the wrong thing. You will know how to say the right one."

"If I should consent," the other man said, after a silence during which, with bent white head, he studied the matter, "what would be your part? Should you attempt"—he glanced at the clerical dress of his caller—"to carry through the service of your—church?"

Sewall's face, which had been grave, relaxed. "No, Mr. Blake," said he. "It wouldn't be possible, and it wouldn't be—suitable. This is a community which would probably prefer any other service, and it should have its preference respected. A simple form, as nearly as possible like what it has been used to, will be best—don't you think so? I believe there is to be considerable music. I will read the Story of the Birth, and will try to make a prayer. The rest I will leave to you."

"And Him," added the old man.

"And Him," agreed the young one, reverently. Then a bright smile broke over his face, and he held out his hand. "I'm no end grateful to you, sir," he said, a certain attractive boyishness of manner suddenly coming uppermost and putting to flight the dignity which was at times a heavier weight than he could carry. "No end. Don't you

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remember how it used to be, when you first went into the work, and tackled a job now and then that seemed to be too big for you? Then you caught sight of a pair of shoulders that looked to you broader than yours—the muscles developed by years of exercise—and you were pretty thankful to shift the load on to them? You didn't want to shirk—Heaven forbid—but you just felt you didn't know enough to deal with the situation. Don't you remember?"

The old man, with a gently humorous look, glanced down at his own thin, bent shoulders, then at the stalwart ones which towered above him.

"You speak metaphorically, my dear lad," he said quaintly, with a kindly twinkle in his faded blue eyes. He laid his left hand on the firm young arm whose hand held his shrunken right. "But I do remember—yes, yes—I remember plainly enough. And though it seems to me now as if the strength were all with the young and vigorous in body, it may be that I should be glad of the years that have brought me experience."

"And tolerance," added William Sewall, pressing the hand, his eyes held fast by Elder Blake's.

"And love," yet added the other. "Love. That's the great thing—that's the great thing. I do love this community—these dear people. They are good people at heart—only misled as to what is worth standing out for. I would see them at peace. Maybe I can speak to them. God knows. . . . I will try."

VI

"The Fernald family alone will fill the church," observed the bachelor son of the house, Ralph. He leaned out from his place at the tail of the procession to look ahead down the line, where the dark figures showed clearly against the snow. By either hand he held a child—his sister Carolyn's oldest, his brother Edson's youngest. "So it won't matter much if nobody else comes out. We're all here—some in rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns."

"I can discern the velvet gowns," conceded Edson, from his place just in front, where his substantial figure supported his mother's frail one. "But I fail to make out any rags. Take us by and large, we seem to put up rather a prosperous front."

"There's nothing at all ostentatious about the girls' dressing, dear," said his mother. "And I noticed that they all put on their simplest clothes for to-night—as they should."

"Oh, yes." Edson chuckled. "That's precisely why they look so prosperous. That elegant simplicity—gad!—you should see the bills that come in for it. Jess isn't an extravagant dresser, as women go—not by a long shot—*but!*" He whistled a bar or two of rag time. "I can see myself now, as a lad, sitting on that fence over there"—he indicated a line of rails, half buried in snow, which outlined the borders of an old apple orchard—"counting the quarters in my trousers pockets, earned by hard labor in the strawberry patch. I thought it quite a sum, but it wouldn't have bought——"

"——a box of the cigars you smoke now," interjected Ralph, unexpectedly, from behind. "Hullo—there's the church! Jolly, but the old building looks bright, doesn't it? I didn't know oil lamps could put up such an illumination. And see the folks going in!"

"See them coming—from all directions." Nan, farther down the line, clutched Sam Burnett's arm. "Oh, I knew they'd come out—I knew they would!"

"Of course they'll come out." This was Mrs. Oliver. "Locks and bars couldn't keep a country community at home, when there is anything going on. But as to the *feeling*—that is a different matter. Oliver, do take my muff. I want to take off my veil. There will be no chance, once I am inside the door. Nan is walking twice as fast now as when we started. She will have us all up the aisle before——"

"Where's Billy Sewall bolting to?" Guy sent back this stage-whisper from the front of the procession, to Margaret, his wife, who was walking with Father Fernald, her hand on his gallant arm. In John Fernald's day a man always offered his arm to the lady he escorted.

"He caught sight of Mr. Blake across the road. They're going in together," Margaret replied. "I think Mr. Blake is to have a part in the service."

"Old Ebenezer Blake? You don't say!" Father Fernald ejaculated, in astonishment. He had not been told of Sewall's visit to the aged minister. "Well, well—that is thoughtful of William Sewall. I don't suppose Elder Blake has taken part in a service in fifteen years—twenty, maybe. He used to

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be a great preacher, too, in his day. I used to listen to him, when I was a young man, and think he could put things in about as interesting a way as any preacher I ever heard. Good man, too, he was—and is. But nobody's thought of asking him to make a prayer in public since—I don't know when. Well, well—look at the people going in! I guess we'd better be getting right along to our seats."

The organ was playing—very softly. Carolyn was a skillful manipulator of keyboards, and she had discovered that by carefully refraining from the use of certain keys—discreetly marked by postage stamps—she could produce a not unmusical effect of subdued harmony. This unquestionably added very much to the impression of a churchly atmosphere, carried out to the eye by the Christmas wreathing and twining of the heavy ropes of shining laurel leaves, and by the massing of the whole pulpit front in the soft, dark green of hemlock boughs and holly. To the people who entered the house with vivid memories of the burning July day when words hardly less burning had seemed to scorch the barren walls, this lamplit interior, clothed with the garments of the woods and fragrant with their breath, seemed a place so different that it could hardly be the same.

But the faces were the same—the faces. And George Tomlinson did not recognize the existence of Asa Fraser, though he passed him in the aisle, beard to beard. Miss Jane Pollock stared hard at the back of Mrs. Maria Hill's bonnet, in the pew in front of her, but when Mrs. Hill turned about to glance up at the organ loft, to discover who was there, Miss Pollock's face became as adamant, and her eyes remained fixed on her folded hands until Mrs. Hill had twisted about again, and there was no danger of their glances encountering. All over the church, likewise, were people who avoided seeing each other, though conscious all down their rigid backbones that those with whom they had fallen out on that unhappy July day were present.

There was no vestry in the old meeting-house; no retiring place of any sort where the presiding minister might stay until the moment came for him to make his quiet and impressive entrance through a softly opening pulpit door. So when the Reverend William Sewall of St. John's, of the neighboring city, came into the North Estabrook sanctuary, it was as his congregation had entered, through the front door and up the aisle.

There was a turning of heads to see him come, but there was a staring of eyes, indeed, when it was seen by whom he was accompanied. The erect figure of the young man, in his unexceptionable attire, walked slowly, to keep pace with the feeble footsteps of the very old man, in his threadbare garments of the cut of half a century ago, and the sight of the two together was one of the most strangely touching things that had ever met the eyes of the people of North Estabrook. It may be said, therefore, that from that first moment there was an unexpected and unreckoned with influence abroad in the place.

Now to the subdued notes of the organ were added the low tones of voices. It was only an old Christmas carol, the music that of a German folk song, but dear to generations of Christmas singers everywhere. The North Estabrook people recognized it—yet did not recognize it. They had never heard it sung like that before.

> Holy night! peaceful night!
> All is dark, save the light
> Yonder where they sweet vigils keep
> O'er the Babe, who in silent sleep
> Rests in heavenly peace.

As "Holy Night" came down to him, William Sewall bent his head. But Ebenezer Blake lifted his. His dim blue eyes looked up—up and up—quite through the old meeting-house roof—to the starry skies where it seemed to him that angels sang again. He forgot the people assembled in front of him—he forgot the responsibilities upon his shoulders—those bent shoulders which had long ago laid down such responsibilities. He saw visions. It is the old men who see visions. The young men dream dreams.

The young city rector read the Christmas Story—out of the worn copy of the Scriptures which had served this pulpit almost from the beginning. He read it in the rich and cultivated voice of his training, but quite simply. Then Margaret sang, to the slender accompaniment of the little organ, the same solo which a famous soprano had sung that morning at the service at St. John's—and her brother William, listening from the pulpit, thought she sang it better. There was the quality

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in Margaret's voice which reaches hearts—a quality which somehow the famous soprano's voice had lacked. And every word could be heard, too—the quiet throughout the house was so absolute—except when Asa Fraser cleared his throat loudly in the midst of one of the singer's most beautiful notes. At the sound Mrs. George Tomlinson gave him a glance which ought to have annihilated him—but it did not. She could not know that the throat-clearing was a high tribute to the song—coming from Asa Fraser.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven. . . . . .
O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

Then William Sewall made a prayer. Those who had been looking to see old Elder Blake take this part in the service began to wonder if he had been asked into the pulpit simply as a courtesy. They supposed he could pray, at least. They knew he had never ceased doing it—and for them. Elder Blake had not an enemy in the village. It seemed strange that he couldn't be given some part, in spite of his extreme age. To be sure, it was many years since anybody had asked him to take part in any service whatsoever, even a funeral service—for which, as is well understood, a man retains efficiency long after he has ceased to be of use in the pulpit, no matter how devastating may be the weather. But that fact did not seem to bear upon the present situation. A number of people, among them Miss Jane Pollock, were beginning to feel more than a little indignant about it, and so lost the most of Sewall's prayer, which was a good one, and not out of the prayer book, though there were phrases in it which suggested that source, as was quite natural. The city man meant to do it all, then. Doubtless he thought nobody from the country knew how to do more than pronounce the benediction. Doubtless that was to be Elder Blake's insignificant part—to pronounce the—

Miss Jane Pollock looked up quickly. She had been staring steadily at the back of Maria Hill's mink collar, in front of her, through the closing sentences of the prayer. But what was this? Elder Blake had risen and was coming forward. Was he going to read a hymn? But he had no book. And he had taken off his spectacles. He could see better, as was known, without his spectacles, when looking at a distance.

William Sewall's prayer was not ended. He could no longer be heard by the people, but in his seat, behind the drooping figure of the old man, he was asking things of the Lord as it seemed to him he had never asked anything before. Could His poor, feeble, "superannuated" old servant ever speak the message that needed to be spoken that night? William Sewall felt more than ever that he himself could not have done it. Could Ebenezer Blake?

"*Make him strong, O God—make him strong,*" prayed William Sewall, fervently. Then, forgetting even a likeness to prayer-book phraseology, he added, with fists unconsciously tight-clenched, in the language of the athletic field where a few years back he himself had taken part in many a hard-fought battle—"*Help him to buck up!*"

VII

They talk about it yet, in North Estabrook, though it happened a year ago. Nobody ever knew how it was that from a frail old man with a trembling voice, which, in its first sentences, the people back of the middle of the church could barely hear, there came to stand before them a fiery messenger from the skies. But such was the miracle—for it seemed no less. The bent figure straightened, the trembling voice grew clear and strong, the dim eyes brightened, into the withered cheeks flowed color—into the whole aged personality came slowly but surely back the fires of youth. And once more in a public place Ebenezer Blake became the mouthpiece of the Master he served.

Peace and good will? Oh, yes—he preached it—no doubt of that. But it was no milk-and-water peace, no sugar-and-spice good will. There was flesh and blood in the message he gave them, and it was the message they needed. Even his text was not the gentle part of the Christmas prophecy; it was the militant part—"*And the government shall be upon His shoulder.*" They were not bidden to lie down together like lambs; they were summoned to march together like lions—the lions of the Lord. As William Sewall looked down into the faces of the people and watched the chang-

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THE OLD MAN SAT, HIS FACE UPTURNED, HIS EYES—WITH AN APPEAL IN THEM —RESTING FIRST UPON THE FACE OF ASA FRASER, THEN UPON THAT OF GEORGE TOMLINSON.

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ing expressions there, he felt that the strange, strong, challenging words were going home. He saw stooping shoulders straighten even as the preacher's had straightened; he saw heads come up, and eyes grow light—most of all, he saw that at last the people had forgotten one another and were remembering—God.

Suddenly the sermon ended. As preachers of a later day have learned the art of stopping abruptly with a striking climax, so this preacher from an earlier generation, his message delivered, ceased to speak. It left his hearers breathless. But after a moment's pause, during which the silence was a thing to be felt, the voice spoke again. It no longer rang—it sank into a low pleading, in words out of the Book upon which the clasped old hands rested:

"*Now, therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of Thy servant, and his supplications, and cause Thy face to shine upon Thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake.*"

Up in the choir loft, chokily Guy whispered to Margaret: "Can't we end with 'Holy Night,' again? Nothing else seems to fit, after that."

She nodded, her eyes wet. It had not been thought best to ask the congregation to sing. There was no knowing whether anybody would sing if they were asked. Now, it seemed fortunate that it had been so arranged, for somehow the congregation did not look exactly as if it could sing. Certainly not George Tomlinson, for he had a large frog in his throat. Not Asa Fraser, for he had a furious cold in his head. Not Maria Hill, for though she hunted vigorously, high and low, for her handkerchief, she was unable to locate it, and the front of her best black silk was rapidly becoming shiny in spots—a fact calculated to upset anybody's singing. Not even Miss Jane Pollock, for, though no tears bedewed her bright black eyes, there was a peculiar heaving quality to her breathing, which suggested an impediment of some sort not to be readily overcome. And it may be safely said that there was not a baker's dozen of people left in the church who could have carried through the most familiar hymn without breaking down.

So the four in the organ loft sang "Holy Night" again. They could not have done a better thing. It is a holy night, indeed, when a messenger from heaven comes down to this world of ours, though he take the form of an old, old man with a peaceful face—but with eyes that can flash once more with a light which is not of earth, and with lips upon which, for one last mighty effort, has been laid a coal from off the altar of the great High Priest.

VIII

George Tomlinson came heavily out of his pew. He had at last succeeded in getting rid of the frog in his throat—or thought he had. It had occurred to him that perhaps he ought to go up and speak to Elder Blake—now sitting quietly in his chair, with William Sewall bending over him—though he didn't know exactly what to say that would seem adequate to the occasion.

At the same moment, Asa Fraser, still struggling with the cold in his head, emerged from his pew, directly opposite. The two men did not look at each other. But, as they had been accustomed to allow their meeting glances to clash with the cutting quality of implacable resentment, this dropping of the eyes on the part of each might have been interpreted to register a distinct advance toward peace.

As each stood momentarily at the opening of his pew, neither quite determined whether to turn his face pulpit-ward or door-ward, Samuel Burnett, coming eagerly up to them from the door-ward side, laid a friendly hand on each black-clad arm. Whether Sam was inspired by Heaven, or only by his own strong common sense and knowledge of men, will never be known. But he had been a popular man in North Estabrook, ever since he had first begun to come there to see Nancy Fernald, and both Tomlinson and Fraser heartily liked and respected him—a fact he understood and was counting on now.

"Wasn't it great, Mr. Tomlinson?" cried Sam, enthusiastically. "Great—Mr. Fraser?" He looked, smiling, into first one austere face and then the other. Then he gazed straight ahead of him, up at Elder Blake. "Going up to tell him so? So am I!" He pressed the two arms, continuing, in his friendly way, to retain his hold on both. "In all the years I've gone to church, I've never heard preaching like that. It warmed up my heart till I thought it would burst—and it made me want to go to work."

Almost without their own volition Tomlinson and Fraser found themselves pro-

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ceeding toward the pulpit—yet Sam's hands did not seem to be exerting any force. The force came from his own vigorous personality. If Burnett was going up to speak to the Elder, it seemed only proper that they, the leading men of the church, should go, too.

William Sewall, having assured himself that his venerable associate was not suffering from a more than natural exhaustion after his supreme effort, stood still by his side, looking out over the congregation. He now observed an interesting trio approaching the platform, composed of his valued friend, Samuel Burnett—his fine face alight with his purpose—and two gray-bearded men of somewhat unpromising exterior, but plainly of prominence in the church, by the indefinable look of them. He watched the three climb the pulpit stairs and come up to the figure in the chair—Sam, with tact, falling behind.

"You did well, Elder—you did well," said George Tomlinson, struggling to express himself, and finding only this time-worn phrase. He stood awkwardly on one foot, before Ebenezer Blake, like an embarrassed schoolboy, but his tone was sincere—and a trifle husky, on account of the untimely reappearance of the frog in his throat.

Elder Blake looked up—and William Sewall thought he had never seen a sweeter smile on a human face, young or old. "You are kind to come and tell me so, George," said he. "I had thought never to preach again. It did me good."

"It did us good, sir," said Sam Burnett. He had waited an instant for Fraser to speak, but saw that the cold in the head was in the ascendency again. "It did me so much good that I can hardly wait till I get back to town to hunt up a man I know, and tell him I think he was in the right in a little disagreement we had a good while ago. I've always been positive he was wrong. I suppose the facts in the case haven't changed"—he smiled into the dim blue eyes—"but somehow I seem to see them differently. It doesn't look to me worth while to let them stand between us any longer."

"Ah, it's not worth while," agreed the old man quickly. "It's not worth while for any of us to be hard on one another, no matter what the facts. Life is pretty difficult, at its best—we can't afford to make it more difficult for any human soul. Go back to town and make it right with your friend, Mr. Burnett. I take it he was your friend, or you wouldn't think of him to-night."

"Was—and is!" declared Sam, with conviction. "He's got to be, whether he wants to or not. But he'll want to—I know that well enough. We've been friends from boyhood—we'd just forgotten it, that's all."

There was a little pause. The old man sat with his white head leaning against the high back of his chair, his face upturned, his eyes—with an appeal in them—resting first upon the face of Asa Fraser, then upon that of George Tomlinson. With a common impulse, William Sewall and Samuel Burnett moved aside together, turning their backs upon the three.

Asa Fraser lifted his eyes and met those of George Tomlinson. With a palpable effort—for he was a man of few words—he spoke.

"George," said he, "I guess I made a mistake, thinking as I did."

"Asey," responded Tomlinson, quickly, "I guess you weren't the only one that made a mistake." And he held out his hand.

Fraser grasped it. With his other hand he raised his handkerchief and blew his nose once more, violently—and finally. From this point the smile in his eyes usurped the place of the moisture which had bothered him so unwontedly, and put it quite to rout.

If you imagine that this little drama had escaped the attention of the departing congregation, headed the other way, you are much mistaken. The congregation was not headed the other way. From the moment when Burnett, Fraser, and Tomlinson had started toward the pulpit, the congregation, to a man, had paused, and was staring directly toward them. It continued to stare, up to the moment when the handshaking took place. But then—eyes turned and met other eyes. Hearts beat fast, lips trembled, feet moved. Unquestionably something had happened to the people of North Estabrook.

Do you know how sometimes the ice goes out of a river? From shore to shore it has been frozen, cold and hard. For many months it has grown solid, deepening and thickening until it seems as if there could be no life left beneath. Then, at last, comes sunshine and rain and warmth. The huge mass looks as impenetrable as ever, but all at once, some day—*crack!*—the first thin, dark line spreads across the surface. Then—*crack, crack!—crack, crack!*—in every direction the ice is breaking up. Look quickly now, if you would see that frozen surface stretching seamless between shore and shore—for suddenly dark lanes of water open up,

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which widen while you watch—and soon, incredibly soon, the river has burst its bonds and is rushing freely once more between its banks, with only the ever diminishing blocks of melting ice upon its surface to tell the story of its long imprisonment.

Even so, on that memorable Christmas night, did the ice in the North Estabrook church break up. *Crack!*—George Tomlinson and Asa Fraser, old friends but sworn foes, had shaken hands. *Crack!*—Mrs. Tomlinson and Mrs. Fraser, tears running frankly down their cheeks, had followed the example of their husbands—and glad enough to do it, for their homes lay side by side, and each had had a hard time of it getting along without the other. Miss Jane Pollock, seeing Mrs. Maria Hill's fruitless search for her handkerchief, had long since drawn out one of her own—she always carried two—and had held it in her hand, ready to offer it, if she could just get to the point. But when, up on the pulpit platform, she saw those two gripping hands, somehow she suddenly reached the point. *Crack!*—With no difficulty whatever Miss Pollock slipped the handkerchief into Mrs. Hill's hand, whispering commiseratingly: "I presume you've got one somewhere, Maria, but you just can't lay your hand on it. Don't take the trouble to return it—it isn't of any value."

And Mrs. Hill, accepting the handkerchief, wiped away the unmanageable tears, and, turning round, answered fervently: "I guess I *will* return it, Jane, if it's only so's to come to your house again—if you'll let me in, after all I've said."

Even as they smiled, shamefacedly but happily, at each other, similar scenes were being enacted. All about them spread the breaking ice. Incredible, that it should happen in a night? Not so. The forces of Nature are mighty, but they are as weakness beside the spiritual forces of Nature's God.

IX

"Well, Billy, have you taken your young friend home and put him to bed?"

The questioner was Ralph Fernald, sitting with the rest of the family—or those members of it who were not still tucking little children in bed—before the fireplace, talking things over. They had been there for nearly an hour, since the service, but Sewall had only just come in.

"I've taken him home," Sewall replied. "But there was no putting him to bed. I think he'll sit up till morning—too happy to sleep, the fine old man."

They had saved a big armchair for Sewall, in the very center of the circle, but he would have none of it. He went over to a corner of the ingle-nook, and dropped upon the floor at his sister Margaret's feet, with his arm upon her knee. When somebody protested, Guy interfered in his defense.

"Let him alone," said he. "He gets enough of prominent positions. If he wants to sit on the fence and kick his heels a while, let him. He's certainly earned the right to do as he pleases to-night. By George, talk about magnificent team-work! If ever I saw a sacrifice play I saw it to-night."

Sewall shook his head. "You may have seen team-work," said he, "though Mr. Blake was the most of the team. But there was no sacrifice play on my part. It was simply a matter of passing the ball to the man who could run. I should have been down in four yards—if I ever got away at all."

John Fernald looked at his wife with a puzzled smile. "What sort o' talk is that?" said he. Then he went on: "I suppose you boys are giving the credit to Elder Blake—who ought to have it. But I give a good deal to William Sewall, whose eyes were sharp enough to see what we've been too blind to find out—that the old man was the one who could deal with us and make us see light on our quarrel. He *did* make us see it! Here I've been standing off, pluming myself on being too wise to mix up in the fuss, when I ought to have been doing my best to bring folks together. What a difference it does make, the way you see a thing!"

He looked round upon the group, scanning one stirred face after another, as the ruddy firelight illumined them. His glance finally rested on his daughter Nan. She, too, sat upon the floor, on a plump red cushion, with her back against her husband's knee. Somehow Nan and Sam were never far apart, at times like these. The youngest of the house of Fernald had made perhaps the happiest marriage of them all, and the knowledge of this gave her father and mother great satisfaction. The sight of the pair, returning his scrutiny with bright faces, gave John Fernald his next comment.

"After the preachers, I guess Nancy and Samuel deserve about the most credit," he went on. "It was the little girl's idea, and Sam stood by her, right through." He be-

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gan to chuckle. "I can see Sam now, towing those two old fellows up to the pulpit. I don't believe they'd ever have got there without him. There certainly is a time when a man's hand on your arm makes it a good deal easier to go where you know you ought to go."

"It would have taken more than my hand to tow them away," said Sam Burnett, "after they found out how it felt to be friends again. Nobody could come between them now, with an axe."

"The music helped," cried Nan; "the music helped more than anything, except the sermon. Think how Margaret worked over that!—and Carolyn over that crazy little old organ! And Guy and Ed and Charles hung all those greens——"

"I tacked the pulpit stair-carpet," put in Oliver, gravely. "While you're assigning credit, don't forget that."

"I stoked those stoves," asserted Ralph. "That left-hand one—Christopher!—I never saw a stove like that to hand out smoke in your face. But the church was warm, when I got through with 'em."

"You all did wonderfully well," came Mother Fernald's proud and happy declaration.

"All but me," said a voice from the center of the group. It was a voice which nobody had ever expected to hear in an acknowledgment of failure of any sort whatsoever, and everybody listened in amazement.

"I did nothing but discourage every one," went on the voice, not quite evenly. "I believe I'm apt to do that, though I never realized it before. But when that wonderful old man was speaking, it came to me, quite suddenly, that the reason my husband's family don't like me better—is—because—it is my nature always to see the reasons against a thing, and to discourage people about it, if I can. I—want to tell you all that—I'm going to try to help, not hinder, from now on."

There was never a deeper sincerity than breathed in these astonishing words from Marian, Oliver's wife. Astonishing, because they all understood, knowing her as they did—Oliver was oldest, and had been first to marry—what a tremendous effort this had cost her, a proud woman of the world, who had never seemed to care whether her husband's family loved her or not, so long as they deferred to her.

For a moment they were all too surprised and touched—for there is nothing more touching than humility, where it is least expected—to speak. Then Ralph, who sat next Marian, brought his fist down on his knee with a thud.

"Bully for you!" said he.

Upon Marian's other side her husband's mother slipped a warm, delicate hand into hers. Nan, leaning past Sam's knee, reached up and patted her sister-in-law's lap. Everybody else smiled, in his or her most friendly way, at Oliver's wife; and Oliver himself, though he said nothing, and merely continued to stare fixedly into the fire, looked as if he would be willing to tack pulpit stair-carpets for a living, if it would help bring about such results as these.

"Marian's right in calling him a wonderful old man!" Guy spoke thoughtfully. "He got us all—Fernalds as well as Tomlinsons and Frasers. He hit me, square between the eyes, good and hard. But I'm glad he did," he owned, with characteristic frankness.

They all sat gazing into the fire, in silence, for a little while after that, in the musing way of those who have much to think about. And by and by Father Fernald pulled out his watch and scanned it by the wavering light.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. "It's close on to twelve o'clock! You children ought to be in bed—oughtn't they, Mother?"

There was a murmur of laughter round the group, for John Fernald was looking at his wife over his spectacles in just the quizzical way his sons and daughters well remembered.

"I suppose they ought, John," she responded, smiling at him. "But you might let them sit up a little longer—just this once."

He looked them over once more—it was the hundredth time his eyes had gone round the circle that night. It was a goodly array of manhood and womanhood for a father to look at and call his own—even William Sewall, the brother of his son's wife, seemed to belong to him to-night. They gave him back his proud and tender glance, every one of them, and his heart was very full. As for their mother—but her eyes had gone down.

"Well," he said, leaning over to clasp her hand in his own, as she sat next him, "I guess maybe, just this once, it won't do any harm to let 'em stay up a little late. They're getting pretty big, now. . . . And it's Christmas Night."

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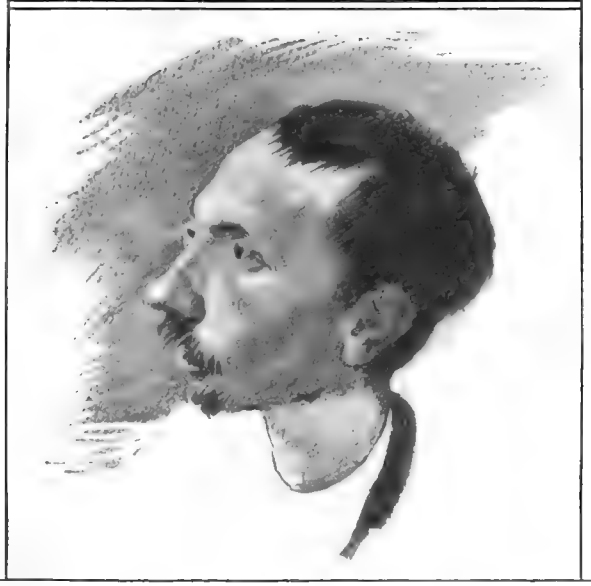

A MIXING BOWL for *Nations*

By

ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH STELLA

CHICAGO, the greatest industrial city on earth. So say most observers, watching the stock-yards, the steel mills and Pullman, the sweat-shops and factories, foundries, tanneries, harvester works. And they miss the most vital process of all. For if, when the day's roar of work has subsided, you watch the men, women, and children that pour out of factories, shops, and mills; the Germans and Irish and Scotch, the Swedes, Norwegians, Poles and Jews, Bohemians, Slovaks, Italians, Greeks; if you follow the human tides to the great foreign quarters of the city, you may be amazed at the scenes you will suddenly enter; opening scenes in a slow but irresistible process, which has for its raw material all the old peoples of Europe, and for a finished product, when at last these shall all be fused—a new race of men upon the earth. The Tower of Babel's drama reversed. Chicago a mixing-bowl for the nations.

In the Café Acropolis the night had just begun. It was six o'clock. Outside the open doors on Halsted Street, the crowds were coming home; there was a ceaseless shuffling

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tread of feet, and laughing, shouting, talking in a curious babel of tongues. But in here was only Greece. Not a word of English, but a hum of deep, harsh voices from a dozen groups of men, some playing pool in the rear, but most at little round tables, sipping Turkish coffee in small, thick, white cups; reading the *Chronos* (*Times*), an American newspaper printed in Greek; and smoking cigarettes or long Turkish water pipes. Above in festoons hung gay paper ropes of all colors. On one wall, from a gilded picture frame, the Athenian Acropolis looked down; on another, a print of a classic old Parthenon statue, stately and severe, completely ignored its gay neighbor—a gorgeous chromo of Anna Held displaying a new five-cent cigar.

At four of the tables all eyes were intent on the cards.

"Poker?" I suggested, looking for chips.

"No," said the tall, swarthy waiter disdainfully. "Not like it at all. It is a Greek game. You begin. You never want to go. Some time maybe you play all the night."

Here many come to seek news from home. On the wall at one spot were pinned some score of letters, the addresses in strange Greek scrawl. When the postman came in with the evening mail, a half dozen rose and crowded around him, but came back disgusted; except for one chubby-faced man who took a blue letter—also chubby—back to his corner table, and sat complacently smiling down, lighting a fresh cigarette before beginning to read. Stories cluster thick round this rough, simple post-office, but of these you can get only hints. There was a boy of eighteen who walked in every night for over six months, never asking for letters, but simply glancing up at the place on the wall—for the missive which never came. On the wall are some envelopes dingy with months of waiting for readers, the stories still hidden inside. And here one night an anxious group of big workmen sat breathing hard over a letter to be sent to a mother in Greece, to say that her son had lost his leg in a tunnel explosion, that by passing the hat in the café for the past five evenings they had collected enough for his passage, and that he would soon start for home.

At some tables faces drew close together scowling, or were thrown far back laughing—over first adventures in America. For this café is a meeting-place for Greeks from all over the land. Here stories are told of far-away camps, of the railroads, the mills, and the mines; but more often of South Water Street, near by, the fruit mart of America. For fruit is the Greek's main business field. Thousands peddle it along the city streets, and a few already own big South Water Street stores.

In one corner, at a table by himself, sat a gray old man, prosperous looking, slowly puffing a Turkish pipe and reading the *Chronos*. From this old business gentleman down to the ragged young railroad hobo, you could see in the different grades of clothes and demeanors the various rungs in the social ladder. For even the Greeks are beginning to climb.

"See those fellers," said a jaunty young Greek clerk who sat at my table. He pointed to the jolliest crowd in the room, the jolliest and the raggedest—grimy, hairy giants with clear, black eyes and flashing smiles. "Hayseeds," he remarked. "Fresh from the mountains in Greece, the poor places. Most Greeks are like them when they come here first. Then they learn."

I called the waiter, and ordered Turkish coffee for us both. My new companion grinned.

"You ought to try a water pipe," he said.

The coffee was delicious, light yellow, thick, and very strong. Then the waiter brought my pipe, a long-necked bottle, half full of water, with a lump of wet tobacco leaves on the top of the neck, and on top of the leaves a red-hot coal. The bottle he placed on the floor, and the long, flexible tube he handed to me. Then he, too, grinned. I took the mouthpiece and puffed, gently and peacefully, like a Christian—but with no result. After many vain attempts, I seized the tube in both hands and inhaled like a double-dyed Turk. I heard a rumbling noise down in the bottle, I saw the water bubbling hard, the coal glowed red, and the next moment I felt the smoke as from forty cigarettes, not hot, but cool, for it had passed through the water below. I was smoking.

Across the room, in a poster on the wall, two bespangled giants held fire-belching cannon, one under each arm. I asked who they were.

"Sons of the strongest man in Greece," said my companion proudly. "We don't have football in our country, but we have something just as good. Their old man has killed three men in his life and also one tiger in a London show. In the theatre here next week his sons hold those cannon while they're fired!"

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A half hour later, in the back room of a Greek saloon, I had supper, consisting of egg and lemon soup, goat meat well stewed and highly seasoned, boiled rice, macaroni, potatoes, and a cream dessert called "yawuditi." This I topped off by a pony of delicious Greek brandy. And meanwhile, for my amusement, the waiter placed on the table the wee pet of the place, "Jeemmy," a fifteen-day-old, brown and white spotted kid! About twelve inches long, wagging his ears and boldly standing (though swaying) upon his awkward, brand-new legs, and blinking his eyes and sniffing at my cigarette—a thorough good fellow was Jim.

"In Greece," said the waiter, "we have at home in our mountains maybe a meellion goats. So for me here I buy leetle Jeemmy."

Later I went to the "Parthenon." This was like the "Acropolis," except that here the walls were literally covered with pictures. In addition to the poster of the valiant cannon giants, there was another announcing that next week, in a big international theatre (which is used for anything from Jewish problem plays to Italian grand opera) there would appear the following attraction:

A Greek Performance!
By Greek Artists Just Arrived from Athens!
"ESMA"

"'Esma,'" one of the café crowd explained, "is the story of a prize beauty girl, an' she was very rich. Her old father was a grafter, an' he was in with the Turks. She come in love in the Revolution 1821 with a young Greek guy, a fine revolution leader. He kill hundreds of men. So she love him and she want Greece be free. She won't give up. So her father throw her out the house. But this don't scare Esma. She go to her lover. They have a quick wedding. Then she help him fight!"

Along one wall was a frieze portraying some fantastic old legend of men and gods and one girl. On another was a scene which the now deeply excited crowd urged me not to pass by: a winged, majestic angel, representing Greece, was summoning all the famous men of the nation's past, from Socrates down; and they were appearing, all arrayed in modern dress suits, with sheets over their shoulders to signify the grave. Next came a battle-field lurid and smoking and gory; near by, the assassination of a modern high official; and last, at the end of the room, was the portrait of a modern warrior resplendent in white and blue kilts, gun in hand, watching.

"He was the richest man of Athens," some one explained. "First, he fought in Bulgaria War, and he kill all the best Bulgarians. Then he try a few years ago—we remember—to free Greece in Macedonia War. He kill all the Turks he could, but at last he was with only twenty friends in the mountains. The Turk armies hunt them about half a year. Every month they get more of his men. At last he was alone, with two hundred Turks who shoot at once at him. He did what he could—but he got killed."

I took a long look again at the pictures and then at the faces around me.

"Do you all mean to settle for good in Chicago?" I asked.

"Sure," said one spokesman. "Cheecago is fine!"

The city is full of contrasts. On any winter's afternoon about five o'clock, in a snug little place far out in the northwest quarter, you may find the Swedish at coffee.

An oasis of comfort is here. Outside, the street is already dark, poorly lighted, cheerless and dirty and gray; the sweat-shops lie close around, from the small three-room affairs to the big, whirring factory lofts. In here is a long, low room, bare but spotlessly clean, brightly lighted and warm from the stout, crackling stove near the door. Near by is a counter piled with a tempting assortment of Swedish sweet bread and cakes, just baked, and a tall, bright urn steaming the fragrance of coffee. Beyond are a score of small tables, each with its prim paper napkins and thick, white china cups and plates.

Since half past four the people have been arriving. A few are doctors and lawyers and small shopkeepers; but most are straight from the sweat-shops, the more skilled workers—cutters and operators—in their working clothes, some of the men without hats, many of the women with shawls thrown over their heads. For the time is brief; only a half hour here, and then back to the day's last stretch of swift, buzzing labor. Each group, as they enter, choose their sweet bread or cakes at the counter, and then go on to a table. By five the room is full.

The people are like the place. The women wear their hair brushed straight and smooth; the murmur of voices is low, with little laughing. Here at one table sit four mothers, one of them proudly displaying a small baby cap,

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AN ITALIAN FROM ROME. CHICAGO'S ITALIAN HAUNTS HOLD MANY A VETERAN GLOBE-TROTTER WHO KNOWS AMERICA FROM END TO END.

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which appears to have many fine points—completely unknown to mankind. Across the room a group of mothers and girls are intently listening to a large woman with short gray hair and a square, strong, almost masculine face, but kindly beaming blue eyes. This woman is well known; her life would in itself make a story. In Norway she knew Ibsen and other brilliant men of the Scandinavian school. She spent years in university studies. Then her father failed, she traveled as a governess, finally landed here, and entered the sweat-shops in the old days of absolute "*laissez-faire.*" She rose to be one of the fastest workers in the trade; when the union began, she became an official; and here for years she has struggled for better conditions of living. As she talks now, the faces of the mothers at her table are an interesting contrast to those watching the baby cap. For nowadays, in home and in factory, mothers live two lives at once.

Many of the men are reading newspapers. On the wall hang papers just arrived from Stockholm, and Chicago papers in Swedish. One is of a radical tone. About a score of the young unmarried men come regularly for their meals, and here they have long evening discussions.

The proprietor and his wife are strictly religious and will do no business whatever on Sunday; but every Sunday afternoon this room and the one behind it are thrown open to meetings, where all kinds of topics—religious, industrial, political—are seriously discussed.

THE SLAVIC PEOPLES ARE FURNISHING TO CHICAGO HUGE, HEALTHY PEASANTS, THAT ARE THE BEST OF RAW MATERIAL.

These people are in the end to be fused with the Greek mountaineers!

For Italian haunts I had a long search. Rich Italian cafés run for American trade—these were easy to find; but the real "Guinney hang-outs" seemed lacking; from all quarters came the opinion that "Guinneys love to stay home." But, knowing that great numbers of them have homes only far away in Italy, and that over a hundred thousand are young, industrial hoboes, moving with railroad and mining and tunnel gangs over the country, I went to the railroad terminal district that lies just south of the business center. And here I found three barrooms for "Guinneys," with real cafés behind.

The Café Torino is run by Tony Carbonato. As I came in, Mr. Carbonato sat in his shirt-sleeves, with some ten jovial, noisy young peasants who were playing cards at two square tables near the bar. He took me into the back room, where a dozen tables were already set for supper, with comfortable old tablecloths and a general air of "Auld Lang Syne." Supper was served for twenty-five cents, including a flask of Chianti. Among the dishes were soup with noodles, a meat stew highly spiced, potatoes and garlic, spaghetti with cheese, and pudding with brandy sauce.

He had a few regular boarders. But most were "from all the places in America." His two great seasons were spring and fall.

"In April," said Mr. Carbonato, "they come from

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AN ITALIAN FROM CALABRIA. THROUGH THE ITALIAN CAFÉS IN CHICAGO, A STREAM OF WORKERS POURS OUT TO NORTH DAKOTA RAILROAD CAMPS, TENNESSEE PLANTATIONS, AND NEVADA MINES.

Eetalia to work, and in fall they go back to Eetalia to have good times. And also, many work here in mines all winter and go back in spring, because there is not so much work in the coal mines in summer, so they go for fun to Eetalia till fall."

It is a constant stream pouring through. Mr. Carbonato sends some to lodging-places run by his friends. But many are in the city only a few hours, and their simple baggage lies in corners of the barroom. Those coming from Italy to jobs have generally but a few dollars in pocket. He sends them to little Italian banks near by, where their money is exchanged, and whence they are sent to North Dakota railroad camps, Tennessee plantations, and Nevada mines.

But the joyous, rollicking ones are those who come in with a hundred dollars in pocket, and the dark, disturbing threats of loud-mouthed Irish foremen, all left far behind; courageous again, and bound for warm "Bella Eetalia," there to be merry and sing and drink good wine, to be proud and spin boastful yarns to eager young brothers, to be fierce and impassioned, making swift love to

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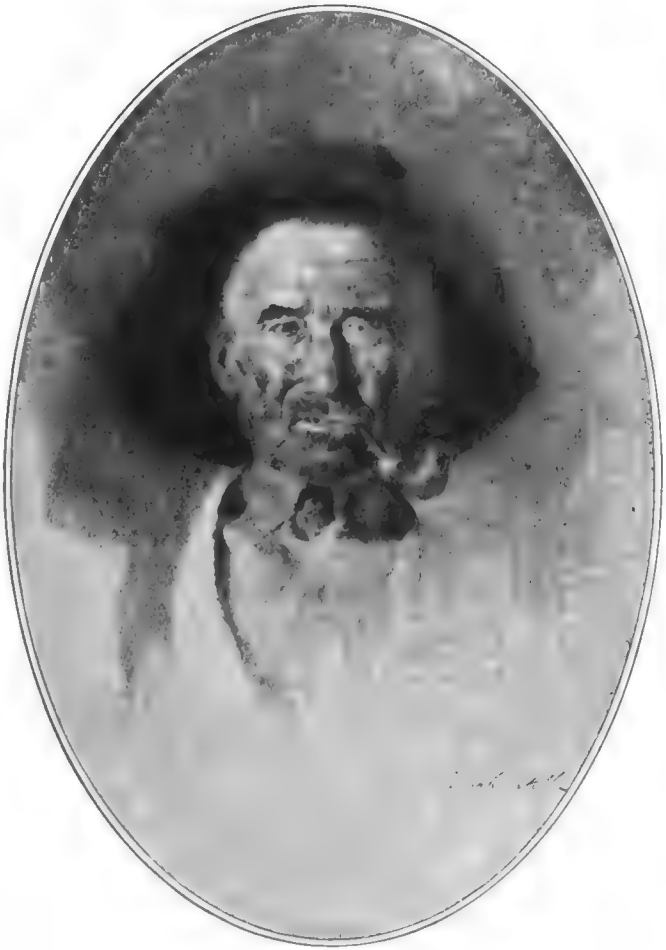

CONTRAST THIS ITALIAN FROM BASILICATA WITH THE ROMAN TYPE. MEN FROM ALL THE ITALIAN PROVINCES MEET IN THE GREAT AMERICAN CITIES, WHERE THE TREMENDOUS DRAMA OF THE MIXING OF NATIONS IS TAKING PLACE.

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adoring young girls. For them at the Café Torino the red Chianti flows free. For them round the corner are again the little banks, but this time with home tickets to sell, and good, old Italian *lire* to give,—*over five for every dollar. And at home a* lira *will go almost as far as a dollar will here.*

So the *contadino* is joyous and bold. Here are veteran globe-trotters who know America from end to end; and with them young striplings who laugh and sing and shout and slap shoulders at the near prospect of home. So the gay parties last often far into the night. Mr. Carbonato is careful to keep bunco men out of his place, but he admits that there are such men elsewhere and that they live fat on their victims.

"Mikey Murphy" was the name given by one fierce-looking young giant from Sicily. He had worked in a big zinc mine out West, had saved $82.40, and arrived in Chicago swaggering with Americanism. He was bound for "Seecheelia," to tell the greenhorns how to get rich.

"In America," said Mr. Murphy, speaking very loud in Italian, "you need only be a sharp man and get some graft if there is any around."

When a little Italian pressed him to explain what graft was, Mr. Murphy grew vague and dignified, and pulled out all his money. At sight of this, the little Italian proudly displayed twice that amount—at least so he claimed; but his treasure had already been changed into crisp Italian bank notes, and it was hard to figure it out. Later the two adjourned to a barroom near by; and, supper over, the little Italian grew more and more boastful over his wine. And, to clear everything up, he offered to take Murphy's money around to the bank and bring back Italian cash.

Mr. Murphy laughed in the little man's face; and then grinned, a shrewd, sneering, Yankee grin; and said that he was a wise man. But the little one indignantly met the suspicion by offering to leave all his good Italian bank notes behind as security. Mr. Murphy thought hard, and at last consented. The little man took the money and went, leaving his own (bogus) bank notes behind.

And five days later a silent, haggard giant, who gave his name as Pietro Maggoni, was on his way west to a zinc mine.

But most are more lucky. There have been hundreds of thousands of happy home-goings in the past ten years, and, as a result of all the gay stories and boastings, wives have insisted on coming, willful young girls have insisted on being married and coming, too. So in Chicago immense Italian quarters have already appeared. It is here that they "love to stay home."

In one such quarter I found a café that had a most hopeless, dismantled, dejected appearance. But a new life was beginning. The bar, where glasses had so seldom clinked, was now crowded with bottles. The stout bartender, his two boys, his wife, and his little girl, sat in a group on the floor, all busily filling more bottles with red and white wine.

"No use," he grunted. "We wait long enough. Nobody come. All stay home. So now we put it in bottles, sell in homes, get rich soon!"

They stay home. But there are many social gatherings: feast-day processions and dances and holiday meetings; and sometimes opera, concert, or drama.

Romance and singing, a deep-bred love of beauty, childlike simplicity, hot blood of the South—to be fused at last into the main stock of Chicago's future people!

Late one afternoon, in the course of my ramblings, I had a delightful surprise. There are but a few thousand French in Chicago; and though there are many French cafés where *some of the waiters* are French, I had never hoped that my story might include a real haunt of the Café Makers.

The street was sooty and noisy and full of business faces. And my eyes were growing weary, when suddenly I spied rising from the dingy sidewalk two jaunty green palms, beneath them one vivid red bench and in front of the bench a tiny red table. I went in.

It was only a common barroom in shape. But the bar held many little French bottles; at a table by the wall sat a Frenchman writing a letter, with cool green absinthe before him; on the wall were many letters from France, and scenes from the old Paris life, and a few grotesque cartoons.

From the French bartender I learned how a shrewd, industrious saloon-keeper, had become *café propriétaire*, and how homesick Frenchmen had come eagerly flocking in. The back of the place was filled with tables; and so was an inner room, where three tables pulled close together told of last night's convivial crowd. This little inner room was gay with cartoons and rough pencil sketches. A piano stood in one corner, with

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music piled on top. Here some twenty-five boon companions gather regularly for *déjeuner* at noon, again for dinner in the evening. And here are songs and memories of old Paris—and fervent hopes that "Bohemian" Americans will not crowd in to spoil it.

The real Bohemian café, when at last I found it on a dirty tenement street far out in the southwest part of the city, was a large, square room that seemed double its size, so low was the ceiling. I came in to supper at seven o'clock, when the evening had just begun. A few spruce youngsters, probably clerks, were playing billiards in shirt-sleeves at two tables in the rear. Around the walls, at small tables, sat men of all ages, from young Czechs in their 'teens to three white-headed old chums who sat together peacefully smoking their pipes, with looks on their faces that were a disgrace to tense, hard-headed, rushing Chicago. All degrees of prosperity were here. Men with good clothes and assured demeanor sat close to men who, from the looks of their clothes and hands, might have come from the neighboring stock-yards, where thousands of Czechs are employed. The general air was of prosperity; for the Czechs, working hard in factories, shops, and big stores, and even in office buildings, get ahead faster than all the more recent immigrant races—only excepting the Jews.

But they are slow to forget Bohemia. Around me I heard not a word of English, but only the low, deep, guttural hum of the Czechish tongue, which they proudly claim is the richest language on earth: in its beauty, its fine shades of meaning, its power and rhythm. And truly it has a strange fascination—this speech that for hundreds of years, outlawed by the Teutons, has had to fight for its very life, and has only lately won back its freedom. As you listen, it is easy to imagine wild gorges, old castles, and desperate struggles for liberty. The castles were there, in dusky pictures on the walls: old, gray, ruined, turreted affairs perched high on rocky cliffs; and there were romantic scenes of patriots round bivouac fires in mountain glens. And close beside these dusky old scenes was a brand-new, flaring American poster, entitled "Hurdle Automobiles in the White City at Night."

An affable young man of business sat at my table. He spoke excellent English and kindly guided me through the bewildering bill of fare. Through his aid, for the sum of thirty-five cents, I explored strange soups and stews and dumplings stuffed with meat—all highly spiced. I ate hugely of "ceskazhitna," delicious coarse rye bread, made of a special flour prepared by American mills for our half million Bohemian countrymen. But the main attraction was the beer, light and cool and undoctored (as nearly as I could tell), fresh from old Pilsen.

The talk turning to music, I asked my companion how they got along here without it. He smiled.

"We don't," he said. He pointed to a piano in one corner. "There are two men who come here, one nearly every night. One is a music teacher, the other runs a small music shop in the Quarter. Neither makes much money, but how happy they are! Both are pianists. No doubt there are men in this city who have more brilliant technique. But the phrasing, the feeling that these men put into it! Wait and you will hear."

I waited. And when I left, four hours later, a big man with heavy black beard and blue eyes still sat at the piano. He had no sheets of music before him. But the tables were still crowded with listeners. He would go on, I was told, until one or two in the morning. His music was full of Bohemian dreams and longings, disappointments, despair, the old feeling of struggling upward in the dark. And as he played men kept turning round from the cards; laughing groups grew suddenly silent, eyes following smoke wreaths or staring into the memories far away. Because he felt the old country—this big man who was playing.

It was here that Kubelik came one night, fresh from his downtown triumphs. Downtown he won thousands of dollars and much hearty applause. But it was here, in the little Czech theatre close overhead, the Chicago home of Bohemian music and drama, that Kubelik played his best. And late at night, when at last the audience, even standing and kneeling in the aisles, would consent that he put up his fiddle, he came down here. And then this place was packed tight with men and boys standing and sitting on tables and chairs—until three o'clock, when they carried him on their shoulders out to his automobile.

The Czechs are to be our kindred!

Even more prosperous than the Czechs, and by far the most intellectual of all the latest comers are the Russian Jews.

When they come, they are deeply, intensely

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religious. Late one autumn night, over in the Ghetto, I found a little café transformed for the week into a synagogue, packed with men and women, close and stifling. It was the eve of the last day of Atonement Week. These people believed that in the great Book of Doom, before the judgment seat of Jehovah, their sins and good deeds for the year had all been entered; and now, before the Book should be sealed on the morrow, there was still the chance for redemption by deep contrition, fasting, and prayer. In the dimly lighted room they stood in rows: the men in front, wearing their prayer shawls; the women behind. And all faced the holy Ark, before which a man in priestly garb bowed continually as he chanted. This constant, monotonous bowing you could see all through the room, and from every corner the low, repentant chanting was heard. Now and then you heard sobs from the women's quarter.

I watched one tall, bony elder with great, snowy beard; the light shone full on his face; and, as he prayed, the tears welled in his deep, sunken eyes, trickling slowly down his broad cheeks.

All at once the prayer rose to a wail—high, loud, beseeching. And now all the dark faces, tense and haggard from fasting and excitement, seemed in a very ecstasy of remorse and supplication. Almost fanaticism: the same that in Russia for hundreds of years has survived the countless legal persecutions, the massacres secretly planned by the high police of the czars.

Most of the men here were old. Among the young in Chicago the ancient religion is changing into more liberal form, or passing away.

In dingy little Ghetto cafés you may find groups of men over their coffee and Russian cigarettes. And here all topics under the sun are thrashed out: by doctors and lawyers, by shopkeepers, clerks, business men of all kinds, by musicians and actors in Yiddish problem plays, by workmen from sweat-shops and factories. Here men who have worked in the sweat-shops from six in the morning till seven at night will gather, drink coffee, and talk on into the small wee hours, leaving only a few hours of sleep before the strain of the next morning's labor begins. For the very persecutions and hardships which have for centuries kept them down have weeded out weaklings and left to the race a tremendous vitality. With this behind them, the Jews are thronging in every year by tens of thousands, and are fast reaching up into all professions and branches of business. Even in rushing Chicago the Jews have already become as a race the most strenuous of all its strenuous livers.

In the new era ahead will their blood be mingled with that of the other fast-gathering races? Or will they retain their race as a separate part of the whole? The latter course is the one predicted by scores of their own greatest spokesmen. But only time can tell.

In the case of the Poles there seems to be no such question. Just as the Germans and the Irish, coming in huge waves decades ago, have toiled slowly up into the skilled work of our industries and have united by thousands with the American born, so the Poles, coming now into the vast fields of unskilled labor, are slowly pushing up, leaving Italians behind them; and already the uppermost stratum is beginning to fuse with the native stock. In the stock-yards for some two months I watched the lowermost strata, the beginners in the slow climbing process.

One Saturday night on Whisky Row, from a hall up over a Polish saloon café, came such shouts and laughter and squeaking of fiddles that I went up the steep stairs and entered.

"Just a weddin'," said the stout Irish policeman, who stood in one corner complacently taking it in. Around the walls stood and sat some two hundred of all ages, from the white-headed old woman across the room to the wee, chubby grandchild that stolidly slept in her lap. On the floor were a dozen couples whirling and stamping, some laughing, others as though their very lives depended on the power of each stamp. From the platform the little orchestra was playing fast and hard, repeating the same short, rhythmic squeak over and over.

The week's long grind in the stock-yards, the worries, the anxious planning to save up for a cottage home—all were forgotten. Each time the fiddles resumed their frenzy, the whirling and stamping and laughing began as though it were eight o'clock instead of twelve. Only the babies were silent and dignified—sound asleep.

It is true that at one end of the room, at the little bar, the barkeeper was kept hard at work. Couples were continually crowding up before him. But the drink was only light beer.

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"Only two drunks," said the cop, "and we fired 'em both downstairs. These people ain't here for that kind of a time."

Over in one corner stood the bride, a husky young girl of perhaps eighteen, dressed in traditional white with a meager veil cheerfully doing its best to flutter and flow in the breeze from the window. She sat by her mother. Her broad, rather dull face was rosy now and glowing. She breathed deep, smiling to herself, now glancing at the coarse white roses in her lap, now at the dancers, now at her brand-new husband, a tall, thin Pole who stood stiff and awkward, but grinning with delight. When a man came over and seized her hand, she bounced up with a quick laugh. And then came new excitement.

For every male guest is expected to ask the bride to dance; and, to defray wedding expenses, the price of each dance is a dollar. On the floor is a thick white plate, upon which the guest may throw his coin with all his force, and if he breaks it his money is returned. But whether from the generous caution of the guests or the thickness of the plate provided by the bride's discreet mamma, this accident rarely happens. And often, if the bride be a belle and the groom a good fellow, the sum amounts to two or even three hundred dollars—with enough left over to furnish the new American home which is to begin on the morrow.

New homes, new music and dancing, new energy, new vital hopes are here. For it is the lustiest youth, the very bone and sinew of Poland, that is now crowding in, to help make the new race of the future.

And so it is with the Lithuanians, Hungarians, and Slovaks—huge, healthy peasants, the best of raw material. Scattered over the city far and wide, there are little cafés and back rooms of saloons, there are churches and schools and society rooms, where you may catch glimpses of all these peoples. Bewildering glimpses they are, and you wonder how all are ever to be fused in the common stock.

Until you think of the Germans and Irish. Into what corners of industry, business, professions, and politics have these two races not reached! The intermarriages how common, and how wholesome the result!

Off under the trees, in a big, cool, quiet beer-garden, the band is playing just now something dreamy and low. And here it is good to smoke and dream of a future race—or indeed a future anything. All around you in family groups are Teutons young and old. And half-Teutons, too, for in many groups the son-in-law or the daughter-in-law is plainly "pure Chicagoan" (if such a phrase be possible); and the wee grandchildren, who speak both English and German, make one more step in the slow growth from the old Yankee stock.

"But all this was done before," the reader may object. "The thirteen colonies long ago went through the whole mixing business. That's how we were made."

So we were; but the same mixing business is now to be repeated on a scale tenfold more tremendous. And not only this: the races to be mixed are infinitely farther apart in climatic and racial differences. And not only this: for as all things under heaven move faster now than at any other age since the flood, so this mixing is to be done not slowly as before, in quiet, scattered farming communities, but in vast human hives called cities and factory towns, at a speed which even in our lifetime seems certain to produce changes dramatic and deep in the city life of the nation.

Now it is just beginning. The greatest of all immigration waves has come only in the past twenty years; and its ten millions of immigrants—the Italians, Bohemians, Jews, and Poles, the Swedes, Norwegians, and Greeks—are only beginning to form first blood ties with the peoples who have come here before them.

How few of us are awake to these opening scenes of the drama. How many good preachers go on with their work of to-day without thinking what effect on church and creed this race drama is to have. How many busy physicians go on with their day and night practice without stopping to wonder what the future physique is to be. How many lawyers go on with their law; politicians with their votes; employers with their factories, shops, and mills, little dreaming of what may happen to laws and political systems and even to the economic frame of society through the welding of such widely different habits and customs, religions, convictions of every kind—from the slow work of the Past; such varied hopes, desires, ambitions for self, and social-political theories, dreams, and ideals—for the quickening work of the Future. All these to clash for survival, the fittest at last to endure—in Chicago, huge mixing-bowl for the nations!

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE JUDGMENT OF JULIA ANN

By G. W. OGDEN

JULIA ANN McCANN thought in rhombs and parallelograms. To her the world was a place of angles, each abrupt turn hiding some unsolved problem of vice and iniquity, each straight line leading to the brink of some awful perpendicular, at the base of which lurked Man, waiting to rend innocence and virtue and middle-aged schoolma'ams. Julia Ann had decided opinions on matrimony, and in her forbidding array of argument against that arrangement of society she admitted but one extenuating circumstance: The result of matrimonial union of the sexes was employment for middle-aged schoolma'ams, who might, otherwise, be driven to marriage themselves.

Julia Ann was a little blue of complexion, owing to a natural coldness of disposition. Frogs' legs were warm compared with Julia Ann. When she put her hand on a boy's neck, it made his hair shrink; if she caressed a girl's cheek, it made her shiver. Julia Ann's nose was sharp, and across its bridge the skin was drawn so tightly that two little white spots marked two little osseous processes underneath. Her mouth carried the severe, determined expression of a lady you have seen going into her garden to kill bugs and worms. Not that Julia Ann engaged in any such heartless occupation. She had crushed the bugs and worms so systematically in the garden of her youth that they kept away from her in after years. She studied biology, she read Darwin, and even Spencer. And Julia Ann had Man fully figured out as a creature to be watched.

People borrowed a good deal of trouble over Julia Ann. Year in and year out the men worried the question around the grocery-store stove: Would a man ever come along with sand enough to marry Julia Ann? Summer after summer, when she went away on her vacation, the women wore out the days wondering if anybody had proposed marriage to her, and speculating on what Julia Ann would say in such an event.

Julia Ann frequently debated that same question with herself—now that all danger appeared to be past—looking upon it as a mariner looks upon a peril that he has sailed by and left behind forever. She made diagrams of it, applied logic to it, weighed it and measured it against the frailties of her kind. In working on the problem, Julia Ann took herself as an abstract example. She was calm and unprejudiced over it; and the outcome of several years' figuring, despite her distrust of man, was that Julia Ann didn't know.

"If a man proposed marriage to you, Julia Ann McCann, aged ten years more than you ought to be, and looking ten years

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older than you really are, what would your answer be?"

"I really don't know. I'd have to have time to reflect."

Vacation time was approaching. In another week Julia Ann would pack up and leave the village for three months, according to long custom, to come back at the end of that time not an ounce plumper, not a degree softer, and take up the pointer in school once more. For seven years little Doctor Ellis had walked home with her on Tuesday nights from choir practice, where she played the organ. On the last evening before her vacation he informed her in his consultation voice, which was a high compliment, that he had grown to be a great admirer of her force of character. Before Julia Ann had time to thank him, he alternated the dose with a proposal of matrimonial alliance.

The question, the big question, jumping out upon Julia Ann from the quiet, rose-whispering spring night, when she believed herself forever out of its reach, confused her so that she could do nothing but stand trembling and silent.

"Well, pet," he urged, holding her limp wrist, finger on her pulse, "what do you say?"

"I've never thought of marrying," said she, "and I'll have to ask time to consider it."

That being agreeable to the doctor, Julia Ann sought her chamber, and drew forth her papers with her diagrams and problems on the question of marriage. There she sat, pondering and perplexed, far into the night. But she didn't find the answer. Nor on the next night, nor the next. Vacation came, and with it a plan popped into Julia Ann's head. Marriage was a problem that could not, she concluded, be disposed of on theoretical lines alone. True, logic proved, as applied to the case by Julia Ann, that man was a creature, married or unmarried, to be either feared or despised. In the narrow life of the village, where every household joy and sorrow was known and weighed at the grocery store, matrimony and man were no more than drab streaks on a leaden background. How did the game work out in the world where there was shoulder-to-shoulder strife, where the lockstep of necessity drove men by thousands to grim daily tasks, where the scarlet fruit of temptation hung before their eyes at every turn?

Julia Ann would investigate, Julia Ann would find out at first hand; then she would pass judgment in the case of Dr. Robert Ellis, physician and surgeon, latest methods used.

In the great sprawling monster of a city, puffing its black venom against the sky—on clear days its taint might be seen from the village—were four women married fast and hard to four men—women that had bloomed into girlhood and gamboled away their slim-waisted days with Julia Ann. What of man in the case of Myrta, Nellie, Katie, and Joanna? Had marriage enthralled or emancipated them? That Julia Ann set out to determine by her own acute senses.

Myrta lived in a suburb where things overflowed and ran into it. Smoke hung low above it, owing to its dampness, and the wash from gorged gutters left fringes of straw and tattered paper on the sidewalk edges. A trolley line carrying laborers to the packing houses ran before Myrta's door, the cars jarring and grinding over the *débris* and grit of the unswept street. In Myrta's beaten yard was the wheel of a child's wagon, an unraveled rope's end, a lard can, an overshoe, a mouth organ, and a strainer. Over the rail of the narrow, sun-blistered porch a hobbyhorse stuck its mangy head, its dull eyes and chipped ears fixed as in a dream on some restful pastures frequented by wooden horses in a world forever beyond its reach.

Myrta answered the bell lever—which clucked as if there was no bell on the other end—opening the door tentatively, in the expectation of potatoes or rugs. She drew Julia Ann in with a joyful cry, clung to her, and wept in the little hallway, with the marks of small hands on its dim paper. Poor old sentimental Myrta, who always went in for poetry and dandelions and violets, had grown as slovenly as an Indian woman, and upon her face the chisel of hardship and toil and worry had cut its lines, to the obliteration of all else.

"It's like a breath from the old days to see you, Julia Ann," she cried.

Julia Ann required no further unfolding of Myrta's domestic tragedy; those words told it all. She didn't need the testimony of four replicas of Myrta, crowding behind their mother's chair and overflowing from her lap in overgrown legs and arms; nor the deposition of the scant furniture, every piece of which bore the mark of a struggle to get and a struggle to keep it; nor yet the voice of poverty which cried out in its own coarse language from the weatherbeaten walls of

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the house, from its uneven floors, from its poor surroundings. Myrta's dream hadn't come out just right.

No, Roy's business hadn't done well—What might she expect of a man named Roy? thought Julia Ann. It had gone all to bits, in fact, and Roy was a conductor on the street-car line running before the door. Myrta's hope was to save enough to get out on a farm. And Julia Ann knew she'd never make it.

SHE DREW JULIA ANN IN WITH A JOYFUL CRY, CLUNG TO HER, AND WEPT.

Nellie had done better—in some ways, at least. Nellie's husband was the senior Jobes, of Jobes Brothers, who had started as junk dealers and become princes of industry. It was like visiting the opposites of the earth—going from Myrta's home to Nellie's. The Jobes' house was one of hundreds on the tree-blessed boulevard, and set off from all the hundreds by reason of its wider lawns, larger fountains, and its own distinction. It looked as if Jobes had given at least three architects a free hand in the matter, and left the masons and carpenters to reconcile and merge their several ideas as they might. It was an architectural nightmare of pillars and porticoes, gables and windows.

Three broad steps lifted one from the street to the Jobes walk, and on the topmost step, as Julia Ann approached, sat a curly white dog, a blue ribbon on its neck and a pink ribbon on its tail, regarding with petulant displeasure the caperings of a creature on the sidewalk before it. The capering creature was attired like a footman. His face was small and tender-looking, reflecting as much intelligence as one employed for the companionship and entertainment of a dog is expected to harbor, and his pantaloons were yellow. Julia Ann gathered her skirts closely in passing. It would be bad enough to brush against a dog like that.

A maid in apron and cap opened the door and carried Julia Ann's card—ordered through one of her pupils, who was working for a doll prize—up to Mrs. Jobes. She flipped in and out before Julia Ann somewhat impertinently, and she was a long time coming back. It was almost eleven o'clock, but Julia Ann found Nellie in a blue dressing gown, lounging before a trayful of breakfast things. Nellie managed to arise, languidly, and hold out a wilted hand.

"I'm *so* surprised, Julia Ann," said she. "What can I do for you?"

"You can't do anything—at least not anything of your own accord," replied Julia Ann, with cold dignity, holding her shopping bag in both hands so that it dangled over her stomach, after the fashion of an old lady who fears purse-snatchers. "I was making the round of the girls I used to know, and I've looked in to see you for a minute—that's all. But it seems as if I'm a little early."

"Oh, you are, Julia Ann, dreadfully early." Then Nellie called the servant and scolded her because the tea was cold, and sent it back, recalling her before she reached the door to say that it would do, and bidding her leave it and order the automobile for twelve o'clock.

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Julia Ann, being there for a purpose, placed diplomacy ahead of her natural desire to light into Nellie and ease her mind. "Was that your husband I met, dressed up in that ridiculous, outlandish fashion?" inquired she.

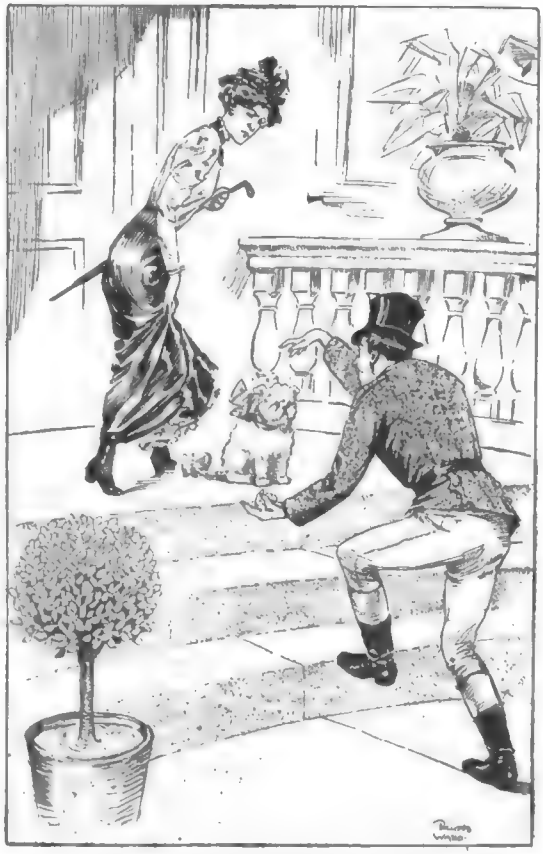
Nellie raised as much of her eyebrows as were not painted on. "My husband? What do you mean? Dressed up—where?"

"Out on the steps, dancing and prancing in front of a dog. I don't see why you allow him to make such a spectacle of himself, Nellie. What will folks say?"

Nellie threw herself back upon the cushions of the settee, laughing. "My husband! Oh, I *must* tell Mr. Jobes—that's *too* good—my husband! Why, Julia Ann, that was Reynolds, my dog's valet. He's hired just to take care of Vincent, you know."

Julia Ann blushed. "Isn't your husband's name Vincent, too?"

"Yes, Julia Ann," wearily explained Nellie. "It's fashionable to name your dog after your husband now."



JULIA ANN GATHERED HER SKIRTS CLOSELY IN PASSING.

"Just like a baby," said Julia Ann, abstractedly.

"Oh, don't mention babies," shuddered Nellie.

"You have none?"

"Thank goodness, no."

Mr. Jobes, said Nellie, was a large man with a Liver. That Liver was his predominating feature. Nellie had nothing to say on the subject of heart or soul, but a great deal on Liver. Liver was more stylish, like motor cars and dog-servants. Any clodhopper might have a heart, even a soul, but it took a real genius to have a Liver. There seemed to be nothing in America that would touch Mr. Jobes's Liver—America was so ordinary, anyway—didn't Julia Ann think so?—and they were going to Karlsbad, where kings and emperors before Mr. Jobes had been healed.

Julia Ann left Nellie picking over her breakfast. When she stepped upon the sidewalk Julia Ann paused and took a long, deep breath, like one coming out of a damp, moldy cellar, or an old building where a murder has been done.

Katie's home was in a flat. The neighborhood was one of small shops, common to those localities where people live from paper bags. Katie's rooms were on the third floor, with no elevator, and very narrow stairs covered with oilcloth, to which the nails in Julia Ann's heels adhered, coming away with a click. Katie was there, and her mother, also. Julia Ann was touched to note the way Katie had dwindled. She was no more like the old Katie than baled hay is like meadow grass. Her rooms spoke of a nip-and-tuck existence. All those pitiful shams to which city people resort to mask their poverty—only succeeding in making it more apparent—were doing duty in Katie's parlor, which was her work room for painting china, as well.

Misfortune had put its blight upon Katie. Her only child was a hopeless cripple, its spine having been injured in a fall downstairs, and now, at the age of six, it could

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neither walk nor talk, but sat in a baby carriage staring out of the high window, with that beaten, hopeless look of Katie's intensified in its pitiful brown eyes. Her husband—a bookkeeper—was out of work a good part of the time, things being so dull, Katie said; so she helped all she could by exercising her art. Mother was there on a short visit, but would return home soon.

"For which thank God!" murmured the elder woman, as her daughter left the room to minister to the crippled child. "Her husband is a worthless scoundrel," she whispered to Julia Ann. "He's out of work because he's so unreliable—drinks—drinks and gambles on race horses—beats her, too—sh-h-h!"

Julia Ann had some trouble in finding Joanna's place. She lived on a fragmentary street near railroad yards, in an atmosphere of shrieks and chugs, bumps, bangs, and clashes. It was late in the afternoon when Julia Ann found the cottage, and the fragrance of baking bread came from its windows like incense to the household gods. A little Joanna came to the door, a Joanna with the same peach-blow cheeks, the same sandy hair, the same yellowish-green eyes, and the same old trick of slyly flattening the lips until dimples crept into the corners of the mouth, then bursting them in a sweet, friendly smile.

The original Joanna came out of the kitchen like one of the neighboring switch engines when she heard Julia Ann's voice, and Julia Ann could not squeeze the gates shut on the quick tears of joy which sprang up and out and tumbled down her cheeks. There was Joanna, the good, mother of seven, big of waist, straight of shoulders, just as pretty to look upon as on the day she was married, without a spot on her white waist or a line of care or trouble in her face.

Joanna had married a brakeman who formerly ran on a freight train through the village. He had become a switching-crew foreman in the railroad yards, and they were doing very well, indeed, Joanna said. It was a comfortable house, tasty, neat, homeful. God was good to them, none of their children had died, they seldom were sick. They were saving money, little by little. They wanted to get out—oh, *how* they wanted to get out—on a farm!

Some one rapped on the front door. Joanna's face blanched, she sank back in her chair, trembling. "Go—to—the—door, Mary," said she, speaking to the eldest child. The girl returned presently.

"It was Mr. Boley, mamma," she reported. "He says papa sends word he'll be late for supper; he's got to make up an extra."

Joanna's tense face relaxed, the smile came back with the pink, in the wake of a great sigh. "I always fear a knock on the door," she said, her eyes moist, "because I'm afraid they've come to tell me they're bringing him home to me crushed and mangled and broken"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"dead!"

Joanna sobbed, covering her face with her hands. Julia Ann comforted her with assurances. "I know, I know," said Joanna. "I'm silly about it, but it happens to so many. But for that I'd be happy, oh, *so* happy, Julia Ann!"

Julia Ann left the home of happy hearts with its overhanging shadow, its cloud which might some day descend and cut off its light completely, and returned to her hotel, where she summed up the day's work. It appeared to net this:

Marriage had made a slave of Myrta; a fool of Nellie; a broken-hearted, colorless, hopeless shadow of Katie; a sort of human incubator of Joanna, who would be happy, for all that, if she could get out from under the shadow.

One chance of happiness and usefulness in the married state out of four, and that chance blurred by a shadow which was in itself a heartbreak. Julia Ann applied logic to it in this wise:

"Julia Ann McCann, looking ten years older than you are, and, after what you have seen to-day, feeling ten thousand times more blessed than you ever felt in your life, a self-supporting woman with money saved and no future to fear—if a man should ask you to marry him, in the face of this evidence, what should your answer be?"

"Common sense tells me my answer should be NO."

Then Julia Ann put her papers and notes away, took her pen and scented note paper and wrote to Dr. Robert Ellis. This is what she wrote:

"DEAREST ROBERT: The dressmaker will need two weeks to make my wedding things. So, if agreeable to you, we will set the date for June 20.

"Tenderly,

"JULIA ANN."

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STRAIGHT TALK

PITTSBURG'S "MORNING AFTER"

The correspondence which passed between you and Mr. Brand Whitlock relative to the Pittsburg situation was very interesting reading to me. Having been born and raised here and having spent the last eleven of my thirty-three years in the heart of our financial and business district, engaged in the stock brokerage business, I am fully aware of what Pittsburg has gone through in that time. The Pittsburg of to-day and the Pittsburg of 1902 are as different as New York is from Cairo.

Graft exposure is a common, every-day occurrence in all our cities, not alone in Pittsburg. But you could hunt the country over and you couldn't find another city that has gone through anything like Pittsburg's great financial and social debauch. In fact I don't believe history contains a similar case. I don't agree with Mr. Whitlock that we started on our notorious career here at the time of Chris Magee's political reign. Our spree started the morning that the newspapers, country-wide, published the announcement that Andrew Carnegie had taken in his multitude of young partners. It wasn't long until every firm in these parts was emulating Mr. Carnegie's idea of incorporating its business and taking in employees and others, who could be of use to them, by giving them stock on some profit-sharing plan. Then Carnegie sold out at ten times the figure at which he was incorporated, but the ones who had followed had no one to whom they could sell on such advantageous terms, so they conceived the idea of creating the buyer by forming all their mills, coal mines, brick yards, etc., into immensely watered combinations. In order to give the resultant watered stocks a value, our bankers were invited into the underwritings and given big blocks of stock for nothing. Having these, our bankers of course were willing and anxious to give them a value, but how could they do it?

We had a mushroom stock exchange here about this time, 1901. Its memberships, one hundred in number, were selling at about $100 each. This was taken in hand by the banks, and it became an easy matter to make wash sales of anything from a broomstick to an office building. It served an admirable purpose for those bankers who, with the insiders in these industrial combinations, wanted to make wash sales of watered stocks in order to unload them on our gullible public or in order to refer the national bank examiner, when he made his periodical call, to the "stock exchange quotations" on this or that security.

This exchange grew in importance until it had one hundred and thirty memberships selling at $14,000 each, in about three years' time. The industrial stocks were washed up and unloaded by the bankers and the favored few on the inside of the game. These bankers and insiders then found themselves with so much money on their hands that they began to buy up other banks, and our people, seeing the banks merging and their number becoming fewer, decided to organize new ones to take the places of the ones merged. Banks sprang up overnight. The industrial stocks then unloaded began to sag, and the public became bank-stock mad. Then those same bankers and insiders who had set the pace in industrial affairs conceived the idea of forming one immense big banking institution by combining about forty per cent. of our banks into one. They bought bank stocks in order to get control of different ones, pushing prices to five and ten times actual book values. It is related that they invited a certain well-known banker to put in his bank, and by getting him drunk got him to go along. Then they moved the other banks in the combination into his magnificent banking quarters overnight, and when he came from under the influence and got to investigating his new "visitors," he told the public what he knew and balked about going further into the deal. This marked the turning point in Pittsburg's debauch.

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But I have gotten a little ahead of myself. The number of these new banks and their demand for business locations, together with the fact that a few very rich insiders who had sold their stocks didn't want to own banks, brought on one of the craziest real estate booms that ever happened. Real estate prices got so high that landlords had to jack up rents in order to get some return on their investments, with the result that whole sections of Pittsburg were depopulated and are so yet. Many of these new banks having failed, their properties are for sale to-day, and the merchants are now going back to their old locations as a result of the steadily falling rents.

Then we come to the use of the exchange again for a wild mining stock boom. Our citizens had learned that industrial concerns couldn't make money all the time; that our bank stocks were worth but a small amount in excess of their book values and in many cases were not worth book values; that real estate when boomed too far necessitated rents that forced buildings to become vacant; but they hadn't learned that gold and silver mines are not always gold and silver lined. So the wheels were set in motion, and, as before, the banks helped it along. In many cases they loaned money on mining stocks selling at ten times par, that have since sold at ten per cent. of par or even lower than that. Curiously enough, two men employed by the banker mentioned as having "crimped" the bank deal, stole some $1,250,000 of this bank's money in order to speculate in mining stocks—trying to corner a certain stock on our exchange—and the exposure of this brought about the end of our mining stock craze. The collapse of this boom showed that many bankers and bank clerks had been helping it along with the depositors' money, with the result that we sent so many to the penitentiary.

Then you come down to the Pittsburg of to-day, with her people wondering what they meant by buying this bank stock at $750 per share when they could get it to-day for $150, or by buying this piece of property at $15,000 per foot front when the only sort of a business that can occupy it to-day and pay the rent demanded is a nickelodeon or something of that sort. In fact they are wondering all manner of things about themselves. Our graft exposure didn't create as much comment at home as it did abroad, for the reason that we have come to be used to worse things. When two bank clerks steal $1,250,000, when our oldest and most respected stock exchange house fails for $13,000,000 and only pays out in the windup $13,000, when we send scores of bankers and bank clerks to the pen and when we see that paper fortunes of our people shrink in four or five years some $750,000,000, is it any wonder that we don't pay a whole lot of attention to some fellow who has accepted a bribe of $89.10?

But what will be the result of all this financial debauchery that we got into through our efforts to follow in the golden Carnegie trail? Will we settle down now and try to make some real legitimate money or will we run along quietly until some other fool speculative fever takes hold of us? Looking at the Pittsburg situation from all standpoints I am rather inclined to believe that our old town is about to enter on a period of slow and legitimate money making, in which case the world at large will be destined to hear less of us from this time hence. Let us be thankful. R. H. S.

Library, Allegheny Co., Penna.

"THE REAL TROUBLE IS PRIVILEGE"

It is vastly significant that Mayor Brand Whitlock does not specifically define the "little d" in his democracy. The fact is that he is a Nicodemean Socialist, and as yet dares to come to Jesus "by night" only. His "little d" spells revolutionary socialism. What other (by implication) is it to write: "Good government, efficient government, will not do,—will no longer avail in *any* city. Sending the bad to prison and electing the good to office and changing paper charters are not going to work *any* real reform." Pointedly and pertinently he adds: "I can't write a story on that. The story would be as futile as legal reforms."

Now what is it that Whitlock has "left in his ink-pot" for you to fish out—if you will? This: "Though Noah, Daniel and Job were in the land," their probity and administrative efficiency could not avail in the premises. The fundamentals of the installation of our civilization have become obsolete. They are functionally dead. They cannot be energized to functional efficiency in the premises by any amperage of personal integrity ("good" officials), or by any voltage of "legal" reform (amended charters) so as to carry the evolutionary flow of the existing state of socio-economic fact.

Ask Mr. Whitlock to write you a story—not of why Pittsburg has failed to repent, but of what *these United States* ought to do in order to abolish and clear away, with minimum of hurt, the rotting fragments of the moribund system of things civil, and to install with the maximum of speed, a new plant of civilization, fit to carry safely and "exhibit" rightly the mighty volume of economic human life energy which the epoch has developed. And let this text be Mr. Cosgrave's luminous dictum: "*We have come to realize that the real trouble in our country is privilege.*" R. F.

Coronado, Cal.

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"THE HEART OF THE PROBLEM"

Your contribution on "Instead of an Article" in the August issue of EVERYBODY'S made a deep impression on me—not so much what Mr. Whitlock wrote, as the profound touch on conditions conveyed in your suggestions. If I had "rank in writing" I would like to write a story on Pittsburg—or rather make Pittsburg the vehicle or setting for a picture of the elements that cause Pittsburg — the same being applicable to every misguided city where the powers of Capital set unwholesome examples for minds of smaller calibre and lesser cunning.

It seemed to me when I read your significant article that you gave Mr. Whitlock a wonderful opportunity when you assigned him to that task. Here was the chance to deal with the bad results of license—of liberties with too little restraint—to write a great, luminous story on that primal engine that is causing the Pittsburgs of to-day, the instinct of self without regard to society or others. As your letter to him suggests, here is provided the material to sketch a powerful, telling story of the abuses of the age, with Pittsburg as the theatre, growing out of what appears to me to be the misdirections of ambition. It doesn't seem to be so much a matter of detail as a matter of conspicuous causes, analysis of which discloses the conditions that permit vicious self-purposes to operate, whatever the means. And going further, one might say the heart of the whole problem is struck in the example a too-powerful wealth sets to the unscrupulous, aside from the inclination of wealth itself to have what it wants, even if it be at the misuse of prescribed liberties.

A. N.

Des Moines, Iowa.

MORE TO THE PITTSBURG STORY

"Instead of an Article" is interesting, but there is more and then some. It is just as Brand Whitlock states: Pittsburg cannot be written up by one who has lived in the environment all his life, but must be handled by one who, coming from the outside, lives there and senses and sees the story of the town. It is a big story—too big in some ways.

The early Pittsburg was inhabited by Scotch Covenanters of the strictest class, Welsh Methodists and Irish Protestants, a most pious mixture, fond of their churches and bound up in them, hard-fisted and close-fisted money-getters, drivers, hard workers. Upon this have been superimposed the Huns, Italians, Slovaks, and other races which to-day supply the common labor of that town, replacing the more intelligent races which have risen on the social scale without in a corresponding degree broadening their mentality. The steel business, nurtured by a tariff, prospered; the money rolled in and the town became wealthy, for steel replaced iron and the entire United States is building monuments to Pittsburg.

Yesterday there were hundreds of independent steel mills and they started to consolidate. Consolidation was the fashion, a new way to get rich, and steel masters became stock jobbers. The little ones went in first, the scrap piles that had earned millions for their owners were bought up right and left, till at last Carnegie and Jones & Laughlin were the only big ones outside. Carnegie was getting tired of the rush, he did not want to stand on the quarter-deck and keep his young men away from each others' throats. The money kings saw the millions in steel and the billion-dollar corporation was born. Thousands grew rich. Some were grotesque in their new-found affluence. In fact there have always been grotesque sights in Pittsburg—a roller in the mills driven to work by his liveried retainers, the roller's wife in a calico gown, a seal-skin sacque, a sunbonnet and diamond earrings as big as a hazel nut.

Pittsburg is a city the faces of whose people show their human animalism, a brutalized working class for unskilled labor, and the most intelligent skilled labor, in some lines, that can be found. There is the blue law for the mass and a prudish, old-maidism of the class. Buried in this is an artistic, art-loving, music-loving leaven, a straight thinking, clean-minded class, standing by itself, followed in many lines by those who do not understand but who blindly follow that which they are led to believe is style. Then there are the grafters and they permeate all levels. In Pittsburg, politics has always been a dirty game that soiled all who got in its clutches, and many of the grafters got into the business game and grafted there. They graft there now. Once in a while one is caught, but there is no noise over it, unless Blakely gets after him. But Blakely is a new man in the game and the seething, putrid mass has been festering for years.

But of one thing Pittsburg can boast—a civic pride. The city colors are gold and black, coal and gold. In Pittsburg one cannot read in the papers of many things that in a bigger and broader city are blazoned to the world. The stories that are killed are the stories of Pittsburg. Perhaps civic pride does this.

Yes, there is a story in Pittsburg, but one must live there and sense it to write it. Must work in the mills and offices. Must meet the men and women. Must see the churches. Must see the palaces and hovels. That is Pittsburg.

A. D. W., Jr.

Cleveland, O.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

UP in Minnesota Mr. Olsen had a cow killed by a railroad train. In due season the claim agent for the railroad called.

"We understand, of course, that the deceased was a very docile and valuable animal," said the claim agent in his most persuasive claim-agentlemanly manner, "and we sympathize with you and your family in your loss. But, Mr. Olsen, you must remember this: Your cow had no business being upon our tracks. Those tracks are our private property and when she invaded them she became a trespasser. Technically speaking, you, as her owner, became a trespasser also. But we have no desire to carry the issue into court and possibly give you trouble. Now then, what would you regard as a fair settlement between you and the railroad company?"

"Vall," said Mr. Olsen slowly, "Ay bane poor Swede farmer, but Ay shall give you two dollars."

From the Neepawa (Manitoba) *Register:*

WANTED, AT ONCE—Two fluent and well-learned persons, male or female, to answer the questions of a little girl of three and a boy of four; each to take four hours per day and rest the parents of said children. Apply at the REGISTER office.

He was a New Yorker visiting in a South Carolina village and he sauntered up to a native sitting in front of the general store, and began a conversation.

"Have you heard about the new manner in which the planters are going to pick their cotton this season?" he inquired.

"Don't believe I have," answered the other.

"Well, they have decided to import a lot of monkeys to do the picking," rejoined the New Yorker. "Monkeys learn readily. They are thorough workers, and obviously they will save their employers a small fortune otherwise expended in wages."

"Yes," ejaculated the native, "and about the time this monkey brigade is beginning to work smoothly, a lot of you fool Northerners will come tearing down here and set 'em free."

Eight or nine women, assembled at luncheon, were discussing ailments and operations, as eight or nine, or one or two, or sixty or seventy women will. The talk ran through *angina pectoris*, torpid liver, tuberculosis and kindred happy topics.

"I thought," commented the guest of honor, "that I had been invited to a luncheon, and not to an organ recital."

The first automobile ever constructed is believed to be still in existence. It is owned by a country doctor down in Kentucky who, to save the expense of buying inner tubes and such foolish luxuries, has equipped it with ordinary buggy wheels. It is known among the natives as the Pea Huller and it makes a noise when running like a patent steam feather renovator.

Last spring the owner took part in an automobile meet at a near-by town. In the procession of automobiles that made the trip from one town to the other his machine naturally brought up the rear.

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A farmer was driving in with his son, in a buggy drawn by a mule, when the head of the parade hove in sight. He kept the lines taut while the boy jumped out and held the scared mule by the head. The string of cars whizzed by one after another, in a cloud of dust. The lad was just climbing over the wheel to get back in the buggy when there arose in the distance a tremendous puffing, snorting, rattling sound, and over the brow of the hill appeared Dr. Calloway in the Pea Huller. The startled farmer took one look and grabbed up the lines.

"Hold her, Wesley, fur Heaven's sake, hold her," he shouted to his boy; "here comes a home-made one!"

Two fight fans were discussing the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

"It's the old story; they never come back."

"Except Enoch Arden," replied the other, "and he had to go away again."

The prospective bride and groom (colored) were not known to the minister and so, to perform the ceremony conscientiously, he asked a lot of questions. The man, he learned, had come recently from the South and was working in a hotel in town where his desired bride was a waitress.

"Have you been married before?" to the conventional black.

"Yas, sah."

"Wife living?"

"Yas, sah."

"Where is she?"

"Down South, sah."

"Why doesn't she live with you?"

"Well, sah, she lef' me."

"Why did she leave you?"

"Don' rightly know, sah. I was away when she lef'."

And they sought another minister.

"And what," asked a visitor to the North Dakota State Fair, "do you call that kind of cucumber?"

"That," replied a Fargo politician, "is the Insurgent cucumber. It doesn't always agree with a party."

In speaking of his campaign for Governor of Kansas, waged last June and July, Mr. Wagstaff said: "My campaign is gathering momentum just like a snowball."

Whereat a Kansas editor, who was not in sympathy with Mr. Wagstaff and his campaign, ironically remarked:

"In selecting his simile Mr. Wagstaff evidently forgot what time of year it is. From our observation, though, a more expressive figure could not have been chosen."

In the bright sunlight on a railroad station in Georgia slept a colored brother. He snored gently, with his mouth ajar and his long, moist tongue resting on his chest like a pink plush necktie. A Northerner climbed off a train to stretch his legs, unscrewed the top of a capsule and, advancing on tiptoe, dusted ten grains of quinine on the surface of the darkey's tongue. Presently the negro sucked his tongue back inside his mouth and instantly he arose with a start and looked about him wildly.

"Mistah," he said to the joker, "is you a doctah?"

"Nope."

"Well, then, kin yo' tell me whar I kin fin' me a doctah right away?"

"What do you want with a doctor?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"Powerful sick."

"Do you know what's the matter with you?"

"Suttin'ly I knows whut's de matteh with me—mah gall's busted!"

And these, according to the examination papers in one room, are what Andrew Carnegie is, was, and did:

Invented the mower and reaper.
Member of the President's cabinet.
A British spy.
Went over to France to get help for the U. S.
Best after-dinner speaker in America.
A steel magnet.
Invented wireless telegraphy.
General in the Spanish-American War.
Head of the Steal Trust.

Strolling along the boardwalk at Atlantic City, Mr. Mulligan, the wealthy retired contractor, dropped a quarter through a crack in the planking. A friend came along a minute later and found him squatted down, industriously poking a two dollar bill through the treacherous cranny with his forefinger.

"Mulligan, what the divvil ar-re ye doin'?" inquired the friend.

"Sh-h," said Mr. Mulligan, "I'm tryin' to make it wort' me while to tear up this board."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

TURNING from our own publication to the pages of our contemporaries and reading what they say about themselves, it often occurs to us that their announcements are both bombastic and egotistic. We wonder what the average man who scans these announcements thinks of their authors:—and on second thought we wonder what impression our own self-satisfaction, which has quite often been expressed here, makes upon an unprejudiced mind. After all, boasting is bad form and magazines, which are only institutional individuals, should not indulge in habits they resent in other humans of the species. There is more to the case than manners, however, and by way of preface to some eulogistic remarks we are setting forth to make about William Hard's new series, "The Women of To-Morrow," let us see if we can fairly justify our own and incidentally some of our friends' apparent vainglory.

"Why not let me discover William Hard's good work for myself?" says some one who has read thus far and remembers that self-praise is no recommendation. Good enough for you, Sir, or Madame; perhaps you are so fortunate as to be able to concentrate on the few things you have found of real value. We are not thinking about you at all but about the great majority of people set down in populous centers whose attention is bombarded every minute by a thousand appeals. Or the thousands in remote places untouched by the busy world's feverish unrest—men and women who do not read three newspapers a day and half a dozen magazines a month. Unless they take notice, unless we can persuade them to join hands and hearts in our work, we can make no progress. But make it your own case, Sir. Suppose you have some good, useful thing or article that you are sure people need in their lives or in their businesses. Are you not derelict if you don't compel them to listen to you about it? Sometimes we wish we could pass a law compelling people to read certain articles that we or our contemporaries print. That making-over of the world on which we are so ingenuously engaged would be vastly quickened if it were possible to condition the sale of a number on the purchaser's agreement to read a stipulated article. However, that being impracticable, let us cry to your attention this series about "The Women of To-Morrow."

EXPLORING A NEW FIELD

Suppose you were an editor and had been working at magazine-making for a good many years. The presumption is that you'd have acquired a fair knowledge of the subjects you were treating and the writers whose work you were printing. Let us say you become interested in what you feel is one of the biggest problems in the world. At the beginning you only sense its vastness, its complexity, its importance. You don't know much more about it than any one else, but you think the people who are reading your magazine would be vastly benefited if you enabled them to visualize the facts bearing upon it. Then you look around for some one to explore it; some one

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who is able and honest, and who, after he traverses the unknown territory, can tell of his discoveries so they make easy reading—the hardest kind of writing, by the way. After several unsuccessful expeditions you find your Peary, and he sets forth. He works away for two years. Then he emerges and presents you with the first fruits of his pilgrimage. He tells you, however, that what he has brought forth is little more than the geography and geology of the new territory—that he must plunge in anew for more material, if your readers are really to know what the climate and the conditions of life therein have done to and for the inhabitants. Thirteen months later he again emerges and with facts so important and so interesting that you feel every one ought to be as much impressed as you are by his findings. And so you print them.

It is only natural that you are rejoiced over the fruits of your venture. But how are all the other people, who perhaps have ventures of their own of one kind or other under way, to know you have something really important to tell them if you don't pull at their coat sleeves, or raise your voice a bit? Maybe if you just put the discoveries into your magazine without calling attention to their great value they would casually pass them by. That would be their loss. The shrewdest and ablest of us overlook treasures by the wayside in our hasty rush along life's byways. And would a plea of modesty extenuate your failure to perform your proper flagman's work? By the way, how many people would recognize a Rembrandt hanging in a third-class curiosity shop?

LOVE DEFERRED

Early in 1907 William Hard took up the problem of Women's Work and two years later gave us "The Woman's Invasion." There was much more to say, but he was not ready to write it down then. He went back to the subject and ever since has been studying its innumerable aspects. The fruits of all his painstaking and highly intelligent research are in "The Women of To-Morrow," which we began in our August number.

Now the point is this: We have all heard about the immense change in the attitude of the modern woman toward life; we hear a great deal about suffrage and marital unrest and kindred problems, and a good many of us wonder what it is all about and what it actually means. Really, the whole movement is profoundly far-reaching, much more important to civilization and the race than even President Roosevelt and the Tariff. You'll get an inkling how vastly important it is if you'll turn to page 486 and read "Love Deferred"—which we are frank to say is a great article. It puts before you concretely just what influence the basic economics of modern life are having upon the marriage relation. After you have read it, perhaps it may seem worth your while to turn back to its predecessors. We believe these articles are really vastly enlightening and if it were possible we'd actually make you promise to read them before we sold you the "EVERYBODY'S" containing them.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF FLOWERS

Mr. Munsey's Boston paper, *The Journal*, holds a big flower festival every summer, collecting flowers from those who have an abundance, and distributing them among those who cannot afford to buy flowers, and who have no place to raise them, and who must often be desperately flower-hungry. It is a beautiful thought of Mr. Munsey's, and beautifully executed by *The Journal*. Mr. Lawson is a big contributor. His contributions this year were accompanied by a neatly printed circular tag, bearing the following:

FLOWERS O' DREAMWOLD

We're alive, just like little boys and girls. When you're kind to us we hold up our heads and smile. If you're cruel, neglectful—of course, you won't be—our heads droop and we die. We feed on water and God's beautiful sunlight, and we're always hungry, and in our home where we were raised we have always had plenty of both. In the daytime we have always been chummy with the birds who sang to us, and the bees whom we fed, and the butterflies who shaded us with their pretty wings when the sun was too hot; at night the frogs' lullabies have always put us to sleep, and the crickets' songs have brought us pretty dreams, and every morning the robins told us when to lift up our heads and open our eyes. We tell you these things so that you will be good to us and be sure and remember that we are always hungry for our sunlight and water.

Isn't it beautiful? You would love the man out of whose heart that came, if you knew him.

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